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THE

PICTURE OF SCOTLAND.

By ROBERT CHAMBERS,

AUTHOR OF "TRADITIONS OF EDINBURGH."

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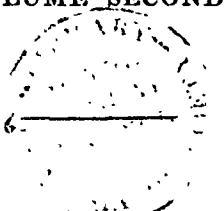
VOLUME SECOND.



EDINBURGH:

WILLIAM TAIT, 78, PRINCES STREET.

MDCCCXXVII.

83921

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THE

PICTURE OF SCOTLAND.

Renfrewshire.

Where Cart rins rowin to the sea,
By many a flower and spreading tree,
There lives the lad, the lad for me,
He is a gallant weaver.
BURNS.

RENFREWSHIRE is a small county, situated on the south bank of the Clyde below Glasgow, and adjoining on the other side to the northern limit of Ayrshire. It may be described as being, in common with the Nether Ward of Clydesdale, little else than a sort of "poffle or pendicle" to the great manufacturing Capital of the West. Its coast is lined with sea-ports, and its interior studded with towns, all alike subservient to the conveniency and the service of Glasgow. There is no room here for the contemplative speculations of the poet and the antiquary. The visitant of the district must either take some interest in shipping, or spinning, or weaving; or he must get out of the way as fast as he can, and flee to the pensive solitudes of the Southern Vales. The very beauties of nature are here put out of sight or disguised; if there be a cataract, it is employed in driving a mill; if a lake, its sweets are lavished upon a bleachfield.

The town of Paisley, though not the county-town, is by far the most remarkable object in Renfrewshire. It is the fourth town in Scotland in point of population,—being inferior only to Glasgow, Edinburgh, and Aberdeen. It lies upon a plain, watered by the White Cart, seven miles westward from Glasgow; and, as the houses are in general not very tall, it covers a vast space of ground.

Paisley, like Glasgow, owes its first existence to a religious establishment. It was originally only the hamlet gathered around the abbey founded here, in 1164, by Walter Stewart, the ancestor of the royal family of Scotland; nor did it assume any appearance of importance till so late as the end of the last century.

The manufactures of Paisley, the chief part of which have always been connected with the loom, form the principal object of curiosity in the history of the town. It would appear, that soon after the Union, fabrics of different sorts were produced in Paisley at a cheap rate. The inhabitants seem to have followed up very rapidly every new manufacture introduced at Glasgow. The persons who chiefly settled here as manufacturers or dealers, consisted in general, of a set of men who, at one time, were extremely numerous and useful, both in Scotland and England. These were pedlers, otherwise called packmen, who travelled about the country to supply the inhabitants with such commodities as could not be supplied by domestic manufacture. The object of every packman's ambition ultimately was to become a settled shopkeeper or merchant,—to set up his ell-wand of rest in some comfortable town; and many of them, before the close of their lives, have appeared in the first rank of Scottish merchants, in Glasgow and every other city. It frequently happened, however, from their universal eagerness to fix themselves in a settled residence, that they made the attempt with too small a capital to give them a prospect of success in the greater towns; and hence they were under the necessity of settling in inferior situations. Paisley offered itself as an advan-

tageous position, second only to Glasgow; and men experienced in the kind of goods for which a demand existed throughout the country, were well qualified for directing the operations of manufacturers in a town.

It often happens that in a particular town some one sort of manufacture greatly predominates. As soon as one or two individuals are observed to attain opulence by means of it, the whole of their neighbours rush into the current of prosperity; and, accordingly, in looking back to the history of this or any other manufacturing town, it will be found that at particular periods one or two branches of business have predominated over every other. At first, Paisley was celebrated for coarse chequered linen cloth, afterwards for chequered linen handkerchiefs. These were succeeded by fabrics of a lighter and more fanciful kind; and so forth. Another manufacture was also of great importance during a considerable period in Paisley, and the person who introduced it had previously been brought into notice by the superstition of the times. In the year 1697, Christian Shaw, a girl of eleven years of age, daughter to the laird of Bargarran, having had a quarrel with a maid-servant, pretended to be bewitched by her, and forthwith began, according to the common practice in such cases, to vomit all manner of trash, to be blind and deaf on occasion, to fall into convulsions, and to talk a world of nonsense, which the hearers received as the quintessence of afflicted piety. By degrees, a great many persons were implicated in the guilt of the maid-servant, and no fewer than twenty were condemned, of whom five suffered death on the Gallow Green of Paisley, while one man strangled himself in prison, or, as the report went, was strangled by the devil, "lest," says Crawford sagaciously, in his History of Renfrewshire, "he should make a confession to the detriment of the service."* The young lady whose petulance occasioned this infamous transaction, afterwards ac-

* The spot where the horrible incremation of the five witches took place, is now covered by the buildings called George Street. *Renfrewshire.*

quired a remarkable dexterity in spinning fine yarn. Her first attempts at this process were necessarily on a small scale. She executed every part of the process with her own hands, bleaching her materials on a large slate placed in one of the windows of the house. She succeeded so well, however, in these essays, as to have sufficient encouragement to go on, and to take the assistance of her younger sisters and neighbours. The then Lady Blantyre carried a parcel of her thread to Bath, and disposed of it advantageously to some manufacturers of lace; and this was probably the first thread made in Scotland that had passed the Tweed. The business was afterwards facilitated and extended by means of a relation who had acquired some secrets as to the process in Holland. After setting the whole neighbourhood agog upon the subject, and founding one of the most important and extensive manufactures hitherto known in Scotland, Miss Shaw became the wife of the minister of Kilmaurs, and, it is to be hoped, expiated by a long life of usefulness the dreadful indiscretion of her youth.

The manufacture of silk gauze was introduced into Paisley about the year 1760 by Mr M'Kerral, of Hillhouse, in Ayrshire. After various counteractions, to which all new inventions or experiments are exposed, this gentleman completely established a manufactory in imitation of those of Spittalfields. Originally, the pattern and designs of all fancy works, modes, and fashions, were composed at Paris, and issued out with an absolute authority all over Europe. But the Paisley manufacturers established draftsmen of their own; and the patterns, when executed, were sent to London and Paris for approbation. By these means, the inventive principle of modes and fashions, at least in respect of gauze, was transferred from Paris to Paisley. The consequence was, that nice and curious fabrics were devised, and such a vast variety of elegant and richly ornamented gauze was issued from this place as outdid every thing of the kind that had formerly appeared.

Renfrewshire.

Spittalfields was obliged to relinquish the manufacture; companies came down from London to carry it on at Paisley, where it prospered and increased, it is believed, beyond any manufacture which any town in Scotland can boast of. Indeed it not only became the great distinguishing manufacture of this town, but it filled the country round to the distance of twenty miles.*

The manufactures which now mostly prevail in Paisley are indicated in a very singular manner by the externals of the town. A great number of the streets are named from these manufactures, as Gauze Street, Thread Street, Cambric Street, &c.—a thing which never fails to surprise and amuse strangers.

The artisans of Paisley are said to be a somewhat more refined and virtuous race than those of other large manufacturing towns, and even to have in general considerable pretensions to literature. Their taste for the belles lettres, such as it is, may have received some excitement from the success of their townsman Tannahill, whose songs have attained considerable popularity. Whatever may be the merits of the men, a stranger is disposed to allow very little praise to the women, who are a race of slatterns, possessing not the slightest share of the taste for dress and domestic management, which forms so conspicuous a characteristic of the gentler sex. The women of the lower orders in Paisley all walk abroad, with their persons enveloped in abominable grey cloaks, (like the beggars of the rest of Scotland!) having at the same time their heads shrouded by the hoods attached to these offensive vestments, so that little of them is ever seen but the points of their noses. This

* It was at length so prevalent, that the weavers of Paisley had a ball, which all their wives, daughters, and sweethearts, attended in costly dresses of gauze, such as the best ladies of London could scarcely have sported; which circumstance, having happened just before one of those great depressions of trade which sometimes befall the town, became a sort of melancholy epoch; and it is even yet referred to as a case of extravagant pride punished by an infliction from the hand of Providence.

of course tends to encourage great internal slovenliness of attire. Their inaptitude to household affairs is more excusable, as it unavoidably arises from their being engrossed, from their earliest years, by active exertions in the cotton-mill. It is, however, to be lamented, as it occasions a shameful degree of profusion, or, to use a more expressive native phrase, *wastry*, and precludes the possibility of any provision being made in days of prosperity for "sair legs," old age, or bad times.

Paisley has been repeatedly mentioned in this work as the terminating northern point of the great Roman road which stretches from Carlisle through Dumfries-shire and Clydesdale. As might be expected, it was an important station for the troops of that illustrious people. Its ancient Roman name is supposed to have been Vanduaria. The remains of this camp or station are yet visible to the south-west of the town.

But by far the most interesting monument of antiquity of which Paisley can boast, is, beyond question, its Abbey Church, of which the chancel still remains entire, along with the window of the northern transept. Converted into a parish church, this building, with its double tier of lofty windows, is still a magnificent and most impressive object. Attached to its south side, a small chapel is shown, containing a tomb surmounted by a recumbent female figure, which is usually termed *Queen Blearie's Tomb*. The personage referred to by the popular Renfrewshire epithet of Queen Blearie, is generally understood to have been Marjory, daughter of Robert Bruce, the wife of Walter Stewart, founder of this abbey, and mother by him of Robert the Second, first of the Stewart sovereigns. This lady is said by tradition, to have died of a fall from her horse at a place near Paisley termed Queen Blearie's Cross. Being then pregnant, her child was brought into the world by the Cæsarean operation; and tradition affirms that it was an unlucky cut from the knife of the surgeon on this occasion, which caused that imperfection in the sovereign's eye-sight which was expressed by the

epithet *King Blearie*. That Dame Marjory should have been posthumously named from a personal peculiarity of her son, seems strange, though by no means impossible; and Lord Hailes and some other antiquaries have expressed great doubts respecting the name and quality of the person here so splendidly entombed. The chapel, though little, is extremely lofty, and possesses a remarkably fine echo.

The dingy iron-grey hue of these venerable edifices, and of the ancient part of the town which surrounds them, is such as to justify Sir Walter Scott's finely picturesque line, referring to Claud Hamilton, the last abbot and first temporal superior—

Grey Paisley's haughty lord was he.

After passing from the hands of that person, the abbey and its lands became the property of the Dundonald family: and a fine dingy old mansion near the church, now occupied by the common people, is pointed out as having been the town-house of that race of proprietors.* The whole was finally bought back, about sixty years ago, by the Earl of Abercorn, representative of the original family.

Nothing could testify so strongly to the early importance and wealth of this religious foundation, as the remains of a splendid wall which one of the abbots built in the fifteenth century around the abbey park. This wall was altogether composed of fine square polished stones, and extended about four miles. In the portion which still remains, there is a stone with the following inscription:

They callit the abbot George of Shaw
About my abbey gart mak this wa',

* This house is included in the list of the Earl of Dundonald's seats, attached to an article referring to his title in Salmon's Peerage, (1767.) Paisley contained at one time the town-mansions of several other respectable families connected with the county.

An thousand four hundred yeir
Eighty-four, the date, but weir,
Pray for his salvation
That laid this nobill foundation.

It is probable that the park wall of Paisley was at one period the principal wonder of an artificial nature in this district of Scotland. If the splendours of the abbey required any further proof, it would be amply afforded by the curious document appended below.*

Paisley, not having acquired sufficient importance before the Union to be made a royal burgh, has no vote for a member of Parliament, while the little hamlets of Renfrew and Rutherglen, in its immediate neighbourhood, possess that envied privilege. This, at first sight, and to the people of Paisley, appears to the last degree unjust and improper. Yet, when it is considered that burgh politics have been the cause of these hamlets continuing in their aboriginal condition, while all was prospering around them, Paisley seems rather to have reason to congratulate itself upon being unencumbered by the miserable, contemptible, abominable, execrable

* Extract from "ane Select Addicione of Scots Chroniclis and Deidis,"—printed by the Bannatyne Club. "The yer of God M.CCCC.LIX. the penult day of June, decessit at Pasley Thomas Jarvas, Abbot of Pasley, the quhilk was ane right gud man, and helplyk to the place, of ony that ever was. For he did mony notable thinges, and held ane noble house, and was aye weill purvait. He fand the place out of all gude rewle, and destitut of leving, and all the kirkis in lordis handis, and the kirk unbiggit, the body of the kirk fra the bricht stair up, and pat on the ruf. He biggit it and thekit with sclaitt, and riggit it with stane, and biggit ane great portion of the stepell, and ane statlie yett-house, and brocht hame mony gude jowellis and claithis of gold, silver, and silk, and mony gud bukis, and maid staitlie stallis, and glassynit mekill of all the kirk, and brocht hame the staitliest tabernakle that was in all Scotland, and the maist costlie. And schortlie he brocht all the place to freedom, and fra nocht to ane michtie place, and left it out of all kind of det, and at all freedome till dispone as thai lykit, and left ane of the best myteris that was in Scotland, and chandellaris of silver, and ane lettren of brass, with mony other gud jowelles." *p.* 56.

system of mental prostitution and debasement which has had such a notoriously evil effect upon its next-door neighbours, as upon the greater part of the elder towns of Scotland.

Kilbarchan, a little village, five miles west from Paisley, is worthy of notice, on account of its superiors, the Sempills, of Beltrees, a family in which poetical talent was long hereditary. Sir James Sempill, ambassador to England in 1599, wrote "the Packman and the Priest," a satire of some merit. His son, Robert Sempill, was the author of "the Life and Death of the Piper of Kilbarchan," a poem which has enjoyed its full share of celebrity, though now valuable merely as being the first of that popular race of hobbling elegies in which Scottish poets have taken such great delight, and which Burns carried to a state of perfection. Francis, the son of this poet, a zealous partisan of the Stuart family, exercised the poetical talent of his own in panegyrics on James VII, addresses on the births of his children, and satires aimed at the Whigs. If these have little merit, his "Banishment of Poverty," and his well-known songs entitled "Maggie Lauther," and "She rose and loot me in," display no mean poetical genius. Perhaps there never was another instance of genius of any kind continuing throughout three successive generations of a family. It may be mentioned that the grandson of the last-mentioned, Robert Sempill, who died in 1787, in the 103d year of his age, remembered having seen the witches burnt on the Gallow Green of Paisley in the year 1697.

With that taste for popular antiquities which is now insensibly creeping upon people in authority, a statue of Habbie Simpson, the piper above-mentioned, copied from an original picture, has lately been affixed to the steeple of the church of Kilbarchan.

Elderslie, the paternal seat of William Wallace, and where he is supposed to have been born, lies three miles to the westward of Paisley. The castle appears to be of later erection than the era of the hero; but the tree whose branches concealed him on one momentous occa-

sion from the English, yet survives, near the way-side, at a short distance from the house.

There are many populous villages in the neighbourhood of Paisley, which, being only inhabited by weavers or persons attached to cotton-mills, seem to require no individual notice.

By far the most interesting object of an antiquarian character in the neighbourhood of Paisley, or indeed in Renfrewshire, is Crookston Castle, the ruins of which are still to be seen on an eminence, about half-way between Paisley and Glasgow, overhanging the south bank of the White Cart. The connexion of Crookston Castle with the life of Queen Mary, gives it a melancholy, but high and exquisite interest. The Queen had resided here when receiving the addresses of Darnley, a period certainly among the most happy in her singularly varied life; and she was again at Crookston when her last effort to regain her authority in Scotland proved unsuccessful on the field of Langside. The site of a yew-tree is pointed out in what has once been a garden around the castle, under whose ill-omened branches she sat with her lover-husband, before the malignity of hate and the virulence of political and religious rancour had cast their death-shade over her days. The spot is often visited, and is well worth visiting; while fragments of that illustrious tree are handed about the country as sacred and invaluable relics.

Crookston, from its elevated situation, commands an extensive prospect in every direction. At the bottom of the gentle eminence, "Carts rins rowin to the sea," with a gently rushing sound which adds to the imposing solemnity and melancholy of the ruin. All around the castle there is a moat and rampart—the former yet containing water, and the latter not altogether demolished. The castle, however, is greatly dilapidated; insomuch that one or two bushes spring from the rubbish-covered floor of the hall, with the appearance of having been long domesticated there.

The field of Langside lies in the parish of Cathcart; it is an eminence, rising gently from the neighbourhood

of the Gorbals, and declining more rapidly on the side next to Paisley. On the summit there is a small circular camp, supposed to be of very early formation, though incorrectly and vulgarly denominated Queen Mary's Camp. Murray the Regent, having drawn his forces from Glasgow, made a stand here, to intercept the Queen in her progress to Dunbarton, when a skirmish ensued; her party was routed, with considerable slaughter. A place is yet pointed out, upon an opposite eminence, fully in the view of the field now described, and near the old castle of Cathcart, where Mary stood till the affair was decided. A hawthorn bush, commonly known by the name of Queen Mary's Thorn—for her name has been reverentially attached to every local object she ever touched or looked upon—marked out the spot, till it decayed through age; after which another was planted in its place, to preserve the memory of these circumstances.*

Renfrew, the county-town, is situated near the river Clyde. Like Gideon's fleece, which was dry while all around were wet, this town, through the influence of burgh politics, as already mentioned, exhibits arid sterility and destitution in the midst of a perfect inundation of wealth. It is only occupied by a few weavers, who receive their employment from the less privileged but more enterprising towns in the neighbourhood.

Port-Glasgow, a few miles further down the Clyde, is a port subservient to the use of the merchants of Glasgow.

Greenock, about three miles further down the river, may be termed the *Liverpool* of Scotland. Its situation being convenient for the purpose, and being unrestrained by the palsying influence of a town-council, it

* The country people show an eminence near Cathcart Castle, called the Court Knowe, where, they say, Queen Mary held a council before the battle. They add, that, after the fatal engagement, she dispatched parties of her female attendants in different directions, in order to distract the pursuit which she apprehended.

has become, since the rise of commerce in this country, the principal port for all transactions with America. It has also derived considerable advantage from its propinquity to the West Highlands, the overplus population of which has long been in the habit of pouring itself through this channel into the unoccupied wilds of the Western Continent.

The wealth resulting from successful commerce has caused Greenock to assume of late years a very fine appearance. The principal square and street are in general well built, while the extremities of the town, where new buildings most abound, are of course much more splendid. The finest public building is an inn or tontine, a little eastward from the square or cross which forms the centre of the town. It is a memorable proof of the opulence of the inhabitants, that the subscription for this building was filled up, in the brief space of two days, to the amount of L.10,000.

One of the most remarkable features of Greenock, next to its opulence and enterprise, is the number of Highlanders observable to be mingled with its aboriginal population. In walking the streets, a stranger is surprised at the number of northern names which he sees upon the shops, and the frequency with which a rough blast of Gaelic rushes past his ear. This is owing to the proximity of the Argyle district, whose blue hills are to be seen from the shore, rising in all their grandeur beneath the sun-set splendour of the western sky.

Gourock, a considerable village and sea-port, is situated three miles below Greenock, and is chiefly worthy of notice here, on account of the loss of the Comet Steam-Yacht, which took place in its vicinity, on the 10th of October 1825. There is a huge stone at one end of the village of Gourock, where a saint of the name of Kempock formerly kept a shop for the sale of winds to sailors. At this place the modern navigators of the Clyde leave their mistresses, when bound on distant voyages.

Stirlingshire.

Round Carron's stream, O classic name!
Where Fingal fought and aye o'ercame;
Where Ossian waked, wi' kindlin' flame,
His heaven-taught lays.—
HECTOR MACNEIL.

STIRLINGSHIRE, one of the most beautiful, and not the least celebrated of all the Scottish counties, is situated upon the isthmus between the friths of Forth and Clyde; being bounded on the east by Linlithgow, on the north by Perth, and on the south by the counties of Lanark and Dunbarton; which last also bounds it on the west. The greatest length from east to west is forty-nine miles, and the greatest breadth from north to south twenty-three; but the medium length may be forty-four, and breadth sixteen. The general features of the county are mountainous, not without the intervention of various morasses and vales, whilst it is almost completely intersected in two of its great divisions by as many extensive and fertile plains, respectively called, in popular language, the Carses of Falkirk and Stirling. From its situation, it has been the scene of many memorable transactions. Being, in the early periods of our history, the boundary of four kingdoms,—of the Cumbrian and Northumbrian on the south, and of the Scots and Picts on the north, it naturally became the battle-ground of all these conflicting nations. At even an earlier period, Stirlingshire had been made the frontier of that part of Albion which submitted to the Romans, and it was therefore the scene of those struggles between the aboriginal inhabitants and their in-

vaders, which finally terminated in the retirement of the latter from Britain. Many of the battles described in Ossian's poems are supposed to have been fought in this county, which has had the fortune, in many subsequent national struggles, to be peculiarly the scene of strife and bloodshed. There is not perhaps a foot of ground in the shire which has not heard the tread of marching armies, and the eye can be turned in no direction around its territory without lighting on the field of some memorable contest.

The most remarkable object in Stirlingshire is unquestionably the town which gives it its name. STIRLING, or, as it was once called, Striveling, is a town of about nine thousand inhabitants, situated upon an eminence near the river Forth, thirty-five miles north-west of Edinburgh, and about twenty-seven north-east of Glasgow. In external appearance, it bears a miniature resemblance to Edinburgh, being situated like the Old Town of that city, on the sloping ridge of a rock, running from west to east, and the precipitous end of which is occupied by an ancient fortress. The streets which occupy this eminence are, with one exception, narrow, and not very well built. The town was once fortified by a wall. The south side of the ridge is so precipitous that it cannot be built upon. The remains of the said wall, therefore, extend from what is called the South Port, along the brow of this eminence towards the Castle; affording room between its bottom and the edge of the precipice for a walk or promenade called Edmondstone's Terrace, from which a view may be obtained of a very extensive tract of country to the south. The descent from the main street of the town towards the plain on the north, is more gradual, and is covered by lanes, villas, and gardens. The lofty situation of the town in the midst of a spacious plain, contributes not only to the pleasure of the inhabitants, as it furnishes one of the most extensive prospects to be met with in Scotland, but also to their health, by affording them the advantage of breathing a pure and wholesome atmosphere. The latter advantage appears to have been early

appreciated, as William the Lion, in his last days, desired to be conveyed to Stirling, in the hope of resuscitating his health.

The CASTLE of STIRLING is the most interesting as well as the most conspicuous object in the town. In all ages this fortress has borne a character of peculiar importance. From the circumstances of its being the best strength in a district remarkable for warlike contentions, it could not fail to do so. Situated, moreover, near the only fords, bridges, and passes, which communicated between the north and south of Scotland, it might be said to command both territories. Sharing this consequence, in some measure, with the sister fortress of Dunbarton, these two castles were early styled, in common parlance, "the key" and "the lock" of the Highlands. Both sustained their importance at the union of the kingdoms, when they were included in the limited list of fortresses agreed to be kept up in Scotland.

At what period Stirling first became the seat of a fortification, is unknown. The earliest authentic intelligence that now exists respecting the Castle, represents it as strongly fortified by the Picts, among whom architecture and other useful arts are supposed to have early made considerable progress. The possession of it was the occasion of innumerable contests between that people and their neighbours the Scots and Northumbrians. After experiencing various vicissitudes of fortune, and being frequently demolished by one or other of its alternate masters, it became a favourite royal residence about the time of the accession of the House of Stewart. It was the place of the nativity, and of the residence in after-life, of King James II, whose descendants successively improved or extended its buildings, till, at the accession of James VI to the throne of England, it shared the fate of all the other royal residences, by being deserted by all who were worthy of residing in it.

Stirling Castle, in regard to its present condition, may be described as a barrack grafted upon the shell

of a palatial residence, surrounded by certain fortifications old and new. It is entered from the east by a paved way leading through a palisade, a drawbridge, and a battery, all of which have been superadded to the original castle since the time of Queen Anne, whose name the last-mentioned fortification bears. On emerging from these, a huge gateway which once formed the exterior defence of the castle, is reached. This is flanked by two large towers with shot-holes for musketry, and contains the receptacle of an iron portcullis, as well as the hooks whereon formerly hung two strong gates. Its battlemented top has been recently renewed. Within this is a court-yard, on the right of which is a battery, while the left is bounded by the palace and the parliament-house. This fortification is called the *French Battery*, from its having been built by engineers of that nation, in the employment of Mary of Guise; and it is calculated to command the bridge over the Forth, about half a mile distant below.

The PALACE is a stately building in the form of a quadrangle, and occupies the south-east part of the fortress. It was built by James V, the initials of whose name are repeatedly observable around the edifice. All the exterior sides are of polished stone, and exhibit a great variety of ornaments, chiefly in the shape of grotesque statues, some of which are not very decent. Many of these singular specimens of royal taste are mutilated, but some are in excellent preservation. Classical figures seem to predominate, such as Persius, Venus, Diana, &c.; though some are believed to be portraits of the royal founder and his contemporaries. One at the north-west corner, just over the entry into what is called "the Square," seems an unquestionable likeness of James V. It represents a short man, dressed in a bonnet and frock coat, and having a considerable beard. The features are regular, but seem to be those of an older man than James, and do not possess any of the gallant vivacity so remarkable in most of his portraits, and so expressive of the character of that monarch. Over his head an allegorical being is holding a

crown and a scroll containing his initials, while the lion of Scotland is placed in a crouching attitude beneath his feet. All the statues stand upon pedestals springing from the wall, or are supported upon the backs of other figures, whose countenances express any thing but satisfaction beneath the load.

The interior of the quadrangle is perfectly unadorned, and not of great extent. It gets the popular name of "the Lion's Den," from the circumstance of its having been the receptacle of the lions formerly kept for the royal amusement. No order is observed in the arrangement of the apartments within the Palace, though many of them were formerly noble and splendidly decorated. One, in particular, probably the Presence-Chamber, was adorned all round and on the roof with carved heads supposed to represent the persons of the king, his family, and his courtiers; but the whole is now reduced to the condition of a barrack, while the sculptures only survive in Mr Blackwood's beautiful and meritorious publication entitled "Lacunar Strevilense." The achitecture of Stirling Palace is neither Grecian nor Gothic, but an anomalous sort allied to both, and probably originating in the peculiar taste of its kingly founder.

The plain buildings on the south side of "the Square" form the oldest part of Stirling Castle. These are supposed to have been honoured by the royal residence previous to the erection of James V's Palace. What gives probability to this supposition, is the circumstance of one of the apartments being still called "*Douglas's Room*," in consequence of the assassination, by the hand of James II, of William Earl of Douglas. This apartment adjoins to another called, from its having been the royal dressing-room, "*the King's Closet*;" and both form part of the present residence of the Deputy-Governor of the Castle.

The west side of the Square is occupied by a long low building, dated 1594, and now used as a store-room and armoury. This was originally a chapel, and is remarkable as having been the scene of the baptism

of Henry Prince of Wales—a splendid ceremony in which the genius of his father was displayed in a most amusing manner. This building was erected by King James, chiefly for the purpose of serving as the scene of his son's baptism, and took the place of a more ancient building which had been built by King James III, and rendered collegiate by that monarch, of whose ruin it might be said to have been the cause, as, by annexing to it the rich temporalities of the priory of Coldingham, he offended the Lords Hailes and Home, who, in consequence, headed the rebellion which terminated in his death.

James III, who took great pleasure in his residence at Stirling Castle, also erected within its precincts a magnificent Parliament House, the walls of which, now profaned by their use as a barrack, yet remain upon the north side of the Square. Here the members of the Scottish legislature have often assembled; and this was the scene of a very remarkable anecdote which has often been told of the infancy of the sixth James. Being present while a mere child at one of those turbulent assemblies called Parliaments, of which at that time Scotland could occasionally boast of more than one, as the various factions by which the country was torn could muster strength, his Majesty happened to cast up his eye and observe a hole in the roof of the hall; the Scottish treasury being at that time perhaps in no condition to provide the best of accommodations for its officers. "I think," said the young king, with unconscious satire, "this be but ane broken parliament;" and so it turned out, say the old historians who gravely record this circumstance, for "the King's Parliament" was soon after fearfully disturbed by the celebrated attack upon Stirling of "the Queen's Men," who killed the Regent Lennox, together with many of his party, and were only baulked of a complete victory by an accidental *contretemps*.

The hero of this anecdote, a monarch to the singularity of whose genius and character full justice has never yet been done, was baptized in the old Chapel

Royal above mentioned. It is well known to those acquainted with Scottish history, that the ceremony was superintended by his mother alone, and that Darnley scandalized her before the foreign ambassadors assembled on the occasion, by obstinately refusing to attend. The tradition of Stirling has preserved one or two of the circumstances, which seem to have escaped all historians. The people of the town still point out a house—formerly a tavern—about the middle of St Mary's Wynd, (a lane leading out of the Broad Street towards the bridge,) where the imbecile father spent the time of his son's baptism, along with a few drinking companions, in riotous and ostentatious debauchery. Mary, it is said, retired immediately after the ceremony to her bed-room, and, throwing herself upon the bed, gave way to a transport of grief and indignation.

A low-browed gateway conducts to an esplanade at the back of Stirling Castle, in which the magazines are situated. This gateway is very old, and, according to popular belief, was once the main or only entry into the castle. It gets the name of "the Laird of Ballangeich's Entry," probably from a circumstance which we shall presently mention. The esplanade is enclosed upon the west by the exterior wall, from which a view is obtained of the western part of the Carse of Stirling, of the Links of the Forth, and of the mountains by which that beautiful plain is bounded. Immediately underneath this wall, a narrow road leads from the town and descends the precipice behind the castle. This is called *Ballangeich*—a Gaelic word bearing the descriptive etymology of "the windy pass." The little farm to which the road leads is also called Ballangeich, and this word is further remarkable as having furnished a fictitious name to James V. That adventurous monarch, like the celebrated Haroun Alraschid, was in the habit of sojourning incognito among his subjects, in order to acquire a knowledge of their character, to detect occasional acts of misgovernment in his officers, and, moreover, as the saying is among travellers, to mingle pleasure with business. The title with which he ac-

companied his rustic disguise was "the Laird o' Ballangeich," a term equivalent to the "Il Bondocani" of the Caliph. We have been given to understand, that the charter of the little farm so named, mentions its having been granted to the first possessor for the service of taking care of the Queen of Scotland's poultry and washing tubs.

Immediately beyond the precipitous road of Ballangeich, rises a rough eminence, characteristically called *the Gowlan Hill.* It was from this point that the Highlanders in 1746 attempted to storm the castle. At its north-east extremity, and near the bridge over the Forth, is a small mount, known by the uncouth name of *the Hurlie Hawkie.* Here James V and his courtiers are said to have amused themselves by sliding down the steep and slippery bank, upon the skeletons of cows heads, or upon inverted cutty stools.

The CASTLE-HILL of Stirling is an extensive esplanade between the castle and the town, from which a vast prospect presents itself to the eye in all directions. On the north side are seen the windings of the Forth through the Carse of Stirling, with the Ochil Hills for a back-ground. On the west lies the vale of Mentieth, bounded by rugged mountains, among which Benledi is preeminently conspicuous. The Campsie Hills form the horizon on the south. And in the east, in clear weather, the spectator may obtain a distant view of Edinburgh.

On the south side of the esplanade is a small piece of idle ground called *the Valley,* with a rock on the south side, denominated *the Ladies Rock.* Here tournaments used to be held, while the fair ones of the court, whose bright eyes, no doubt, in the words of Milton,

> Rained influence and adjudged the prize,

surveyed the extravagant doings of the other sex from the eminence which bears their name. A remarkable conflict took place here during the reign of James II,

who had revived the sanguinary species of the tournament, which his father had suppressed. Two noble Burgundians named Lelani, one of whom, Jacques, was as celebrated a knight as Europe could boast, together with one squire Meriadet, challenged three Scottish knights to fight with lance, battle-axe, sword, and daggers. Having been all solemnly knighted by the king, they engaged in the Valley. Of the three Scotsmen, two were Douglasses, and the third belonged to the honourable family of Halket. Soon throwing away their lances; they had recourse to the axe, when one of the Douglasses was felled outright, and the king, seeing the combat unequal, threw down his baton, the signal of cessation. The remaining Douglas and De Lelani had approached so close that of all their weapons none remained save a dagger in the hand of the Scottish knight, and this he could not use by means of the Burgundian holding his wrist, and at the same time wheeling him in a struggle round the lists. The other Lelani was strong, but unskilled in warding the battle-axe, and soon had his visor, weapons, and armour crushed to pieces. Meriadet's antagonist, a Douglas, had attacked him with the lance, but that being knocked out of his hand by the butt end of Meriadet's lance, he was felled to the ground, and, on again rising to renew the combat, was laid prostrate to rise no more. A different exhibition was made in the Valley about half a century later. About 1503, an Italian came to Scotland, and, pretending to alchemy, gave James V. hopes of possessing the philosopher's stone. The king collated him to the abbacy of Tungland. That the abbot had believed in his own impostures, appears from his having provided himself with wings and attempted to fly from the battlements of Stirling Castle. He fell, of course, and broke a thigh-bone. The way in which he accounted for his want of success is highly curious. "The wings," he said, "were partly composed of the feathers of dunghill fowls, and were, by sympathy attracted to their native dunghill; whereas, had they consisted entirely of

Stirlingshire.

eagles feathers, they would, for the same reason, have been attracted towards the heavens." The poor abbot was, however, completely scouted, and his charlatanerie met with a severe and most unsavoury reprehension at the hands of the celebrated poet Dunbar, whose indignation was not softened by his being a contemporary candidate for ecclesiastical honours.

The Valley is said to have been, in later times, the scene of the execution of several witches. A strange vague circumstance is attached by tradition to one of these incidents. It was believed, in consequence of the threat of one of the unhappy beings about to undergo incremation, that, if she turned round in approaching the stake, and looked upon the town, it should immediately take fire. In order to prevent this dreadful event, the pious minister who accompanied the witch, took the precaution of enveloping her head in the short velvet cloak, which, according to the custom of the Presbyterian clergy of the seventeenth century, he usually wore round his own shoulders. Had he not done this, there can be no doubt Stirling would have suffered the fate destined for the poor witch. We need not advert to the circumstance of the Valley never having been visited by any herbage since these scorching transactions,—that being a fate common to all such spots, from the boiling-place of Lord Soulis down to the burning-place of Major Weir.

South-west from the Castle lies a considerable piece of ground, comprehending the hill of Craigforth, inclosed by a stone wall, and denominated *the King's Park*. Here the royal parties used formerly to practise the amusement of the chace. To the east of this, and overhung by the precipice of the Castle, are *the King's Gardens*, now unenclosed and reduced to the condition of a marshy pasture. The ground still retains the forms into which it had been thrown by the fantastic taste of the gardeners of former years. Its square and hexagonal plots, and the parterres, are still in perfect preservation; as well as a small conical mound of earth, flat at top like a table, and surrounded by

benches of earth, designated *the King's Knot*, where the Scottish monarchs are said to have formerly played at the courtly game of the Round Table, of which James IV, in particular, is known to have been very fond. // Around the gardens are the vestiges of a canal, on which the royal family and court aired in barges.

The Lordship and Castle of Stirling having latterly formed part of the jointure of the Scottish Queens, a small peninsula between the Bridge of Stirling and the Abbey of Cambuskenneth, visible from the north side of the Castle-Hill, still goes by the name of *the Queen's Haugh*, having been the place where, according to tradition, her majesty's cows usually grazed. An old Scottish historian records that Queen Margaret, in 1503, was infeft in her dowry by the ceremony of the Scottish and English soldiers alternately marching into and out of the castles of Stirling and Edinburgh.

Various small territories around Stirling were originally granted to petty officers connected with the court. That important personage, the executioner, does not appear to have been forgotten among the rest; there being a small patch of land near the castle, which still goes by the name of *the Hangman's Acre.*

Stirling is scarcely more remarkable for being the scene of bloodshed in national conflicts, than for that which has flowed under the hand of the public executioner. The eminence already mentioned under the name of the Hurlie Hawkie, was the ordinary place of execution, and is addressed as such in Douglas's apostrophe to the scenes we are describing, (Lady of the Lake:)

> Ye towers, within whose circuit dread,
> A Douglas by his sovereign bled,
> And thou, O sad and fatal mound!
> That oft hast heard the death-axe sound,
> As on the noblest of the land,
> Fell the stern headsman's bloody hand!

The last execution of great note which took place at Stirling, was that of Hamilton, archbishop of St An-

drews, the primate of Scotland, a partisan of Queen Mary, who was tried and hanged, 1571, for his alleged accession to the murder of the Regent Murray. Upon the gibbet some person affixed the following bitter sarcasm:

Cresce diu, felix arbor, semperque vireto
Frondibus, at nobis talia poma feras.

To this was added on the succeeding night:

Infelix pereas arbor: sin forte virebis
In primis utinam carminis auctor eat.

"Some affirm," quoth Crawford of Drumsoy, the historical apologist of Mary and her party, "that the author of the preceding distich had the honour soon after to be hanged, together with his son-in-law, upon the same tree. No other lamentation was made than

Crevit ut optabas ramis felicibus arbor,
Et fructum nobis te generumque tulit.

Extending our observations from the Castle and its precincts to the town, the first object worthy of notice is the church, the burying-ground partly surrounding which adjoins to the esplanade. The Greyfriars or Franciscan Church of Stirling was built in 1494, by King James IV, who was in the habit of spending a considerable portion of his time, especially the whole period of Lent, in the neighbouring convent, and occasionally expressed his repentance of having been instrumental in the death of his father, by dining here on his bare knees, upon bread and water. The church is a handsome building, in the best style of Gothic architecture. It is all of hewn stone, with an arched roof supported by two rows of pillars. It was originally one church, but has been divided since the Reformation into two places of worship, called the East and West Churches. A small addition is said to have been

made to the east end of the building, by Cardinal Beaton. Twelve niches for statues of the twelve apostles adorn as many buttresses projecting from the walls, and it is said by the people of Stirling, that that designed for Judas was never finished, though the stranger will be able to observe little difference amongst these generally defaced shrines. This church is taken notice of in history as the place where, in 1543, the Earl of Arran, governor of Scotland during the minority of Queen Mary, publicly renounced the reformed faith, which he had once professed to favour. It was here also that James VI was crowned in 1567. During the siege of the castle by General Monk in 1651, he raised his batteries in the church-yard. The steeple and roof have many marks of bullets discharged by the garrison in their defence. Several shells were also fired at the church from the castle, in the year 1746, when the Highlanders testified their rejoicings after the victory at Falkirk, by firing small arms from the steeple and ringing the bells.

Adjoining to the church-yard at its north-east corner, and facing down Broad Street, stands the ruins of a remarkable building called *Marr's Wark*. This was built out of the ruins of Cambuskenneth Abbey, by the Regent Earl of Marr, who had got a grant of that unfortunate spirituality short while after the Reformation. The front wall is most entire; the rest are almost completely gone, and the small piece of ground behind, in which there is a well, lies in a state of utter neglect. The entire part is stuck all over with curiously carved stones taken from the abbey, and apparently planted here quite at random. Only two or three, placed over the main gateway, and the architraves of the two doors which give admission to as many flanking towers, appear to have been chisselled on purpose. These bear inscriptions allusive to the circumstances of the erection. It must be understood that the use which the Earl made of the abbey excited a great deal of popular dissatisfaction, even in that abbey-demolishing age, and caused John Knox himself—(*Clodius ac-*

cusavit)—to prophesy that his lordship's "family would not stand long, being so sacrilegious!" The stern old Presbyterian nobleman, who was in reality a very worthy person, remained totally unaffected as to his conduct by the popular clamour, but yet could not help expressing his uneasiness under it, by affixing to his house inscriptions to the following effect:

Esspy. speik. furth. I. cair. nocht.
Consider. weil. I. cair. nocht.

The. moir. I. stand. on. opin. hicht.
My. faultis. moir. subiect. ar. to. sicht.

I. pray. al. luikaris. on. this. luging.
[Thay be impartial in] thair. juging.

Marr's Wark now presents a most melancholy and haggard aspect—the ruin of a ruin.

Argyle's Lodging, another of the few surviving aristocratic residences in which Stirling once abounded, stands in the immediate neighbourhood of the above, upon the right of a lane leading from Broad Street to the esplanade. This is a much larger and more elegant edifice than Marr's Wark has ever been. It is also quite entire, and, though now occupied as a barrack, yet forms an excellent specimen of the best sort of town-houses of the nobility at the time of its erection, the reign of Charles I, when a better and more magnificent taste seems to have prevailed than even a century later. Argyle Lodging was built by Sir William Alexander of Menstrie, the friend of Drummond and Jonson, and himself no despicable poet. This man rose by talent and courtly accomplishments, from the quality of a humble Scottish laird to that of Earl of Stirling, and from proportionate poverty to a similar degree of wealth. He had been the preceptor and was afterwards the favourite of Charles, from whom he obtained a right to create a hundred knight-baronets of Nova Scotia, each of whom paid him two hundred pounds for their hon-

ours. He also had a liberty to coin copper money under the value of the metal. The latter grant proved detrimental to the interests of the nation, upon which account the coins were treated with contempt by the common people. On his building this large house, therefore, and adorning the gate with his ambitious motto, "Per mare, per terras," a wag of Stirling, with wit not so good as his intention, burlesqued the same by parodying it into "Per metre, per turners," signifying that the Earl had been enabled to build his house by means of his poetry and his base coin—*turner* being then, as long before, a vulgar word for black or false money. The poet's fine house afterwards passed into the hands of the Argyle family, and was the scene of an entertainment given by the unfortunate Earl to James Duke of York, in 1681, when that prince visited Stirling with his family. The Earl's grandson, John Duke of Argyle and Greenwich, here afterwards held his military councils, when endeavouring to repress the interests of the Duke's son, the Chevalier St George, in 1715.

The house of the Regent Morton is still pointed out at the bottom of Broad Street. Upon the memorable occasion of the Raid of Stirling, when "the black parliament," as already mentioned, got such a fearful wakening, Morton was besieged in this mansion, and did not quit it till it had been set on fire by his assailants.

Stirling has long been celebrated for its SCHOOLS, chiefly on account of one of them having for a long course of years been successfully taught by Dr Doig, a person remarkable for his attainments as a scholar. In the TOWN-HOUSE, there has been kept from time immemorial, a vessel of quantity, formed of a sort of *yettlin* or cast iron, denominated the *Stirling Jug*, and appointed to be the standard of dry measure in Scotland. One of the most remarkable features in the town of Stirling is the number of its hospitals. Three of these were the endowments of wealthy citizens of Stirling, and afford abundant provision for the comfort of a considerable number of people. It is supposed that every

twelfth person in Stirling receives charity, and a late writer has likened the town to a vast hospital.

Notwithstanding this circumstance, Stirling contains, and has ever contained, a great number of substantial and prosperous merchants—their opulence being in reality the very cause of the system complained of. Even so far back as the reign of James VI, a species of cloth called shalloon was manufactured here to a considerable extent, afterwards giving way only to the introduction of a vast tartan-manufactory, which in its turn declined about eighty years ago, and was succeeded by that of carpets and of cotton goods. Under the influence of these advantages, many wealthy burghers have from time to time arisen in Stirling. It was no rare sight some years ago to see signs over shop-doors, ornamented by a huge four-figure, importing that the proprietors sold goods from all the four quarters of the world, or, as it was sometimes more piquantly interpreted, that they had fourpence of profit upon the shilling-worth of their commodities. This emblem, of which the corners were always curiously adorned with St Andrew's crosses, and which in Scotland was understood to give token of the enviable character of a merchant, may be yet seen upon many flat monuments in Stirling church-yard, having been transferred from the signs to the grave-stones of the deceased, as the only mark of honour or dignity which they could carry with them out of this world. There was in those old times a sort of comfortable *burgherism*, if we may be allowed such a phrase, about the better sorts of the inhabitants of Stirling, which, alas! has long passed away, along with the primitive system of implementing bargains by wetting of thumbs, and other such simple practices. In illustration of this, we require only to relate an authentic anecdote of a former treasurer of the town, whose mode of keeping his accounts was one of the most antediluvian ever perhaps known in the modern world. The venerable citizen hung up an old boot on each side of his chimney; into one of them he put all the money which he received, and into the other the receipts or vouchers for the money which he paid away;

Stirlingshire.

and he balanced his accounts at the end of the year, by emptying his boots, and comparing the money left in the one with the documents deposited in the other.

The only exception to the moderate but steady degree of prosperity which has generally characterised the trade of Stirling, exists in the department of its fleshers. This is owing to a very remarkable cause. An early protestant martyr, having been stoned out of the town, and retired to die upon a field by the way-side at some distance from the South Port, was attacked in these his last moments by a rapacious butcher's wife of Stirling, who endeavoured to rob him of his clothes, and finally, it is said, succeeded. The St Stephen of Stirling vented, with his dying breath, a malediction upon the incorporation to which the husband of his persecutrix belonged: and ever since that time the butchers of Stirling have never done well. There are now actually no butchers in the town, and for one to set up within its walls would be looked upon as madness. The market is supplied by men who dwell in the villages around. Of course, we need not point out to the reader that a sufficient natural cause thus exists, why a flesher practising his trade within the town cannot succeed, and never will do so, so long as any faith is placed in the prophecy of the martyr.

The next place of importance in this county is the town of FALKIRK, remarkable for its four annual cattle-markets known by the term *Falkirk Trysts*, but more remarkable for its vestiges of antiquity, and the great battles which have been fought in its neighbourhood. The town, consisting in one tolerably well built street and a few lanes, lies along the face of a great inclined plain, which extends from the Firth of Forth up to a ridge about a mile south of Falkirk. The battle between the Highlanders and the king's forces under General Hawley, took place upon a part of this ridge about one mile south-west from the town. A small plantation now covers part of the ground, and the rest is denominated *Battle Field* by the country people, who also

give the name of *the Red Burn* to a small stream running from it towards the Carron, on account of its having run with blood on the day of the conflict.

The view from this eminence is remarkably extensive, varied, and beautiful; and was declared by the Abyssinian Bruce, whose property lay in the neighbourhood, to be surpassed in these respects by none he had seen in the course of his travels. The ground half-way betwixt Falkirk and the river Carron is pointed out as the scene of a battle fought, anno 1298, between the Scots and English, in which, owing to the dissensions among the Scottish leaders, the latter prevailed.

Falkirk was once a burgh of barony under the Earls of Linlithgow, who resided at Callander House in the neighbourhood; since the fall of that family, and the coeval abolition of hereditable jurisdictions, it has possessed no form of municipal government, excepting that of a baron-bailie, whose civil jurisdiction extends only to two pounds sterling, and whose authority in criminal cases only allows him to impose fines not exceeding twenty shillings, or the punishment of standing four hours in the stocks. Besides the importance which it derives from its *trysts*, the town possesses a few manufactures, and is enriched by its proximity to the Carron Foundery.*

* Many of our readers must have been edified in their boyhood by sundry little publications issued from Falkirk, under the denominations of Lothian Tom, Leper the Tailor, John Falkirk's Catechism, &c. These were the very classics of the youth of Scotland during the last century; but, with all their humour and vivacity, have now fallen into neglect, before the triumphant advances of religious tracts. The same bookseller who printed these "penny histories," as they were called, once published an edition of the Shorter Catechism; which before that period had been from time immemorial published at Glasgow, as it has since been at Edinburgh, by his Majesty's printers. It is perhaps unnecessary to say that the work in question was then the primer chiefly used in Scotland, and bore a character of the highest importance in the estimation of the whole people; in the eyes of the old it was a great national work, and held in reverence next to the Bible; though to the young, it was only the occasion of

The church of Falkirk was substituted in 1810 for an antique edifice, which, from a marble found in its walls on their being taken down, appeared to have been erected by Malcolm Canmoré in 1057. In the church-yard the graves of two celebrated Scottish heroes are pointed out, those namely of Sir John Graham, the friend of Wallace or, as that champion affectionately termed him, his "*Right Hand*;" and of Sir John Stewart, one of the chiefs who commanded a division of the Scottish army at the battle of Falkirk. Both of these persons fell in the battle. Over the former a monument was erected, with an inscription, which has been from time to time renewed by his countrymen. It at present stands thus:

Mente manuque potens, et Vallae fidus Achates,
Conditur hic Gramus, bello interfectus ab Anglis.

Translation.

Heir lyes Sir John the Grame, baith wight and wise,
Ane of the chiefs who rescewit Scotland thrise.
Ane better knight not to the world was lent,
Nor was gude Grame of truth and hardiment.

At a time when the Latin alone appeared upon the monument, one of Cromwell's soldiers, of whom a de-

many sleepless nights, and many sound threshings; and, in effect, rather an Inquisition than a Catechism. Now, it so happened that the Glasgow edition had always been adorned with a coarse frontispiece, representing the armorial bearings of that worthy city; and, such was the force of custom, that that embellishment was at last looked upon as something naturally and properly connected with the catechism,—part and parcel, in short, of the revered document itself. The Falkirk edition, being of course deficient in such an ornament, was at first regarded with suspicion, and even horror; and an old wife, in the western part of Stirlingshire, was one day heard thus to declare her sentiments on the subject to a neighbour: "What d'ye think, woman?" she exclaimed, "they're printing the Caraches *noo* without the bell and the tree, and the bird and the fish. Could ye divine what they'll do next!"

Stirlingshire.

tachment was stationed at Falkirk, desired the schoolmaster of the parish to furnish a translation; which he did in a strain at once indicative of his contempt of prick-eared curs, and of the English in general:

> Of mind and courage stout,
> Wallace's true Achates,
> Here lies Sir John the Graham,
> Felled by the English bawties;

the last word of this elegant paraphrase being a familiar Scottish phrase for dog. In the church-yard of Falkirk is also to be seen the monument of a brave officer, Sir Robert Munro of Foulis, who was killed in the second battle of Falkirk, January 17th, 1746.

Falkirk is the capital of a district containing thirty thousand inhabitants, and consequently possesses a great deal of what may be called inland trade. It is a decidedly industrious, and a decidedly prosperous town; not being restrained in the pursuit of wealth by the bane of burgh politics, which so effectually checks the growth and welfare of all towns afflicted with it. The district termed the Carse of Falkirk is a splendid plain which stretches to the northwards, full of fertile fields and glorious plantations. Upon the road between Falkirk and Stirling, and about five miles from each, the traveller passes the last remains of the Torwood, so celebrated in the popular histories of Wallace. The tree is still pointed out in this decayed forest, which afforded shelter to the person of that mighty hero, when he was pursued by an irresistible band of his enemies. It has suffered considerably from the knives of the curious, few of whom pass it without taking away a portion, to be transformed into some trinket for a memorial of the hero.*

* "The town-piper of Falkirk, it is said, was sentenced to be hanged for horse stealing: on the night before his execution, he obtained, as an indulgence, the company of some of his brother pipers; and as the liquor was abundant, and their ins-ru-

In the neighbourhood of Falkirk are situated the celebrated CARRON IRON WORKS, the largest manufactory of the kind in the world. All kinds of cast-iron goods are made here—not only the instruments of war, but various implements of agriculture, of the arts, and for domestic use; and the greater part of these commodities, whether for ornament or use, can be furnished at about one-third of the price they cost elsewhere. Labour and workmanship are in this place assisted and hastened by so many machines and ingenious processes, that the work is executed both in a shorter time and in greater perfection than in any similar establishment. To a stranger the approach to the works is striking and terrible. The illumination of the atmosphere produced by the burning matter, the roaring blasts of the immense bellows, and the noise of weighty hammers resounding upon the anvils, suggest the idea of Vulcan and his Cyclops occupied in preparing thunderbolts, or raises a doubt in the mind, whether the whole is not an actual volcano, preparing to pour forth its melted bowels. The reflection of the furnaces upon the sky in a cloudy night can be seen at an immense distance, and even the noise of the bellows can be heard a good way off in a stilly evening. It is now impossible to get admission into these magnificent works, without a letter of introduction to the managers, it having been found that the frequent visits of strangers caused a great deal of idleness and loss of time to the workmen. In former times this rigorous system extended only to Sundays; and there is an instance of Robert Burns having once applied for admission on that holy day, and been rejected by the human Cerberus of the gateway. On returning to the inn at Carron, the poet vented his chagrin in a good-humoured and highly fanciful epigram,

ments in tune, the music and fun grew fast and furious. The execution was to be at eight o'clock, and the poor piper was recalled to a sense of his situation by morning light dawning on his window. He suddenly silenced his pipe, and exclaimed, 'Oh but this wearifu' hanging rings in my lug like a new tune.'" *Cunningham's Songs of Scotland*, iv. 23.

Stirlingshire.

which he inscribed upon one of the windows with the diamond he always carried about with him for such purposes. It runs as follows:

We cam na here to view your warks,
In hopes to be mair wise;
But only, lest we gaed to hell,
It micht be nae surprise.

But when we tirled at your door,
Your porter dought na hear us—
Sae may, should we to hell's yett come,
Your billy Satan ser' us.

CAMELON is a considerable modern village about a mile and a half west from Falkirk. About half a mile to the north-west of its site, is said to have been the situation of what is now called *Old Camelon*, a Roman city built by Vespasian, and which, when afterwards possessed by the Picts, is said to have had twelve brazen gates. Scarcely a vestige of this magnificent place now remains, though, in Buchanan's time, the ruins were considerable. One small upright fragment of a wall is yet visible from the Glasgow road which passes near it; and a few straggling trees are said to indicate its extent. The site adjoins to the valley through which the Carron runs, and which in former times is believed to have been an arm of the sea, rendering Camelon, what the early writers represent it, a maritime city. In support of this theory, fragments of anchors, and even a whole ancient boat have been found imbedded in the soil; and the plough has more than once turned up, upon the edge of a bank which is pointed out as the quay of Camelon, stones with rings attached to them, such as might be used for mooring the vessels lying in the harbour. The sea is now about three or four miles distant from Camelon.

Stirlingshire contains a considerable number of other populous villages, of which the following are the most remarkable:

GRANGEMOUTH, situated at the place where the Forth

and Clyde Canal joins the former estuary. The extensive trade carried on through this great line of communication, suggested to the late Sir Lawrence Dundas the propriety of building this little sea-port, which he accordingly commenced in 1777. It is now a place of considerable importance; and, besides a commodious harbour, has a dry-dock, a rope-work, a customhouse, and spacious warehouses for goods. Vessels bring into this port timber and hemp, deals, flax, and iron, from the Baltic, Norway, and Sweden; besides grain from foreign parts and from the coasts of Scotland and England. The place has of late years derived a considerable accession of importance from its being found a cheaper landing-place than Leith, the shore-dues of which port were heightened to an extravagant pitch by the erection of its suite of expensive Docks. It is therefore nothing uncommon for vessels belonging to Leith, to land at Grangemouth and transmit their cargoes by land-carriage to Edinburgh. Moreover, the numerous vessels belonging to the Carron Company usually bring home return-cargoes of grocery goods, dye stuffs, &c. for the supply of Glasgow, Stirling, and other towns in the west of Scotland; and Grangemouth has the advantage of receiving and forwarding the same.

BANNOCKBURN (Upper and Lower,) situated upon the celebrated stream of the same name, is chiefly remarkable for its manufactories of tartan and carpets.

ST NINIANS, a considerable village about one and a half mile south from Stirling, upon the road to Glasgow, deriving subsistence from its manufactories of nails and leather. The town consists of one long street, not very wide, and of which most of the houses are curious and old-fashioned. Upon many of these are dates of considerable antiquity, and some have stones, upon which the implements employed in the trade of the proprietor are grotesquely represented. On one we observed a smith's tools, including a horse-shoe, and a few nails. Upon another, there were carved with great felicity, though with very little regard to grouping, all the articles that could be found in an old Scot-

tish house of entertainment—not forgetting a pint-stoup shaped precisely like the pewter vases still used in low public houses, and "the bowl" of which is so proverbial for its aptitude to the thumb of a true toper. It is remarkable of the houses of St Ninians, that a great number of them are painted white. The steeple of the town is a distinguished curiosity. The church formerly attached to this fabric, being used as a powder-magazine by the Highlanders in 1746, was accidentally blown up, immediately before their retreat to the north. Wonderful to relate, though scarcely a stone of the body of the church was left upon another, the steeple remained uninjured. Several of the Highlanders were killed, along with some of the country people; and the noise produced by the explosion was heard at Linlithgow in one direction, and at Dumblane in another.

Betwixt the villages of Bannockburn and St Ninians, and to the south-west of both, is the battle-ground of the most celebrated and most important contest that ever took place between the English and the Scottish nations. We need not particularize by saying that we mean the Battle of Bannockburn, which was fought on Monday the 24th of July, 1314. Bruce's forces were stationed in three divisions, along the front of an eminence called the Gillies Hill; extending from south-west to north-east between the farm of Greysteil and the village of St Ninians. About half a mile south from St Ninians, upon the top of an eminence called Caldam Hill, and close by the way-side, is a large granite, called the Bored Stane, having a hole in the top, in which the Scottish king inserted his standard. The English army advanced from the heights on the east, and crossed the Bannock before joining in the conflict. It must be familiar to the memories of most readers that Bruce had taken care to render their advance by no means safe, by digging pits which he caused to be covered over with a thin surface of turf, and by strewing the ground with iron instruments of a peculiar form offensive to the feet of cavalry. Seconding artifice and precaution by the completest military skill and the utmost bravery, he

succeeded in completely routing the English host, though that is credibly affirmed to have been three times more numerous than his own. The English lost about 30,000 men and 700 knights. The Scottish army was enriched by the spoils of the English camp and by the ransoms of their prisoners, completely establishing at the same time the independence of their country.

In the lower extremity of a lawn which fronts a villa near the neighbouring village of Newhouses, are seen two upright stones, erected in commemoration of a noted skirmish fought on this spot between Randolph Earl of Murray and Sir Robert Clifford, the commander of an English party which Edward had dispatched on the eve of the Battle of Bannockburn to the relief of Stirling Castle. This place is still popularly termed *Randal's Field*, and is only about half a mile from the town of Stirling.

About a mile from Bannockburn in another direction, the destruction of a party of English, who had attempted to rally, and were completely cut off, has given the name of *Bloody Field* to the spot where they fell. There is also a place in this neighbourhood called *Ingram's Crook*, which is supposed to have derived its name from Sir Ingram Umfraville, one of the English commanders.

The *Gillies Hill* derives its name from an incident which occurred during the battle, and is said to have contributed greatly to the discomfiture of the English. Westward of this hill is a valley, where Bruce had stationed his baggage, under the charge of the *gillies* or servants and followers of the camp. At the critical moment when the English line was wavering and confusion reigned on the left flank, these gillies, either from curiosity to behold the battle, or with the design of assisting their countrymen, advanced to the summit of the hill, and, being taken for a reinforcement of the Scottish army, caused the English to give way in a panic.

About a mile westward from the field of Bannockburn, was fought in 1488 the battle which occasioned

the death of James III and the accession of his son James IV. The spot is called Little Conglan, but the fray is usually styled by historians the Battle of Saughieburn, on account of a streamlet of that name running to the west of the spot. The Barons of Scotland, being dissatisfied with the administration of their monarch, rose in rebellion against him, and drew the king's eldest son into their party. A battle was here fought, in which the king's party was defeated. Before the fate of the day had been decided, his majesty, who was never very distinguished for courage, fled from the field, and made towards the Forth, in the hopes of getting on board Sir Andrew Wood's fleet, which he had stationed there on purpose. His flight was solitary. On attempting to cross the Bannockburn, at a spot near Milltown, about a mile eastward from the battle-ground, his horse started at sight of a pitcher with which a woman was lifting up water, and which she threw away at sight of an armed man riding towards her. The king was then thrown from his charger, and fell upon the ground in a state of insensibility. As the disaster had happened within a few yards of a mill, the miller and his wife carried the unfortunate horseman thither, and, though ignorant of his name and station, treated him with great humanity, administering to him such cordials as their house afforded. When he had somewhat recovered, he called for a priest, to whom, as a dying man, he might make confession. Being asked who he was, he replied, "I was your king this morning." Some of the malecontents, who had left the battle in pursuit of him, now came up; and, as they were about to pass, the miller's wife came out wringing her hands and calling for a confessor to the king. "I am a priest," said one of the pursuers, "lead me to him." Being introduced, he found the unfortunate monarch lying in a corner of the mill, covered with a coarse cloth, and, approaching on his knees, under pretence of reverence, inquired if his grace thought he could recover if he had surgical help. James replied in the affirmative, when the ruf-

fian, pulling out a dagger, stabbed him several times in the heart. The assassin's name was never discovered.

The place where this atrocity was committed, is well known in the neighbourhood by the name of Beaton's Mill, and said to be so called from the person who then possessed it. The author of this work had the curiosity to visit it, and to inquire into the traditionary account of the circumstance above related, as preserved by the people of the place, which he was surprised to find tally in every particular with the historical narrative. He was even shown the particular corner in which the king was slain. The house has been somewhat modernised, and converted from a mill into a dwelling-house. The lower part of the walls, however, are, to about a man's height, unaltered, and impressed with the appearance of great antiquity. A corner-stone of the modern part of the fabric bears date 1667. The house is divided into two *ends*, with separate doors, accommodating two families; and is thatched. It stands about fifty yards east of the road from Glasgow to Stirling, in the close neighbourhood of the new mills which had been substituted, when it was converted into a dwelling-house. *Milltown*, the name of the considerable village to which it may be said to belong, is remarkable for its manufactories of nails.

Besides the Stirlingshire villages already enumerated, all of which lie in the eastern and richer part of the county, Airth, Balfron, Bainsford, Kilsyth, Denny, Campsie, and Fintry are others of less note.

The rivers of Stirlingshire are highly worthy of notice. The FORTH, which bounds this county for a considerable way on the north, is the principal stream that can be said to belong to it, and moreover is, if not the largest, by far the most distinguished of all Scottish rivers. It rises an inconsiderable rill from the north side of Benlomond, and flows to some distance within the south-west borders of Perthshire. Speedily, the torrents which constantly pour down from this side of the Grampians, increase it to the size of a considerable burn or brook, which winds through the level

country and at times assumes the appearance of a lake. Other streams then join it, and a very little way above Stirling, it is suddenly converted into a consequential river, by the junction of two large streams, the Teith and the Allan, each of which is almost as considerable as itself. From a mile above Stirling downwards it is navigable for vessels of seventy tons. Throughout the whole of its course, it is a peculiarly serpentine river. We say peculiarly, because its windings are so incessant and so intricate, that it is like no other river. It is supposed to traverse three times the space of the direct line of its course. We can describe its appearance as seen from such an eminence as the Castle-hill by no better image than the familiar one of a garter as arranged by a man at a fair for the deception of rustic gamblers. It often takes circuits round pieces of land, so as almost to insulate them; and it is equally remarkable of all its windings that they are perfectly circular or more rarely elliptical. As one of the results of its sinuosity, it may be mentioned that the distance from Stirling to Alloa by the crow's flight is only six miles, while by pursuing the course of the river it is upwards of twenty. At the place last mentioned, the river expands into the estuary which bears its name. The Forth produces vast quantities of excellent salmon, the greater part of which is exported. In former times, when little commerce of that sort was practised, this fish constituted the chief food of the people of Stirling, and was by no means appreciated, in the way it now is, as a rarity. The good people of the town had then, moreover, a right to purchase it cheaper than strangers, and it was their practice to give it to their children and servants, as food fit only for such inferior characters. It is recorded of the servants of Stirling, that, before engaging with their masters, they constantly stipulated that they were not to dine on salmon oftener than four times a-week, alleging a reason for this restriction which we do not choose to commit to black and white. The spirling of the Forth seems to have been the staple fish in Lent during the

reign of James IV. That monarch, as already stated, was in the habit of spending Lent in the Franciscan monastery of Stirling, where, by fasting and other penances, he endeavoured to appease his conscience for his concern in the death of his father. The poet Dunbar writes what he calls a "Dirigie to the King bydand ower lang in Stirling," in which he attempts to prevail upon his majesty to

> Cum hame and dwell nae mair in Stirling,
> Quhair fish to sell are nane but spirling,
> Credo gustare statim vinum Edinburgi.

Much coal, of which there are many and abundant mines in the south and east of the county, is exported from Stirling to London along the windings of the river.—The next river in point of importance is the Carron, which rises in the southern district of the county, and, after a course of about twenty-four miles, falls into the Forth at a place where that river has become an arm of the sea. The banks of the Carron are famed for having been the scene of warfare during the earliest periods of our history. Many of the battles described in Ossian's poems took place here, and the decisive battle between the Scots and English, in 1298, also happened upon its banks. A native poet has thus apostrophized the scene:

> Round Carron's stream, O classic name!
> Where Fingal fought and aye o'ercame;
> Where Ossian waked, wi' kinlin' flame,
> His heaven-taught lays.

The ENDRICK, rising in the Hill of Fintry, and giving its name to a valley, forms a fine cascade near Sir John de Graham's castle; keeps in motion a large cotton-mill at Calcreach; forms another cascade at Gartness, the favourite residence of the immortal Napier of Merchiston; receives the waters of the *Blane;* and, describing several beautiful curves through the extensive plain of Buchanan, loses itself in Loch Lomond. The BLANE is distinguished by the cataract of Ballagan,

and more by the birth, on its eastern bank where it runs nearly due north, of the celebrated Buchanan. The KELVIN is classical from its proximity, during a great part of its course to the Roman Wall. The BANNOCK is associated with sentiments of patriotism. The DEVON, which washes a detachment of Stirlingshire and divides it from Clackmannanshire, is famed as having formed the hoarse music which gives its epithet to the *Rumbling Brig*, and excavated the never-empty boiler of the *Cauldron Linn*, both in Perthshire. The AVON forms the south-eastern limit of the county, and was anciently adorned by the nunnery of Manuel.

Linlithgowshire.

Of all the palaces so fair,
Built for the royal dwelling,
In Scotland, far beyond compare
Linlithgow is excelling;
And in its park, in jovial June,
How sweet the merry linnet's tune,
How blythe the blackbird's lay!
The wild buck *bells* from ferny brake,
The coot dives merry on the lake,—
The saddest heart might pleasure take
To see a scene so gay.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THIS is the western division of that extensive and fertile district, which, extending along the whole southern shore of the Frith of Forth, goes by the ancient and still popular name of Lothian. Linlithgowshire is the smallest, and in every respect least important of the three divisions of Lothian, from the rest of which it is distinguished by the epithet *West* Lothian. Only nineteen miles in extent at its utmost length, and not more than seven in breadth at a mean admeasurement, the county lies in the shape of an irregular triangle, bounded on the north by the Frith of Forth, on the west by Stirlingshire, on the south by the counties of Peebles and Lanark, and on the east by its adjunct Mid Lothian. As the territory ascends from the shore of the Forth towards the south and south-west, where its high grounds look down upon the vale of Clyde, the whole has a northerly exposure. Though interspersed with a good many high grounds, it is a generally fertile and well-cultivated county. A great number of its ascents, es-

pecially those upon the coast, are planted with trees and shrubberies, from the midst of which the seats of the nobility and gentry of the county peep out; and a great part of the county commands the delightful prospect of the Firth, with its shipping, as well as the opposite coast of Fife.

Though Linlithgowshire possesses a great variety of beautiful scenery, and is by no means deficient in that species of wealth which lies under the surface, it is not remarkable for natural curiosities; and we shall therefore pass over any notice of such, in order to have more room for the artificial objects that render it really remarkable, and on whose account alone it has a chance of being traversed by strangers. Among these the town of

LINLITHGOW deserves a conspicuous place. This delightful and most entire specimen of the old Scottish royal burgh lies in a hollow along the borders of a lake surrounded on all sides by hills, about sixteen miles west from Edinburgh, and thirty east from Glasgow. To any one possessed of a taste for the history and antiquities of Scotland, or who may entertain romantic notions regarding both, we could recommend no higher treat than that which is to be gained by a leisurely inspection of Linlithgow. Its ruined palace, its entire old church, its grotesque well, and no less than all, its delightful old-fashioned self, are objects upon which we could write volumes, and upon which very good volumes might be written. We must, in the mean time, content ourselves with a very brief and inadequate notice of all its *remarkables*.

Linlithgow consists in a single long street, lying from east to west, and from which diverge a number of lanes, with a row of gardens on both the north and south sides of the town,—the former interspersed with tanneries. The street towards the east and west is tolerably broad and airy, but is contracted about the middle, with the exception of a square space which there lies upon the north side,—in the centre of which stands the *Well*, backed by the *Town-house*, behind which is the *Church*,

and behind which again stands, upon an eminence, the *Palace*,—a series of buildings thus ranged in a line at right angles with that of the street, and projecting out into the *Lake*, by which the town is bounded on the north side. The town was never walled with a view to defence, though enclosed on its open side with a boundary of that sort, called *the Dykes*. The houses of which the main street is composed are, in general, tall, dark, old-fashioned and decayed; somewhat like the old fabrics which compose the Canongate of Edinburgh. As in the case of that celebrated purlieu, many of the houses of Linlithgow formerly belonged to the nobility attending the court; and, as such, present a curious picture of the simplicity of former times, as well as a melancholy delineation of the tendency of all things to decay. Much, however, as we admire Linlithgow, the fact cannot be disguised, that of late years, not a few of these interesting old edifices have been plucked from their situations, to make way for common-place handsome edifices of a modern cast,—like good old teeth replaced in the human gums by round unnatural things of yellow bone,—and that, amongst the most appalling instances of such Gothicism, is to be reckoned the renewal, some years ago, of the house from which the Regent Murray was shot.

Linlithgow must be considered a place of the utmost antiquity. Without laying any stress upon the improbable supposition that it was the Roman *Lindum*, it appears at least evident, from a charter of David I, that, early in the twelfth century, it was one of the principal burghs of the kingdom. The existence, at this period, of its present magnificent and extensive church, (now as large again as is required,) also shows the importance of the place. Having become a royal seat about the time of the accession of the House of Stewart, it flourished exceedingly during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; possessing, though an inland town, a great trade, which it carried on by means of its sea-port at Borrowstounness. After the fatal 1603, it declined in importance; and, but for the introduction or improve-

ment of the manufacture of leather by the soldiers of Oliver Cromwell, must have been by this time reduced to a much lower state of degradation and decay than it even now exhibits.

At a time like the present, when almost the whole of Scotland has assumed a commercial aspect,—when cotton-mills have usurped the place of old castles, and the Naiads are everywhere unhoused by means of mill-dams, and the Dryads by the axe,—at a time when Stirling Castle is found to have been smoothed, burnished, and pipe-clayed down into a barrack, and almost all other scenes calculated to awaken romantic associations in the mind of a Scotsman, have suffered similar alteration or destruction,—it is truly delightful to know that Linlithgow still exists in something like a primitive state,—at least, with little or no change in its appearance from what it was during "Scotland's independence," except such change alone as the gentle influence of time has wrought.

A thousand things might be said to recommend it as the object of a tour; but, the purpose of this work being descriptive,—not disquisitive,—we shall endeavour rather to prove its merits, by the following notices, which the reader will distinguish as not the least elaborate in the book.

The prime object of attraction in Linlithgow is undoubtedly the *Palace*. This vast and most impressive ruin stands upon the bank of a promontory projecting into the lake, and is approached by a lane leading up an ascent from the square already mentioned. It is a quadrangular edifice covering upwards of an acre of ground, and is entered by an arch-way through the south side.

At the head of the lane stands a *fortified gate-way*, giving admission to the exterior court, which, besides the Palace, includes also the Church. This gate-way is flanked by two strong turrets, with shot-holes below, and battlements above. Over the entry are four frames of stone, which formerly contained the four orders of knighthood borne by King James V,—the *Garter*

J. B. Eldd del.t W. H. Lizars sculp.t

PALACE OF LINLITHGOW.

which he had received from Henry VIII,—the *Golden Fleece*, given to him by the Emperor of Germany,—*St Michael*, the gift of the King of France,—and *St Andrew*, instituted by himself, and of which he was the sovereign. Only two of the sculptures now remain in the frame-work, and from these the figures are almost completely obliterated.

The *exterior of the Palace* is more rude and massive in appearance, than might be expected from an edifice which, in other respects, is or has been so splendid. But this is accounted for by the view to defence with which the whole was constructed. One result of this is particularly ungainly. A few windows above, and as many slits below, giving air to the lower apartments or vaults, are all the apertures that open upon the outside of the building,—excepting on the south side, where the chapel has given occasion to several tall windows, all of which, however, are staunchioned over as closely as a mouse-trap, and so as to look very ill. Underneath the latter is a private door, which the tradition of Linlithgow reports to have been used by the apparition when it evaded the pursuit of the king's attendants.

The *entry to the internal court* has a plain appearance, though the arch-way is ingeniously groined, and the old oaken gate, besides its sturdy nails, still retains a fragment of the iron Scottish thistle which formed the original ornament of the knocker.

The *internal court* is the place where the architecture of the Palace assumes its best aspect. The western or left side is the oldest, and that opposite to the entry the most modern. The whole is of fine smooth stone, and the greater part is highly ornamented. At each corner, a turret-like turnpike stair ascends to the top. No part of the edifice is now roofed, nor does any thing exist besides the bare walls.

In the centre of the court lie, piled up, the ruins of the *Palace Well*, an edifice which shared the fate of a more important part of the Palace at the hands of the king's army in 1746. This once beautiful and ingeni-

ous work was erected by James V, whose name is still pointed out upon one of the stones. Beside it was a deep trough for absorbing the superfluous water,—the vestiges of which are yet observable upon the ground. There is a tradition in Linlithgow, that, on several occasions, this well has been caused to flow with wine instead of water. The last of these was the visit of Prince Charles Stuart, in 1745, to this residence of his royal ancestors. The lady then intrusted with the keeping of the Palace, entertained his Royal Highness in a very splendid style, and, setting the well a-flowing with wine, invited a number of the people of the town, among the rest (it is said) a *bailie* and his family, to partake of that generous beverage and other dainties suitable to so joyous an occasion.

The west side of the Palace being the most ancient, we shall commence with a description of it, and then proceed to the rest in order of seniority. The lower flat of this portion of the edifice is a range of vaults, similar to those which are always found at the bottom of old fortified mansions in Scotland. It is therefore probable that this is the tower or fort which formed the nucleus of the Palace. A fort was first built here by Edward I, during the wars which that monarch carried on for the subjugation of Scotland. He inhabited it in person a whole winter. It was taken in 1307, by the Scotch, in a very remarkable way. The English garrison was supplied with hay by a rustic of the name of Binning, who favoured the interest of Bruce. Binning proposed to his sovereign to conceal some armed men among the hay in his carts, and thus insinuate them into the fortress. Bruce adopted the project, and easily made himself master of the castle. He rewarded Binning with some lands in the neighbourhood; and the Binnings of Wallyford, descended from that person, still bear in their armorial coat a wain loaded with hay, with the motto "Virtute doloque." The castle was again in the hands of the English during the dreadful wars which Edward III carried on some years afterwards for the restoration of

the Baliol dynasty. It was burnt down in 1424, along with the nave of the church.

It seems probable, notwithstanding its having been burnt, that this western side of the quadrangle is precisely the fort which Edward built and occupied, and which experienced these vicissitudes of fortune. However, laying aside that source of interest, it will not fail to attract the attention of the visitor on another account. This is the quarter of the Palace where Queen Mary is said to have been born. It is, we believe, a remark of Grose, that all the rooms in which this unfortunate Princess ever resided, are remarkable for their narrow dimensions; and it must be allowed that Borthwick, Lochleven, and even Holyrood, show existing proofs of the fact. One exception lies in favour of the apartment in which she was born. The hall and bed-chamber which occupy the second flat of this portion of the Palace, are both tolerably spacious. The person who exhibits them asserts that Mary was born in the hall; but it seems more probable that that event occurred in the adjoining chamber. As it is impossible to decide the point, we shall describe both rooms. The hall is an oblong room, of about twenty feet by twelve. Its floor, being formed by the vaulted ceiling of the apartments below, has never been covered by wood, like the floors of modern apartments, but is paved with large square flags or bricks, after the fashion of the kitchens of the present day. It has thus an uncomfortable aspect, though a spacious fire-place at one extremity, where a whole ox might easily be roasted, tends a good deal to obviate that impression. The roof and windows are now gone, the floor is broken, and the dews of heaven descend upon the blackened and haggard walls. Altogether, supposing it to be the real apartment where the Queen first saw the light, it is impossible for the visitor to conceive a scene better suited, in its desolation, for the birth-place of one who, wherever she went, carried so much woe and mischance.

The bed-chamber is a smaller apartment of a square

form, entering from the hall by a door, and occupying precisely the north-west corner of the Palace. Like the hall, it has a very large fire-place. Tradition affirms that this room was never provided with any species of grate, but that, when occupied by its royal tenants, the fire was just arranged upon the hearth, within the recess of the chimney; a statement by no means improbable, for, in some parts of Scotland, even at the present day, the same fashion obtains in houses possessed by people of good condition.* The floor of this apartment has been originally paved in the same uncomfortable fashion with the hall; but the whole pavement is now removed, and he who visits the birth-place of Mary, walks over the harsh and gritty surface of a series of rudely built vaults.

At one of the corners of the bed-chamber, there is a narrow stair descending into one of the vaults. The orifice of this sinuous passage has been originally closed by a trap-door; but it is now half-choked up with rubbish. The vault below is lighted from the outside of the Palace by a small slit in the wall. There is a tradition that this secret place afforded shelter to James III, on an occasion when he was in danger of assassination from some of his rebellious subjects. A more inconvenient or undignified situation for monarchy in distress could scarcely be conceived. It is added, that during the three days spent by the king in this retreat, an ancient court lady, either for love or loyalty, sat constantly above the trap-door, concealing the place by her wide-spreading skirts, and all the time affecting to be only employed in her ordinary business of spinning from the rock. Tradition proceeds to state that another old woman—for the king seems to have found a sort of fellow-feeling among old women—contrived to introduce food to his dungeon, through the slit already mentioned, which can easily be reached by a person standing without the Palace. From this strange

* The author has seen such houses in the remote district of Buchan.

anecdote, if it be true, may be derived the curious fact that the Scottish court ladies of the fifteenth century, like the princesses of Homer's time, did not disdain to amuse themselves by employments which are now left to the humbler orders.*

Entering from the King's Bed-chamber, is his Dressing-room, a small but beautiful apartment, looking out upon the lake. The roof of this room is curiously groined; and at two several meeting-places of the groins are sculptures of the Unicorn of the Scottish arms and of the Black Bitch of those of Linlithgow. The window is very fine, mullioned, and remarkable as the only window of an ordinary size, besides that of the adjoining bed-room and those of the chapel, that opens upon the outside of the palace.

The turnpike stair at this corner of the quadrangle is terminated at top by a small pepperbox-looking turret, which projects high above all the rest of the palace, and receives the popular name of *Queen Margaret's Bower*. This is not now easily accessible, on account of the ruinous state of the stair; but it is described by the exhibitrix of the Palace as seated all round with stone, and as having once had a small round table of

* The mode of spinning hinted at, is the old method alluded to in the humorous song of the "Rock and the Wee Pickle Tow," and which is now so entirely obsolete. The fair spinner held a rock or distaff under her left arm, from which the spindle hung down towards the ground by the thread which she was employed in twisting. The spindle had a cast, which caused it to revolve like a roasting-jack; and whenever it reached to the ground, the spinner wound up the thread round it, and again sent it a-spinning. It was possible to work in this manner, and at the same time walk about; and the author remembers seeing an old woman, about a dozen years ago, walking through the streets of Edinburgh, exhibiting herself at work with the whole paraphernalia, for the purpose of eliciting charity. It may be worth mentioning that an old curious legendary and semi-dramatic poem, preserved by tradition at Paisley, and printed in the meritorious collection entitled "Ancient and Modern Minstrelsy," by Mr Motherwell of that town, represents the Lady Dundonald of the time of the Civil Wars, employed at the rock as an ordinary and appropriate mode of spending her time.
Lothian.

the same material in the centre. The occasion of the thing having received its name, is a beautiful circumstance which seems to have been entirely overlooked in the history of Scotland. Hither, says tradition, when the king set out for Flodden, the disconsolate Margaret, after finding all methods of dissuasion ineffectual, retired to weep over the disaster, which she anticipated but could not prevent. Alas, the tears shed by this royal dame during the whole summer day which she is said to have spent in her lamentations, were but the meagre presage of floods, which the expected calamity eventually drew from the eyes of her female subjects.

The unfortunate king whose fool-hardihood or chivalrous temperament occasioned this long-remembered disaster, is said to have been fonder of the palace of Linlithgow than of any other of his royal seats. Part of the edifice no doubt owed either its erection or improvement to him. The *eastern side,* which is peculiarly magnificent and was formerly the front of the Palace,* is understood to have been at least begun by him, though perhaps finished and ornamented by James V. The principal apartment in this division of the edifice, was the *Parliament Hall*—a long and noble room, with a beautifully ornamented chimney at one end. A gable-wall having been some years ago thrown down by lightning, fell upon the floor, and forced its way even through the vaults upon which the floor was laid; so that the whole has now a peculiarly ruinous appearance. The hall has a range of windows on both sides, a considerable way, however, above the floor. Between each of the apertures formerly stood a statue; but the pedestals projecting from the walls, with here and there a hook whereon was hung a lamp to illuminate the figure, are all that remains of these ornaments. On the side next the interior court, there runs a gallery appa-

* Linlithgow Palace was generally used as a jointure-house for the Queens of Scotland. It is said that Mary of Guise, consort of James V, and mother of Mary, on being first brought to Linlithgow, declared it a much more splendid house than any of the Royal Palaces of France.

rently cut out of the wall, and opening upon the hall below at all the places where there are windows. Here a seam is shown extending longitudinally through the wall, in which formerly moved a huge iron portcullis, that could thus be depressed or raised, as the main entry below required to be closed or opened.

The outside of this obsolete, but by far the most splendid entry, is flanked with niches, now occupied by wall flowers and shrubs instead of statues. As the ground is there considerably depressed, there seems to have been a drawbridge extending from the door-way to some piers and mounds at about the distance of twenty feet from the palace wall. The remains of an avenue of trees, which formed the approach to the palace, are yet observed sweeping round the east end of the church towards the town.

The other end of this splendid porch, which opens upon the interior court, under the Parliament Hall, is more magnificently ornamented than the above. It is surmounted by three fine niches, over which so many angels with spread wings are still permitted to soar. The inferior niches at the sides are said to have contained statues of two cardinals, friends of James V, who built this gate-way. The central one contained, till the beginning of the last century, a fine statue, with the triple crown and full pontificals, of Pope Julius the Second, who, on account of James's withstanding the progress of the reformed religion, sent him a consecrated sword and helmet, the former of which still forms part of the Scottish Regalia. How such a statue should have survived the Reformation which the good pontiff had so anxiously endeavoured to prevent, is perfectly inexplicable. The cause and circumstances of its ultimate demolition happen to be better known.

For centuries after the establishment of the present faith in Scotland, it was customary for its ministers to inveigh with unmitigated vehemence against the Roman Pontiff and his power—symbolizing him under the name and character of Antichrist, and his power under those of the red dame who is represented in the Apocalypse as

seated on seven hills. It was only at the time of the French Revolution, that these speculative topics ceased to engage the attention of the Scottish clergy—succumbing, we believe, to another subject which then came to engross their minds, the safety of "the Altar and the Throne."—"Dear me!" said an old wife one day to her minister, some time after this revolution, "what's come, sir, of the *Annie Christie* that ye us't to be aye prayin for lang syne—is she dead, or is she better?"* On the other hand, tradition represents a minister, at a time antecedent to this, as frequently opening up his afternoon's discourse with a vehement exclamation, "Come, my friends—let us have another wap at the red leddy!" It so happened, at the time specified in the preceding paragraph, that the minister of Linlithgow was one Sunday more violent than usual in his declamations against the Pope, and concluded a long harangue by most earnestly praying for his downfall. The fervour of the good man had a most unexpected effect. A blacksmith, quite ignorant enough to be zealous, suddenly started up, rushed from the church, and, procuring a ladder and his goodly forehammer, proceeded to throw down and demolish what he conceived to be the object of the divine's imprecations. The work of destruction took a full quarter of an hour, after which he came back to his seat in the church, and, in a transport of pride and satisfaction, exclaimed aloud to the clergyman, "There, sir, there's the Pope done for at last—a' that ye've prayed and preached for this thretty year! I'se warrant him nae mair an eye-sore to ye!"

The south side of the quadrangle contains the vacant and desolate walls of the *royal chapel.* The altar was at the east end, and at the other there is an antichamber, where the worshippers assembled previous to entering the sacred apartment. Over the wide door which communicates between the two, there still exists a defaced mitre.

* It is customary in Scotland for ministers to include a petition for the recovery of sick persons in their extemporary prayers.

Linlithgowshire.

The *kitchens* are pointed out below the surface of the ground at the north-east corner. Darkness, vastness, and profundity, are the characteristics of this interesting part of the edifice. In the middle of the floor of the lower kitchen there is a deep well, of which the visitor must take care to observe that the orifice is *not* covered. The chimney here is a great curiosity, being fully as large as many a whole church in the moorland districts of Scotland. On one side is a vast oven, and there are seats all round behind the fire-place, as in some of the old-fashioned Scottish cottages and farm-houses at this day.

The *north side* of the edifice is the most modern, having been built by James VI soon after the visit he paid to his native land in 1617. The initials of that monarch are to be seen upon the very handsome pediments of all the windows, with the addition of either the figure 1 or 6, as the window chances to be surmounted by a rose or a thistle. There is a fine stair-case in the centre of this side, which contained the royal dining-room and other large apartments.

The fire by which Linlithgow Palace was destroyed, originated in this side of the quadrangle. On the night of the 31st of January, 1746, about a thousand of the Royal Army, then marching westwards to meet the Chevalier, lay upon straw in these princely halls. Hawley's dragoons, who had but a fortnight before spent here the night of their disgrace at Falkirk, reposed in the splendid dining-room which occupied the second flat of this portion of the building. It has always hitherto been stated, out of tenderness to these dastardly rascals, that the fire was accidental. On the contrary, it was perfectly wilful. In the morning, when they were preparing to depart, the deputy-keeper of the Palace, an old Jacobite lady of the name of Gordon, observed them deliberately throwing the ashes of the fires into the straw whereon they had lain; and she went to their commander, the redoubted Hawley, to desire that he would interfere to prevent the conflagration of the Palace. The general at first turned a

deaf ear to her remonstrances, but finally, on her becoming importunate, avowed that he would not care though his fellows should destroy so execrable a monument of the accursed race of Stuart. "Weel, weel, then, general," cried the old dame, with exquisite sarcasm, and at the same time trotting off, "I ken what to do in a *fire*, as weel as ony officer in your army—I'll just *rin awa!*" The infamous scoundrels left the Palace in a blaze that morning; and it has ever since continued, what it now is, a blackened ruin.

Tradition has preserved an anecdote of James the Fifth, connected with the Palace of Linlithgow, which, though unauthenticated by historical record, may be worthy of relation. As that king was one night sleeping in the palace, his chamber was intruded upon, and his slumbers, as it appeared to him, disturbed, by the apparition of a nobleman whom he had recently sent to the block for treason. With looks that seemed to upbraid and threaten him, this vision announced to his majesty, that he should next day *lose both his arms.* The monarch immediately awoke, and believing what he had seen to be a real thing, called upon his attendants, and caused strict search to be made for the intruder throughout his own and the neighbouring apartments. Nothing was found; but James next day received an explanation of the circumstance, by the news that one of his sons had died at Falkland Palace, and another at the College of St Andrews. By this he was left childless, and the kingdom became the heritage of the unhappy Mary, who came into the world some months afterwards.

Next to the Palace, as an object of curiosity, is the CHURCH, which stands between the town and the former building. This venerable and impressive structure may be regarded as one of the finest and most entire specimens of Gothic architecture in Scotland. Its length from east to west is one hundred and eighty-two feet; its breadth, including the ailes, a hundred; its height, about ninety. The steeple is surmounted by a structure in the shape of an imperial crown, which has a very

fine effect from whatever point it be viewed. The time of erection cannot be ascertained, but it may probably be referred to David I, who distinguished himself so signally by structures of this kind, and who granted to the prior and canons of St Andrews "eleemosynam ecclesiam suam," *his free church,* of Linlithgow. The church was dedicated to the archangel Michael, who was also considered the patron of the town. Amidst the statues which filled the niches around the fabric, that of Michael occupied a high and conspicuous place, and survived the destruction of the rest at the Reformation. He still retains, under the monkish designation of *St* Michael, his place in the town-arms, with this flattering but deceitful compliment by way of motto, "Vis Michaelis collocet nos in coelis;" and upon one of the public wells, there is an inscription, which has been renewed from one of older sculpture, to the effect that "St Michael is kind to strangers,"—a delicious little relic of monkery, which, more than any other single circumstance connected with the localities of Linlithgow, justifies the general character of the town with which this article set out.

The church is at present divided by a partition-wall, and the eastern half alone is used as a place of worship. The western division, or chancel, which served from the time of the Reformation till within the last few years as the parochial church, is now vacant and unemployed; but considerable attention has been paid to the preservation and decoration of its original ornaments, for the greater part of which it is said to have been indebted to George Crichton, bishop of Dunkeld. The southern aisle, designated St Katherine's, underneath which the Linlithgow family had their place of sepulture, is shown as the scene of a remarkable event already alluded to. It is now vacant, like the chancel, with this soul-harrowing exception, that one of its corners is occupied by a large and clumsy erection containing the stove which heats the church. The external workmanship is elegant, the window spacious, and on the apex or highest point of the southern front, there still remains one of

those crosses which, from an old print of North Berwick Church in a rare tract respecting the witches of that town, seem to have remained upon some religious buildings after the Reformation.*

The account given of the apparition which surprised King James VI in this aisle, by Lindsay of Pitscottie, who probably received his information from eye-witnesses, is remarkable for picturesque simplicity. "The king," says he, "came to Lithgow, where he happened to be for the time at the council, very sad and dolorous, making his devotion to God, to send him good chance and fortune in his voyage. In this meantime, there came a man clad in a blue gown in at the kirk-door, and belted about him a roll of linen cloth; a pair of brotikins (buskins) upon his feet, to the great of his legs; with all other hose and clothes conform thereto; but he had nothing on his head, but syde (long) red yellow hair behind, and on his haffets (cheeks) which wan down to his shoulders; but his forehead was bald and bare. He seemed to be a man of two-and-fifty years, with a great pike-staff in his hand, and came first forward among the lords, crying and speiring for the king, saying, he desired to speak with him. While, at the last, he came where the king was sitting in the dask at his prayers: but when he saw the king, he made him little reverence or salutation, but leaned down grofling on the desk before him, and said to him in this manner, as after follows. 'Sir king, my mother hath sent me to you, desiring you not to pass, at this time, where you are purposed; for if thou does, thou wilt not fare well in thy journey, nor none that passeth with thee. Fur-

* This ornament, so common upon the upper corners and steeples of continental churches, has been recently brought back to this country. The churches of St George's at Edinburgh and North Leith, both modern fabrics, are distinguished by beautiful gilt crosses on their steeples. We introduce this note, however, only for the opportunity of telling that the cross of North Leith was the subject of about a month's dispute amongst the congregation, before a majority of persons, *not favourable but indifferent to its erection*, could be procured.

ther, she bade thee mell with no woman, nor use their counsel, nor let them touch thy body, nor thou theirs; for, if thou do it, thou wilt be confounded and brought to shame.' By this man had spoken these words unto the king's grace, the even-song was near done, and the king paused on thir words, studying to give him an answer; but, in the meantime, before the king's eyes, and in the presence of all the lords that were about him for the time, this man vanished away, and could no ways be seen or comprehended, but vanished away as he had been a blink of the sun or a whip of the whirlwind, and could no more be seen. I heard say, Sir David Lindsay, lyon-herald, and John Inglis, the marshal, who were at that time young men and special servants to the king's grace, were standing presently beside the king, and thought to have laid hands on this man, that they might have speired further tidings at him: But all for nought; they could not touch him; for he vanished away betwixt them, and was no more seen." The tradition of Linlithgow bears, that "this man" eluded the grasp of those who attempted to catch him by gliding behind a curtain which concealed a private stair leading towards the upper part of the church, and that, on leaving this building, he crossed the court and entered the palace by a small door under the window of the chapel. He is said to have been a servant of the Queen; and that he was deputed by her majesty, seems evident from his laying so much stress in his speech to the king upon the subject of incontinence. The whole story, says a contemporary, is so well attested, that we have only the choice between a miracle and an imposture.

In the empty aisle corresponding with this on the north side of the church, a singular curiosity is preserved and shown to strangers, namely, a piece of ancient sculpture, upon a stone about three feet square, which was found in a mutilated state, some years ago, on digging a grave beneath the pavement, and repaired, and framed in a strong box, at the expense of the magistrates. The sculpture represents two passages of scripture—Christ's agony in the garden, and his be-

trayal by Judas. In both, it is remarkable that the chief figure is represented with all that benign meekness and beautiful regularity of features, which are constantly assigned to the Saviour of Mankind by the Italian painters. In the latter department of the sculpture, Judas is seen thrusting a knavish laughing face, surmounted by something like a Highland bonnet, through between that of a Roman soldier and of Christ, in order to kiss the object of his treachery. Peter is seen returning his sword to the sheath, having just smote the centurion, who sinks at Christ's feet, and upon whose ear Christ has laid his healing hand.

The *church-yard* adjacent to the church, contains numerous monumental stones, all of them upright and placed at the head of their respective graves. Within the memory of the present generation there existed a tombstone near one of the corners of St Katherine's aisle, having upon it a sculpture representing the obsolete instrument of execution termed *the Maiden*. Thereby hangs a tale. About two hundred years ago, a boy named Crawford, having been found trespassing on a pea-field to the south of the town, was stripped of his coat by the proprietor, and exposed in that condition to the derision of the multitude. Conceiving mortal enmity against the author of this indignity, whose name we believe was Frame, the boy waited patiently for an opportunity of avenging himself. After years had passed away, and when he had arrived at a maturer age, happening one night to observe the man working in the field of his shame, and thinking that he could never find either time so convenient or place so appropriate for the execution of his design, Crawford rushed upon him and stabbed him to the heart. He then fled to another country, where it is said he acquired as a soldier both wealth and honour. But no degree of success in life can ever retrieve one fatal early error. He enjoyed not the advantages of prosperity; the consciousness of guilt depressed and agonized his mind; and he at length wished rather to die than to live. The resolution which he then took was one of the most

singular that ever perhaps influenced the actions of man. He came from abroad to London;—there procured, or caused to be constructed, one of the instruments mentioned,—then deliberately proceeded, along with it, to Linlithgow, where he gave himself up to the officers of justice. He was tried and condemned for his crime. He requested only to be indulged as to the mode of execution. The judges found no difficulty in granting him so unimportant a boon. And he was actually beheaded at the cross of Linlithgow, by the instrument for which he had displayed so strong a predilection.*

During the plague of 1645, when Edinburgh was severely afflicted, and Linlithgow happened to be comparatively free of the infection, the Palace and Church were used by the courts of justice and by the members of the university of Edinburgh, as their meeting-places. Linlithgow itself was not infrequently ravaged by this dreadful distemper. The Council-Register of the town contains a good many highly curious notices of its symptoms and of the aspect which it caused all public affairs to assume. From the record it appears, that, while the plague raged in the burgh, all its avenues were strictly guarded, and a constant watch was maintained upon the insufficient enclosure called *the Dykes*. The *grandgore* was another epidemic which affected Linlithgow not a little. In regard to the early history of this celebrated disease, it may be mentioned, that, while the magistrates of Edinburgh conceived it at its first appearance to be infectious, and under that idea ordered all afflicted by it to be removed to the secure distance of Inchkeith, those of Linlithgow, not less egregiously deceived, but with much more humanity, decreed their unfortunate townsmen to be especially tended and cured at the public expense!

* It may be necessary to mention that this tale does not want variations; we have preferred the most romantic edition. According to some accounts a briar-bush grew upon the grave of the murdered person, after the assassin had been executed—a sort of posthumous token of satisfaction on the part of the deceased. *Lothian.*

Besides the church, there formerly existed at Linlithgow several other religious buildings. The Carmelites had a convent on the south side of the town, which, in point of antiquity, was the third of the kind in Scotland, having been founded in 1290. The eminence upon which it stood, still bears the name of the Friars Brae. The Blackfriars had a monastery, of which a ruinous building at the east of the town is supposed to be the remains. Here there was also a *hospitium* for strangers, an eminence at the back of whose site yet gets the name of *the Pilgrim's Hill.* There was a chapel of St Ninian's at the west port. The two conventual edifices are said to have continued in use till a period subsequent to the Restoration.

The *Town-House* is the next object in point of importance to the Palace and Church, and stands about fifty yards south from the latter, adjoining to, the market-place. It was built in 1668, by Sir Robert Miln of Barnton, chief manager of the burgh.

The *Cross Well* stands in front of the town-house. This is a very curious and very celebrated erection. Of the original, which was built in 1620, the present edifice, which bears date 1805, is said to be an exact facsimile. The fabric is by no means deficient in elegance; but what forms its chief merit is the amazing intricacy of the sculpture, and the number of grotesque figures from whose mouths water is made to pour. Around a little gallery near the top half a dozen statues are regularly arranged, all looking outwards. One looks like a modern waiter, having a mutchkin-stoup in one hand and a dram-glass in the other. Another has the appearance of a herald, a scroll being thrown obliquely across his body with the words, "God save ye King." The unicorn of the Scottish arms rears its form on the top. The water is caused to rise to the various spouts around the well from which it falls into troughs appointed to receive it, by the height of the springs around the town from which it is conveyed. A great quantity of water is thus lost—perhaps as much as might satisfy the whole necessities of the

town of Edinburgh, which is so remarkable for its natural deficiency in this useful element. The vast copiousness of water at Linlithgow, and the number of structures where it is to be had by the people, have partly given rise to the following well-known rhyme, indicating the staple articles of four old Scottish towns:

Glasgow for bells,
Lithgow for wells,
Fa'kirk for beans and peas,
Peebles for clashes and lees.

It has been customary during many past ages, for the magistrates and burgesses of Linlithgow to assemble, on a particular day in the month of June, at the Cross, in order to form a sort of procession, which is termed "Riding the Marches." Mounted on horseback, they make a circuit round the liberties of the town. This custom, which was once common to every Scottish burgh, (the capital not excepted,) serves to keep up a distinct knowledge in the public mind of the extent of the territories over which the town can exercise a jurisdiction, or which may form its actual possessions. There can be no doubt that this, like many other old customs of which the use and value are now in danger of becoming despised, was instituted for a good purpose by our ancestors. At a time when written documents were not very well preserved, or likely to be much regarded, and when the rights of towns as well as of individuals were in constant danger of injury, such a mode of impressing the public at large with an idea of its possessions, must have been the best, if not the only resource. Indeed, if the truth may be told, much greater stress appears to have been, long ago, laid upon the recollection of the people than upon written documents, in matters concerning rights of property. For instance, the ancestors of the Earl of Marr remained unacknowledged as such, long after their accession to the title by the death of a collateral relation in the fifteenth century; and the reason alleged by James III against their

claim, was that, though they possesssed written vouchers of their genealogy, they could produce no living person to attest the same,—as well they might not, seeing that a hundred and fifty years had elapsed between their cadency from the main family and this representation of their birth. The same idea seems still to obtain greatly in our courts of law; while the importance attached to it in former times is sufficiently attested by a circumstance well known to lawyers. It was customary at no very remote period, for Scottish landed proprietors, by a slight exertion of that power over the minds and persons of their inferiors, which still remains as a shadowy relic of feudal right, to have all the schoolboys upon their estates annually taken round and soundly flogged (upon the bare bottom; *sic, credatis, posteri!*) at particular spots upon the marches, with the view, as was given out, of impressing the minds of the future generation with the most distinct possible idea of the limits of the territory concerned, it being supposed that this species of learning, like every other, soonest reaches the head by a somewhat circuitous route.

We have already mentioned that some of the houses of Linlithgow have the appearance of great antiquity. One almost directly opposite to the Cross, bears upon its front a stone adorned with ciphers, the date 1593, and this inscription:—"Ve big ye se varle," that is, *We build, ye see, warily.* What this may allude to is not known; but it appears from the vaulted roof of the lower flat, from a strange small Gothic door behind, and from the general aspect of the structure, that the house must have been the residence of some distinguished person. A good many of the houses of Linlithgow belonged of old to the knights of St John, who had their preceptory at Torphichen in this county.

We have already alluded to the most memorable event in the history of Linlithgow,—the assassination, namely, of the Regent Murray. The house from which the shot was fired still "flourishes in immortal youth," in the pages of our compeers, being transmitted from

one generation of Tourists Guides to another, without suffering either demolition or decay, unhurt amidst the scissors of compilers and the pens of revisers. But this posthumous sort of existence must now cease. The house in which Hamilton took his station, was taken down many years ago, and replaced by a dull stupid-looking edifice, the very reverse in appearance of the antique wooden-fronted hotel which had been so long an object of curiosity to strangers. We were informed by an intelligent inhabitant of Linlithgow, that the house belonged, at the time of the assassination, to Seton of Touch; it must have consequently been a fabric of distinction. Seton, who, like all his kin, befriended the cause of Mary, lent the use of the mansion to Hamilton.

This, says a contemporary, is one of the most deliberate instances of assassination which history records. Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh, nephew of the archbishop of St Andrews who suffered an ignominious death at Stirling, and who joined heartily with his clan in opposition to what was called the *King's party*, had been taken prisoner by Murray at the battle of Langside. The Regent extended mercy to himself, but did not extend the remission of his attainder to the estate of Woodhouselee in Mid-Lothian, which Hamilton had obtained by marriage with the heiress, and where that lady then resided without the protection of her husband. The favourite to whom Murray granted Hamilton's forfeited property, seized his house, and turned his wife, naked, in a cold night, into the open fields, where, before next morning, she became furiously mad. This injury made a deeper impression upon Hamilton than the benefit he had received, and from that moment he vowed to be revenged of the Regent. Party rage strengthened and inflamed his private resentment. His kinsmen applauded the enterprise, and the manners of that age justified the most desperate course he could take to obtain vengeance. He followed the Regent for some time, and watched for an opportunity to strike the blow. He resolved at last to wait till his enemy

should arrive at Linlithgow, through which he was to pass in his way from Stirling to Edinburgh. He took his stand in a wooden gallery, which projected from the house above-mentioned, and had a window towards the street; he spread a feather-bed upon the floor, to hinder the noise of his feet from being heard; hung up a black cloth behind him, that his shadow might not be observed from without; and, after all this preparation, calmly awaited the approach of Murray, who had lodged, during the night, in a house not far distant. The Regent was not unapprised of Hamilton's design, and even knew the house from which he was to expect the blow. He therefore turned back, after entering Linlithgow, and endeavoured to go out at the same gate at which he had entered, with a view of fetching a compass round the town. But the crowd about the gate was great, and he at length resolved to pass along the street, thinking, with that infatuation at which men wonder after such events have happened, that it would be a sufficient precaution to ride briskly past the dangerous spot. He was disappointed even in this by the crowd, which obliged him to move with extraordinary slowness through this narrow part of the street. The assassin found time to take so true an aim, that he shot the Regent, with a single bullet, through the lower part of the belly, and killed the horse of a gentleman who rode on his other side. The Regent's followers instantly endeavoured to break into the house; but they found it strongly barricaded, and, before it could be broken open, Hamilton had mounted a fleet horse, which stood ready for him at a back-passage, and got beyond their reach. The Regent died, the same night, of his wound.

Bothwellhaugh was pursued in his flight by a few of the Regent's friends. After both spur and lash had failed him in urging the speed of his horse, it is recorded by Birrel, that he plunged his dagger into the flank of the animal, and by that means succeeded in leaping a broad marsh, which intercepted his pursuers. He made straight for Hamilton, where he was received in

triumph; for the ashes of the houses in Clydesdale which had been burnt by Murray's army were yet smoking, and party-prejudice, the habits of the age, and the enormity of the provocation, seemed, to his kinsmen, to justify the deed. After a short abode at Hamilton, this fierce and determined man left Scotland, and served in France, under the patronage of the family of Guise, to whom he was doubtless recommended by having avenged the cause of their niece, Queen Mary, upon her ungrateful brother. De Thou has recorded, that an attempt was made to engage him to assassinate Gaspar de Coligny, the famous admiral of France, and buckler of the Huguenot cause. But the character of Bothwellhaugh was mistaken. He was no mercenary trader in blood, and rejected the offer with contempt and indignation. He had no authority, he said, from Scotland, to commit murder in France; he had avenged his own just quarrel, but he would, neither for price nor prayer, avenge that of another man. Some add, that he challenged the bearer of the proposal on the spot.

The death of the Regent was not altogether unavenged upon the town where it occurred. Sir William Drury being sent by Elizabeth with an army, "for the reformation of sutch causes," quoth old Churchyard in his history of the event, "as the Queenes Majestie and hir Counsayle thought conuenient," invaded Scotland, during the summer which succeeded the assassination, and, after burning numerous villages upon the Borders, and visiting all the possessions of the Hamiltons with especial vengeance, came to Linlithgow and threatened to burn and destroy it utterly, on account, as was alleged, of "treason and unpardonable offences committed." Calling the provost before him, Sir William informed him that he would only permit the people first to remove their goods and infirm persons to a place of safety, and that every nobleman's house and captain's lodging should be exempted from the conflagration. As the hour, however, approached for the execution of

his design, the English general, moved by the intercession of Morton, and the wailings of the town-people, relented, and he ultimately contented himself with merely blowing up the hotel of the Duke of Chatelerault, and carrying off the magistrates of the town, as hostages, to Berwick.

Linlithgow, throughout all its history, carries the aspect of an ultra-loyalist. This was probably owing to its proximity to and close dependence upon the Palace. Indeed, how could such causes produce other than such a result? Is it supposable that James Cairncross, who supplied the royal table with bread and confections,* for which he received many a well-paid penny, could be any thing but a devout admirer of kings? Could Robert Adamson, the builder of "the well," be a whig? Could Walter Steele, the king's butcher, who occasionally cracked a joke with royalty itself, entertain any sentiments but those of the utmost loving-kindness towards the great folks of the Palace? It is just as likely that the inhabitants of some snug honey-suckled village about the centre of England, situated just without the park of some venerable *hall*, which it has from time immemorial supplied with rosy-cheeked servitresses, sleek butlers, and comfortable white-ruffed housekeepers, could find it at any time in their hearts to utter a disrespectful word about "the family."

Linlithgow exhibited its loyalty in a very remarkable manner, *anno* 1617, when King James touched at his mother's birth-place in the course of a progress through the realm. Mr James Wiseman, the schoolmaster of the town, was enclosed in a plaster figure representing a lion, and placed at the extremity of the town, in order to address his Majesty as he entered. However ridiculous this exhibition may now appear, we cannot doubt that it would please the grotesque fancy of the king, more especially as the speech was highly adulatory, and composed in a style of poetry

* Not *confectionaries*,—that hideous modern vulgarism.
Linlithgowshire.

suitable to the taste of the monarch. It proceeded thus:

> Thrice Royal Sir, here do I you beseech,
> Who art a lion, to hear a lion's speech,
> A miracle!—for, since the days of Æsop,
> No lion, till those days, a voice dared raise up
> To such a Majesty! Then, king of men,
> The king of beasts speaks to thee from his den,
> Who, though he now inclosed be in plaister,
> When he was free, was Lithgow's wise school-master.

The Restoration was an event which called forth a universal expression of loyalty; yet we question if anywhere in Scotland, and we may almost add England, were such striking proofs given of sincere joy as were exhibited at the humble burgh of Linlithgow. It is generally known that the inhabitants celebrated its anniversary by burning the Solemn League and Covenant; but the public has yet to learn how the very swans upon the Lake of Linlithgow contrived to express their satisfaction in the return of King Charles. Mercurius Caledonius, the second newspaper printed in Scotland, thus records the circumstance in the publication of January 8, 1661.

"At the town of Linlithgow, equally remarkable for its antiquity and loyalty, his Majesty hath a Palace, upon the skirt of a most beautiful lake. This lake hath ever been famous for the great number of swans that frequented it, insomuch that some of our poetical philosophers are of opinion that if there be a civil government among the birds, and if divided in several companies and corporations, this same lake must be the Hall or Meeting-place of the Fraternity of Swans.—But to the business, which is most miraculous, and, I hope, shall serve a good purpose in convincing such as are heretical in their allegiance to our most dread Sovereign,—when this kingdom, as England, was oppressed by usurpers, they put a garrison in this same Palace of his Majesties; which was no sooner done than these excellent creatures, scorning to live in the same air

with these contemners of Majesty, they all of them abandoned the lake, and were never seen these ten years, till the first of January last, a day remarkable both for his Majesty's coronation at Scone, and for the down-sitting of the present Parliament, when a squadron of these royal birds did alight in the lake, and, by their extraordinary motions and conceity inter-weavings of swimming, the country-people fancied them revelling at a country-dance for joy of our glorious Restauration."

Besides the county town and its Palace, Linlithgowshire contains few other objects of general interest. The villages of Bathgate and Torphichen; on the southern limits of the county, and the sea-ports of Queensferry and Borrowstownness, on the northern, with Hopetoun House, may be enumerated as all which seem to demand particular notice.

Bathgate, now a large and thriving village, situated upon the south road betwixt Edinburgh and Glasgow, formed part of the ample possessions which, in 1306, Robert Bruce gave in dowry with his daughter Marjory *(see notice of Paisley)* to Walter Stewart. This marriage introduced the Stuart family to the sovereignty of Scotland. Walter himself died here, in 1328, at one of his principal residences, the remains of which may still be traced in the centre of a bog near the town, along with some narrow causeways which led to it through the soft ground.

Torphichen, a little straggling village, lies in a sheltered plain, about five miles directly south from Linlithgow. Though now consisting of only a few cottages and lying remote from all public roads, it was once a place of great distinction. Here the knights of St John, a powerful body of military ecclesiastics arising out of the Crusades, and who finally possessed vast wealth as well as landed property in all the countries of Europe, had their chief Scottish Preceptory. Fragments of old buildings of a massive and castellated appearance, scattered throughout the village, remain to attest the splendour of this settlement. The very

stone fences in the neighbourhood have an air of antique dignity, having probably been erected by the former tenants of the place, or else constructed out of the ruins of their houses.

The church of the Preceptory, which was built in the reign of the first David, has suffered so much from time, or from more ruthless destroyers, that the choir and transepts now alone remain. The chancel and nave are entirely gone. Instead of the latter, which is said by the common people to have stretched to a great length, a plain modern building, of the size and appearance of an ordinary barn, now runs out from the choir, serving for the church of the parish of Torphichen. What remains of the old building does not indicate either a very large or a very beautiful structure, though the four pillars which support the choir or central tower, are rather fine, and the Gothic window of the southern transept still exhibits a sort of haggard grace. In the interior of the choir is shown the monument of Walter Lindsay, the second-last and highly distinguished Preceptor, who died in 1538. The last of the Preceptors, and who held the office at the Reformation, was one of the Sandilands family, in whose favour the lands were erected into a temporal lordship, with the title of Torphichen. The baptismal font is also still shown within the walls of the choir, as also a strangely ornamented recess underneath the window already mentioned, said to have been the place where the bodies of the dead were deposited during the performance of the funeral service. The steeple, or belfry, to which there is an ascent by a narrow spiral stair, is now used in the respectable capacity of a dove-cot.

The Preceptory of Torphichen, like some other religious buildings, not only could give protection to fugitive criminals within its sacred walls, but had a precinct possessed of the same privilege. The sanctuary of Torphichen extended a mile in every direction around the church. There still exists in the church-yard, near the west end of the present place of worship, a stone,

like an ordinary mill-stone, with a cross carved upon its top, which marked the centre of the sanctuary; and a similar mark is said to have been placed at each of the four extremities corresponding with the cardinal points. Debtors flying from their creditors, or criminals seeking refuge from private resentment or from justice, were alike safe when they got within the circle described by these four stones. The Abbey of Holyrood House is the only religious building whose sanctuary has retained any part of its privileges after the Reformation.

About a mile eastward from the village of Torphichen, four great unpolished whin-stones are pointed out as having been a Druidical temple. Tradition records that sacrifices were anciently offered upon them.

The royal burgh of Queensferry is supposed to have derived its name from Margaret, Queen of Malcolm Canmore, who had frequented the passage, and probably patronised the inhabitants. Queensferry is nothing more than a village of moderate extent, situated between the shore and the ridge which there rises from the coast and overlooks the Firth of Forth. It is at the distance of nine miles from Edinburgh, on the great road to the north, though a place called the Hawes, about half a mile to the eastward, and which is fitted with a convenient pier, is now used as the ferry over the frith connected with that road. Queensferry is now a decayed town. In the time of the Civil Wars, it is said to have contained ship-masters who possessed twenty vessels. At present, there is no shipping belonging to it, except a few fishing-boats.

Borrowstownness, more commonly called Bo'ness, is another sea-port, and lies a considerable way to the west of Queensferry. It is a burgh of barony, under the Duke of Hamilton, whose minor seat of Kinniel, near the town, is now occupied by the venerable and venerated Dugald Stewart, lately Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. Bo'ness is composed of low and crowded houses, whose aspect

is not much improved by the smoke of the numerous salt pans connected with the town. It is, however, a place of considerable trade.

Hopetoun House occupies a conspicuous situation on the ridge or terrace which rises behind Queensferry. This splendid seat was partly built by Sir William Bruce, a celebrated architect of the reign of Charles II, and was finished by Mr Adam, who flourished about fifty years ago. Its only defect consists in the smallness of the apartments, which renders the interior not equal in magnificence to the exterior of the mansion. The view obtained from the extensive lawn in front is perhaps the finest that is commanded by any nobleman's seat in Scotland—comprising the basin of the Forth, with the whole of the coast, on both sides, from the upper to the lower extremity, a distance of fifty miles. Hopetoun House derives a sort of interest from its having been the last house upon Scottish ground in which his present Majesty partook of the hospitality of its natives, on the occasion of his visit, August 1822. He embarked at Port Edgar, a small harbour in the neighbourhood.

Mid-Lothian.

Edina! Scotia's darling seat,
All hail thy palaces and towers!

BURNS.

THE county of Edinburgh, or as it is more commonly called, Mid-Lothian, in point of natural features bears a strong resemblance to Linlithgowshire, to which it adjoins to the east; being simply an inclined plain, rising up from the southern shore of the Frith of Forth, interspersed by a few hills and rising grounds. It extends only twelve miles in length along the coast, but increased at what may be called the back of the country to upwards of thirty; the breadth varies from sixteen to twenty miles. Few Scottish counties afford more minerals than that of Edinburgh, which everywhere abounds in coal, lime-stone, and free-stone, all of superior quality. As, however, its external peculiarities are not very striking, we shall hasten to give an account of the city of Edinburgh, which forms, beyond all question, its most interesting feature.

Edinburgh is picturesquely situated upon several rising grounds, about two miles south from the Frith of Forth. Though the capital of Scotland, it is inferior in point of population to Glasgow, and in that of antiquity to Perth, and even towns of much inferior rank. It seems to have been entirely unknown to the Romans, none of whose roads touch upon its site, though they had stations at no great distance on both sides. The castle, which existed before any part of the city, is first mentioned by historians in 452, when it was taken by

the Saxons, from the Picts, who had previously possessed it. It was once retaken by the Picts, and again taken by the Saxons, before 1020, when Malcolm II, king of Scotland, obtained it, along with the whole district of Lothian, from Eadulf, a Northumbrian Earl. About this time, it is probable that the rudiments of the present city of Edinburgh had been formed, though not the least notice of the castle having acquired such a vicinage is to be found before the reign of Alexander I, when it seems to have been held as a town of the royal demesne.

It was not till the reign of James II, that Edinburgh became a favourite residence of the court, or began to assume the dignity of a capital. Perth had hitherto been considered the chief city of the kingdom. The assassination of James I, which took place within its walls, gave the royal family a disgust at that town, and caused them to turn their eyes upon Edinburgh with a proportionate degree of favour. Edinburgh had consequently the honour of being the scene of the execution of the murderers, and of the coronation of the succeeding monarch. Its superior capabilities of defence and the security of the royal palace in the castle, were additional causes for the city assuming a metropolitan character. The town was now for the first time walled round, and began rapidly to increase in size. Till the accession of James VI to the throne of England, its prosperity was uninterrupted, and it was the scene of the principal affairs connected with the church and state. Fortunately, about eighty years before that period, it had been made the seat of the Courts of Justice, then for the first time rendered stationary. When Scotland, therefore, ceased to possess a king and court, Edinburgh continued to enjoy a distinction of nearly equal advantage, and was enabled to weather the distressed period of one hundred and fifty years which succeeded, with much greater profit and eclat than what fell to the share of most other cities. It maintained its metropolitan superiority, till the results of the Union began to show themselves upon the general face of the country, and com-

municated an impulse to the capital, uniform with what had been imparted to the realm.

Since the commencement of the late king's reign, Edinburgh has been extended and improved in such a style as to render it not only worthy of the first rank among Scottish cities, but to raise it from the character of a narrow and inconvenient town to that of one of the finest capitals in Europe. It was fortunate for the city, that the necessity of defence confined it for several centuries, at the expense though it were of much inconvenience, within its walls; as the town was by that means prevented from straggling out into mean and irregular suburbs, or from expanding itself at all till such time as that could be done with grace. When the city-rulers at length determined upon an extension, a regular plan was laid down, and a style of elegance pitched upon, which have in scarcely any case been departed from. The result of this has been, that the modern part of the city is now an object of admiration to all strangers and the subject of no less pride to all native Scotsmen.

While the New Town of Edinburgh exhibits a singular degree of modern architectural beauty, the old part of the city remains characterised by an antique magnificence no less pleasing to the eye. The truth is, that the lateness and suddenness of the extension alluded to, had its good effect also in this quarter. In the course of time, by repeated renewals of the buildings, they had been gradually raised from the low straw-covered and wooden-balconied hovels of the fourteenth century, to the tall, massive, and castle-like houses of the eighteenth, piled in close succession along a spacious street one English mile in length. Before the rise of new edifices to the north and south, these had been brought to a pitch of external grandeur, as well as of internal comfort, which, though attended by all the horrors of inconvenient access, and a dense population, excited the approbation of most strangers. Accordingly, when the better classes were attracted to the New Town, the ancient part of the city was left in remarkably good order, and it may now be said that, except-

ing, perhaps, in some of the Italian cities, no *canaille* in Europe are so splendidly lodged as those of Edinburgh.*

The situation of Edinburgh has been said by numerous travellers, among whom are cited the respectable names of Clarke and Williams, to resemble that of the celebrated capital of Attica. This has caused the city to receive the ridiculous appellation of the "Modern Athens;" and some have been so vain, or so sportive, as to extend the idea thus excited from the city to the population of Edinburgh. Of course, it is needless to say, that, though some resemblance certainly does exist between the two cities, the inhabitants of Edinburgh are too wise to found any serious pretensions upon so absurd a foundation.

Edinburgh, nevertheless, yields to no city of modern times in point of situation, and there are few in which the buildings are so appropriate to the character of the natural territory. The Old Town, stretching along the ridge of a declining hill, as rugged as a Swiss glacier, and dark as the thunder-cloud which covers it, seems absolutely part and parcel of the natural scenery, and is scarcely to be distinguished from the rocky eminences in its neighbourhood. On the other hand, the modern part of the city occupies the equally appropriate situation of a fine plain adjacent to the other, but completely divided from it by a large hollow, which seems to throw between the two cities the space of time—of centuries, as well as that of distance.

Besides the various rising grounds occupied by the city, those of the neighbourhood deserve some notice. It is remarkable that those called Arthur's Seat, Salis-

* An ingenious though wicked poet, alluding to this revolution in the population of Edinburgh, which was not at first much relished, though felt to be necessary, said that at Gardieloo-time,

> The New Town ladies, as they snuffed the wind,
> Sighed for the joys that they had left behind.

But, in order to render this fully intelligible to an English reader, a personal inspection of the Old Town will be necessary.

Mid-Lothian.

bury Craigs, and the Calton Hill, besides the hill of Agned upon which the Old Town of Edinburgh is situated, have all a corresponding peculiarity of form. All present, more or less, a bald and prominent front to the west, and decline gradually eastward into a plain. This, added to their situation in the midst of a fertile plain, forcibly suggests the idea that the capital of Scotland stands amidst the scene of some great convulsion of nature. The rocks themselves have a volcanic appearance, and are cited on that account by the supporters of what geologists call the Huttonian Theory. It may also be remarked, that the thin soil with which they are partly covered, produces certain botanical specimens, which are not to be found in the neighbourhood.

From whatever side Edinburgh is approached, its appearance must strike the visitor as singularly picturesque. Whether from the Firth of Forth, or from any part of the country on the other three sides, he cannot fail to admire so strange a mixture of hills and castles, of rocky peaks and lofty spires, all so finely softened by the smoke or mist in which they are, as it may be, wholly or partially enveloped. On entering the city, his distant impressions run no hazard of being disappointed. The effect produced by the happy irregularity of the ground is then, indeed, rather heightened than diminished. The approach from the east by the Calton Hill should, if possible, be chosen as the best; and next to that, we may mention the debouche of the Glasgow road by Princes Street. By either of these accesses, the stranger will have an opportunity of appreciating the contrast between the Old and New Towns, commanded as both are by the heights of the Castle and the Calton Hill, divided by the North Loch, and joined by the Bridge and Earthen Mound.

THE CASTLE, as it is the oldest and most prominent object in Edinburgh, is also that which usually first attracts the attention of strangers. Its situation upon a rock nearly two hundred feet above the level of the surrounding country, caused this fortress to be consid-

ered impregnable in times previous to the invention of gunpowder. It has, however, been often taken, both before and since that period. Without adverting to the early history of the fortress, it may be stated that Margaret, the queen of Malcolm Canmore, died here in 1093. While the body of this pious queen lay in the castle, it was besieged by the usurper Donald Bane. Under the idea that there was no possibility of either access or egress to the castle except by the eastern gate, the assailants directed their attention to that alone; but the queen's attendants, knowing this, conveyed away the body by a postern on the west side, where the rock is less precipitous, and deposited it at Dunfermline. That heaven might have some share in the honour of protecting so sacred a corpse, it was said by the churchmen of the period, and recorded by Fordun, that a miraculous mist served to conceal their escape from the besiegers, and did not quit them till they had all got safe to Queensferry. But that a mist on the shores of the Firth of Forth should be held miraculous, will appear to the inhabitants of Lothian, a strange example of prepossession and credulity.

The queen who was the subject of this miracle, is said to have retained, even after death them did part, her affection for her husband. In 1251, the Monks, who had by this time canonized her, resolved to raise her bones and deposit them in a costly shrine. While employed in this service, they approached the tomb of her royal consort. The body became, on a sudden, so heavy, that they were obliged to set it down. Still, as more hands were employed in raising it, the body became heavier; the spectators stood amazed, and the humble Monks imputed this phenomenon to their own unworthiness, when a by-stander cried out, "The queen will not stir till equal honours are performed to her husband." This having been done, the body of the queen was removed with ease. A more awkward miracle scarcely occurs in legendary history, though we have been informed that at Paris, till the age of Reason commenced its sway, the bones of St Genevieve showed the

like *attention*, on the annual occasion of some monkish pageant, to those of her chum St Marcel.

In honour of St Margaret, who has still a festival appropriated to her in the Romish Calendar, a chapel was built in the castle. Bruce, who added to his other virtues a bigoted reverence for the church, endowed it with a grant from the revenues of the city. Part of the building, in particular the eastern window, a small but curious specimen of Saxon architecture, survived till recent times. Not many years ago, in the course of a complete reedification, the workmen employed in the building, took it upon them to demolish the sculptured font, out of a pious horror for any thing that bore the appearance of popish decoration.

Both before and after the time of Canmore, Edinburgh Castle was a royal residence, though, till the reign of James II, the king more generally

——— sat in Dumfermline toun,

or inhabited his other palaces of Scone and Stirling. The reign of Bruce was a remarkable era in the history of the castle. It was then recovered from the possession of the English invaders in a very remarkable manner. Barbour, the historical poet of Scotland, thus relates the incident.

Thomas Randolph, the nephew of Bruce, and well known as the redoubted Earl of Moray, had approached the fortress, where lay a strong English garrison, under Piers Leland, a Lombard, with whom he had opened some communication. But the garrison, suspecting the fidelity of their governor, thrust him into prison, and prepared to defend their impregnable station under the command of a gallant constable, whose name has not been transmitted to us. As the Earl of Moray, with a hopeless eye, surveyed the strength of the place, he was privily accosted by one of his own soldiers, named William Francis, an esteemed and gallant man. "Methinks, my lord," said he, "you would fain devise some means of entering yonder castle, and such can I pro-

cure for you with no greater aid than a twelve-foot ladder may afford. Know that my father was in his time keeper of yonder fortress, and that I, a wild gallant in my youth, loved *par amours*, a fair woman in the town beneath. In order to obtain unsuspected access to her, I was wont to lower myself from the wall by night with the help of a ladder of ropes, and by a secret and precipitous path to descend these cliffs; and this I practised so oft, both in going and returning, that the darkest night was no obstacle to my venturing. If, therefore, it pleases you to assail the castle in this manner, I offer myself to be your guide and the foremost in the expedition." The Earl of Moray received this proposal with joy, and the attempt was undertaken by thirty men, commanded by Randolph in person, and guided by Francis. The darkness of the night, the steepness of the precipice, the danger of discovery by the watchmen, and the slender support which they had to trust to in ascending from crag to crag, rendered the enterprise such as might have appalled the bravest spirit. When they had ascended half-way, they found a flat spot, large enough to halt upon, and there sat down to recover their breath, and prepare for the farther part of their perilous expedition. While they were here seated, they heard the Rounds, or "Check-watches," as Barbour calls them, pass along the walls above them; and it so chanced that one of the English soldiers, in mere wantonness and gaiety, hurled a stone down, and cried out at the same time, "I see you well," although without an idea that there was any one beneath. The stone leaped down the precipice, and passed over the heads of Moray and his adventurous companions, as they cowered under the rock from which it bounded. They had the presence of mind to continue perfectly silent, and presently after the sentinels continued their rounds. The assailants then resumed their ascent, and arrived in safety at the foot of the wall, which they scaled by means of the ladder which they brought with them. Francis, their guide, ascended first, Sir Andrew Gray was second, and Randolph him-

self was third. Ere they had all mounted, however, the sentinels caught the alarm, raised the cry of "treason," and the Constable of the Castle and others rushing to the spot, made a valiant, though ineffectual defence. The Earl of Moray was for some time in great personal danger, until the gallant Constable being slain, his followers fled or fell, and the castle remained in the hands of the assailants.

"A more desperate adventure," says Barbour, "was never achieved, since Alexander, who conquered Babylon, leaped headlong among his foemen from the wall of the town which he was beleaguering." He adds, that the holy Queen Margaret, the heroine of the preceding anecdotes, "had, in the spirit of prophecy, announced this event, by causing it to be painted in her chapel, (where the memorial is still to be seen,) the representation of a man scaling a fortress by means of a ladder, with the legend, *Gardez vous de François*, which was long thought to predict the taking of Maydin-Castle by the French, but was now fulfilled in the achievement of William Francis, the daring guide of the Earl of Moray." How Queen Margaret came to prophesy in French, Barbour did not inquire or has not explained.

Early in the reign of David Bruce, Edinburgh Castle was dismantled, lest it might again fall into the hands of the English, who were now endeavouring to reestablish the Baliol dynasty. While it was in this condition, a considerable body of men at arms, under the conduct of Count Guy of Namur, landed at Berwick, and, advancing to Edinburgh, were encountered upon the Borough muir, a plain to the south of the city, by the Earls of Moray and March, Sir Alexander Ramsay, and a powerful host of the friends of King David. The battle which ensued was bloody, obstinate, and characterised by some of the features of chivalry. Richard Shaw, a Scottish esquire, was singled out by a combatant in the army of the Count of Namur. They mutually transfixed each other with their spears, fell from their horses, and expired. On being stripped of its ar-

mour, the body of the brave stranger was discovered to be that of a woman—the faithful mistress, no doubt, of some gallant among the Count's free-companions. Victory was about to declare for the enemies of Scotland, when William Douglas came down from the Pentland hills with a reenforcement. The Count's troops then gave way, and fled towards the town, still maintaining, however, a sort of Parthian fight. The open streets of the city received the fugitives, who made for the site of the Castle, by the way now called the Candlemaker Row. A large stone used to be shown in the pavement of this street, which was said to have been broken by the battle-axe of Sir Alexander Ramsay, as that brawny champion was actively engaged in annoying the retreating party. According to the traditionary account of the battle preserved in Edinburgh, Sir Andrew both slew the man and horse and split the stone at one blow —a feat almost incredible! The Count's troops took refuge amidst the ruins of the Castle, which they endeavoured to fortify by killing all their horses and forming a temporary parapet of their bodies. Soon compelled, however, to capitulate by hunger, they were permitted to depart from the kingdom, upon promising never again to bear arms against the Scottish monarch.

In the year 1341, the Castle of Edinburgh, which had been again fortified and possessed by the English, fell into the hands of the Scots, by means of a very singular stratagem, devised by one William Bullock, a renegade Englishman. According to the appointment of this personage, a man named William Curry of Dundee privately received into his ship the Knight of Liddisdale, with about two hundred other resolute men, and cast anchor in the roads of Leith. Bullock then went to the governor of the Castle, and wisely judging that the best way to an Englishman's confidence was *per viam ventris*, told him that he had just arrived with a cargo of foreign wines and spices, for which he desired a customer. On tasting samples, the governor agreed to a purchase, and appointed next morning for the delivery of the goods. Accordingly, next morning, before day had fully dawned,

the *soi-disant* merchant appeared before the gates of the castle, with twelve men attired like sailors, and was speedily allowed admittance. Throwing down their barrels and hampers in the entry, this party slew the sentinels; and at a signal given, the Knight of Liddisdale, who lurked in the neighbourhood, appeared, and overpowered the garrison.

In 1566, the castle became the residence of Queen Mary, and here she was delivered of her son James the Sixth, in whose person the sovereignty of Scotland and England was afterwards united. The fortress suffered a siege from Cromwell in the year 1651. In 1689, it held out for King James, under the Duke of Gordon, and was only obtained by the revolutionary party by means of capitulation. In 1707, it became the depository of the Regalia of Scotland, then laid by, as sacred but useless trinkets, on account of the union of the kingdoms. The mountaineers, who, in 1745, shook the British throne, laid siege to the castle, but, for want of artillery, did not succeed in taking it. Since that period it has been more useful as a barrack than remarkable as a fortress.

The principal objects of curiosity which render the castle worthy of a stranger's attention, are the Regalia, and the room in which King James was born. These are both shown for a small gratuity. The part of the castle in which the crown-room (so named) is situated, seems to be the oldest now existing, having been built in the year 1556. It is built in the form of a square. To the northward extends a half-moon battery of the age of Oliver Cromwell, from the top of which a view is obtained of the fertile plains of Lothian,—of nearly the whole city, old and new, of Edinburgh,—and of the Frith of Forth, with the hills of Fife and those of the Highlands in the distance. Beneath this, on the northern side of the castle, is a minor fortification called Argyle's Battery, and a building occasionally used for the confinement of state-prisoners. The western part of the castle is occupied by store-rooms, the Governor's house, and a huge barrack erected at the beginning of

this century in a style of architecture little in consonance with the rest of this venerable fortress.

St Giles's Church, situated in the centre of the city, about a quarter of a mile eastward from the castle, is a large though ill-favoured building, or rather association of buildings, surmounted by a fine spire in the form of an imperial crown. It comprises four places of worship, in one of which (the eastern) there is a seat appointed for the Commissioner at the General Assembly, and where his present Majesty attended public worship when in Scotland.

The Parliament House and its dependencies usually attract no inconsiderable share of the attention of strangers. The buildings have at present a modern appearance, on account of having been faced up (or rather *de*faced) by a front in the Grecian style of architecture so late as the year 1808. In front, the Parliament House is only forty feet high, but, owing to the declivity of the ground on which it is situated, the back part is about sixty feet in height. Entering by the principal door, we pass through a lobby into the great hall, now called the Outer House. Here the Parliament of Scotland formerly sat; but it is now little else than a place of promenade for the dependants of the Court of Session, to whose use this venerable structure has been devoted since the dissolution of the above body at the Union. At the northern extremity of the hall, there has been lately erected a colossal statue of Lord Melville by Chantry. In two recesses upon the east side, sit as many Lords Ordinary, who hear causes for the first time and prepare them for the attention of the superior Judges. On each side of the hall is a building of lesser magnitude, called the Inner House, where the two divisions of the Court, consisting of five Judges each, sit for the ultimate decision of these causes.

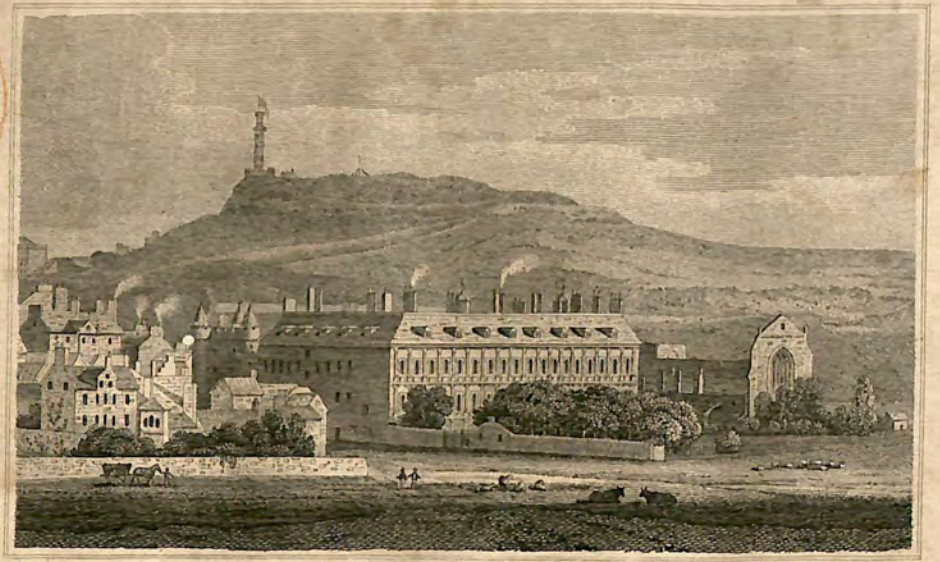
Underneath these three halls is kept the celebrated collection of books, manuscripts, and curiosities known by the name of the Advocates Library. This establishment, though it may be said to partake of a nation-

al character, belongs exclusively to the body of legal practitioners from which it derives its common appellation. Founded in the year 1680, it is now said to consist of upwards of a hundred thousand printed volumes, besides manuscripts, coins, &c. to a great and valuable amount. David Hume was once keeper of this library. It is open to the inspection of strangers, without the ceremony of an order or introduction. To the west of the Parliament House extends a modern edifice containing what is termed the Signet Library, being the valuable though recent collection of the Writers to the Signet, an inferior body of legal practitioners. All the three supreme courts of Scotland—those of Session, Justiciary, and Exchequer, are accommodated in the suit of buildings thus pointed out.

THE COLLEGE, situated in the southern districts of the city, and the largest public building in Scotland, is usually the next object of a stranger's attention. It is a massive modern edifice, built in the form of a quadrangle, and laid out in lecture-rooms, apartments for some of the professors, a library, and a museum—the numerous students being lodged in the private houses of the town. Though now the most prosperous and distinguished, this is not the oldest college in Scotland. It dates its institution only from the reign of James the Sixth, and it was only in recent times that it acquired the high character as a school of learning, science, and especially of medicine, which it now bears. The buildings, which were originally those of a religious establishment, have been within the last thirty years supplanted by the single edifice which the stranger now sees. The Museum, which usually commands the attention and admiration of strangers, occupies a splendid suit of apartments in the western side of the quadrangle. What must add greatly to the wonder excited by this sight, is the circumstance of the whole having been formed in the course of a very few years, and chiefly by the exertions of one scientific enthusiast, the present professor of Natural History.

THE REGISTER-HOUSE, situated conspicuously at

LIBRARY
OF THE
BOMBAY
BRANCH
OF THE
ASIATIC



HOLYROOD CHAPEL.

(from the Kings Park)

the end of the North Bridge, is another object which usually attracts the attention of tourists. This very elegant structure was founded in 1774, and reared after a design furnished by Adams. From a failure of the funds appropriated for the building by government, (then distressed by the American War,) the walls stood for several years in an unfinished state, and drew from a traveller the malicious remark, that it was the most magnificent dove-cot in Europe. It has been in time entirely finished, and that in a style perfectly suitable to the important purposes of the building. Here a great deal of the business of the civil and criminal courts is transacted, and a portion of the edifice is fitted up for the preservation of the national records.

The CHAPEL and PALACE of HOLYROOD, situated at the extremity of the suburb called the Canongate, next claims our attention. The ordinary phrase "the Abbey," still popularly applied to both buildings, indicates that the former is the more ancient of the two. Like so many other religious establishments, it owns David I for its founder. Erected in the twelfth century, and magnificently endowed by that monarch, it continued for about four centuries to flourish as an abbey and to be, at least during the latter part of that time, the occasional residence of the sovereign. In the year 1528, James V added a palace to the conventual buildings. During the subsequent reign of Mary, this was the principal seat of the court; and so it continued in a great measure to be, till the departure of King James VI for England. Previous to this period, the Abbey and Palace had suffered from fire, and they have since undergone such revolutions, that, as in the celebrated case of Sir John Cutler's stockings, which in the course of darning, changed nearly their whole substance, it is now scarcely possible to distinguish what is really ancient from the modern additions.

As they at present stand, the Palace is a handsome edifice, built in the form of a quadrangle, with a front flanked by double towers, while the Abbey is reduced from its originally extensive dimensions to the mere

ruin of the chapel, one corner of which adjoins to a posterior angle of the Palace. Of the palatial structure, the north-west towers alone are old. The walls were certainly erected in the time of James V. They contain the apartments in which Queen Mary resided, and where her minion, Rizzio, fell a sacrifice to the revenge of her brutal husband. A certain portion of the furniture is of the time, and a still smaller portion is said to be the handiwork, of that princess. The remaining parts of the structure were erected in the time of Charles II, and have at no time been occupied by any royal personages, other than the Duke of York, Prince Charles Stuart, the Duke of Cumberland, the King of France, (in 1795–9,) and King George IV, (in 1822.) In the northern side of the quadrangle is a gallery one hundred and fifty feet in length, filled with the portraits of nearly as many imaginary Scottish kings. The south side contains a suit of state-apartments, fitted up for the use of the last-mentioned monarch. These various departments of the Palace, as well as the Chapel, are shown to strangers, for a gratuity, by the servants of the Duke of Hamilton, who is hereditary keeper of the Palace. It may be mentioned before dismissing this subject, that the precincts of these interesting edifices were formerly a sanctuary of criminals, and can yet afford refuge to insolvent debtors.

The remaining public buildings of the metropolis may be briefly enumerated.

Heriot's Hospital, situated upon an eminence to the south of the Castle. This magnificent institution was endowed by George Heriot, goldsmith to King James VI, and opened for the reception of a certain number of the male children of the burgesses of Edinburgh about a year before the Restoration. It now maintains about one hundred and eighty boys, whom it also provides with an education suitable to the professions they choose to hold in after-life.

Watson's Hospital, a smaller and junior establishment of the same nature, situated in the immediate neighbourhood of the preceding.

Other establishments of this nature are the Merchants Maiden Hospital, the Trades Maiden Hospital, Gillespie's Hospital for aged persons, and the Orphan Hospital.

The ROYAL INFIRMARY, a most useful institution, founded in 1738.

The COUNTY HALL, a modern edifice, upon the model of a Grecian temple, situated in the Lawnmarket, and devoted to the use of several courts connected with the county.

The HALLS of the Royal and Antiquarian Societies, and the School of Arts, a huge specimen of Grecian architecture, erected 1823-6, at the northern extremity of the Earthen Mound, and first opened to the public for the exhibition of the works of modern artists, February 1826.

The HIGH SCHOOL, the EDINBURGH ACADEMY, and several other institutions for the instruction of youth, would here be worthy of particular notice, did our limits permit. The churches, too, which are in general handsome modern structures, deserve, though we cannot allow them, individual description. The markets of Edinburgh are at present upon an extending and improving system. Many other institutions, connected with public and domestic polity, we are obliged to pass over in silence,—only pointing out, as a worthy object of curiosity, the Botanic Garden, lately laid out upon a plain to the north of the city, and referring the reader for more ample information upon all these subjects to a work entitled "Walks in Edinburgh."

The state of society in Edinburgh naturally results from the class of persons by whom it is inhabited or frequented. It is still regarded as the capital of a considerable division of the island; and all those families of the nobility and gentry, whose fortunes do not enable them to encounter the expense of a London residence, resort to this city for the enjoyment of society, and the education of their children. Hence persons of title and rank abound in Edinburgh. As Scotsmen are accustomed to wander in quest of fortune to all

quarters of the globe, considerable portions of those who have returned with success from their pursuit, are led to resort to the capital of their native country. Many English families have also of late years come hither, whose fortunes, though not adequate to the enormous expense requisite to a splendid establishment in the capital of the island, are yet sufficient to enable them here to gain admission into the society of persons of rank. Of those engaged in business in Edinburgh, the members of the profession of the law take the lead. Including all denominations or orders, they are supposed to amount to about eight thousand persons, who, with their families, form a considerable part of the population of Edinburgh. When, along with these, we consider the numbers connected with the University, supposed to amount to nearly half that number, the character of society in Edinburgh must be evident. It is generally polite and intelligent; and there is probably no city of the world, of the same extent, in which so great a portion of the inhabitants consists of well-informed persons. The trading part of the community consists chiefly of artists or shop-keepers, employed in supplying the wants and luxuries of the numerous classes of wealthy inhabitants that have either a temporary or permanent residence here. The general politeness and intelligence which evidently prevail among all ranks of persons, seem to be produced, partly by the literature which is so universally diffused through Scotland, and is more general at the seat of a University; and partly also by the facility with which persons of different ranks intermingle with each other, on account of the moderate extent of the circle of respectable society, which does not enable any class or rank to associate exclusively with its own members.

Upon the whole, those whose health can bear a climate so variable and so trying as that of Edinburgh, will find few more eligible places of residence. The inhabitants of this ancient capital,—"Scotland's darling seat," as the city was termed by its best poet,—is surrounded by the noblest scenery and ruins of antiqui-

ty; and may have at every step, a companion capable of detailing the beauties of the one, and the history of the other. His mornings may be spent in study, for which there is every species of assistance within his reach, and his evenings with friendship and with beauty. If he have children, he has within his reach the first means of education. If he be gay, there are at his command all the usual varied sources of amusement. He may live, if he will, in a palace with a handsome suit of apartments, for less than would rent "a dungeon in the Strand;" and fare sumptuously every day for half the rate which is exacted for a bad dinner at an English inn. To be more particular, L.3000 a-year is, in Edinburgh, opulence,—L.2000, ease and wealth, —L.1000, a handsome competence,—and even L.500, well managed, will maintain a large family with all the necessaries and decencies of life, and enable them to support a very creditable rank in society.

LEITH, the sea-port of Edinburgh, lies upon the shore of the Firth of Forth, about a mile and a half to the north from the city. The more ancient buildings in it are mean and inelegant, while the streets into which they have been huddled are narrow and dirty. Some new streets, however, are extremely neat, being laid out in the form of the modern buildings of Edinburgh. It is the trade of Leith that renders it a place of any consequence. Its harbour was granted to the community of Edinburgh by King Robert I in 1329; and after many ineffectual struggles made by the inhabitants of Leith to free themselves from their bondage to the citizens of Edinburgh, it still remains subject to its jurisdiction. It is not easy to specify the varied nature, or to estimate, with any degree of accuracy, the fluctuating extent of the trade of this port. In general, the imports from the south of Europe, are wines, brandy, and fruits; from the West Indies and America, rice, sugar, rum, and dye-stuffs. But the principal trade is with the Baltic. Wet docks of a magnificent extent have been erected within the present century, and when these are compared with the limited extent

of the original harbour,—formed, as it is, in the mouth of a small stream,—we have a lively idea of the recently increased extent of the trade of the port, and of the benefits of commerce in general. There are in Leith several manufactures, the chief of which are its glass-works, its sugar-works, its manufactures of ropes and sail-cloth, and its ship-building. It contains two prosperous banking establishments. One of the principal buildings of a public nature is the Custom-House, which is the seat of the board of Customs for Scotland. In its immediate neighbourhood, there is a battery, for the defence of the port and its road-stead. The town is divided by the harbour, into North and South Leith. The active part of inhabitants is classed into four divisions,—mariners, maltsters, traders, and traffickers, who are incorporated by charters.

Leith became a place of some political importance about the middle of the sixteenth century, when Mary of Guise, Queen-Regent of Scotland, raised, on the north side of the harbour, a fortification for the purpose of introducing and sheltering the French troops, by whose assistance she was enabled, for some time, to resist the progress of the Reformation. This garrison, in 1560, suffered a siege from the Lords of the Congregation, assisted by the English soldiers whom Elizabeth sent to Scotland for the promotion of that cause. On falling into the hands of the reformers, it was razed to the foundation by the magistrates of Edinburgh. Cromwell afterwards raised a citadel upon the same site, and resided in it for some time himself. This edifice, though in a ruined state, was held out for some time by M'Intosh of Borlam, an insurgent leader in the civil war of 1715, against the royal troops. Its site is now chiefly occupied by one of the wet docks alluded to.

DALKEITH, next to Edinburgh and Leith, is the most considerable town in Mid-Lothian. It is situated on a narrow stripe of land between the North and South Esks, which here approach each other, previous to their actual junction in the park of Dalkeith House, about a mile and a half below the town. The principal street

is broad and spacious, containing a great number of elegant houses, and the whole town may be considered as well built. One of the greatest markets in Scotland for grain is held here every Monday and Thursday, on the latter day mostly for meal. The town is a burgh of barony, under the superiority of the Duke of Buccleuch, and is therefore governed by a baron bailie of his appointment; though of late years, the management of a good many of the public affairs, especially those connected with the police, has been vested in the hands of a committee of the inhabitants. Dalkeith is remarkable for the number of its shops, by far the greater part of which, to the surprise of strangers, are devoted to the sale of spirituous and other liquors. The morals of the inhabitants are not, however, inferior to those of other Scottish towns of the same size, a circumstance which may perhaps be justly ascribed to the absence of manufactories. It is remarkable of the men, that, in the impossibility of burgal honours, they are zealously ambitious of those which may be acquired in mason lodges, and what are called *societies*. But we have not heard that they are, upon that account, more given to convivial pleasures than the inhabitants of royal burghs.

Dalkeith House, a seat of the Duke of Buccleuch, is admirably situated upon an overhanging bank of the North Esk, a little to the east of the town. It is a large, but not very elegant modern structure, and is surrounded by an extensive park. The interior is fitted up in a style of the utmost splendour, containing many fine pictures. The stair-case, a conservatory of birds, and the bed on which his present most gracious Majesty reposed during his visit to Scotland in 1822, are objects well worthy the attention of strangers. This house is only the successor of an ancient castle which existed from the earliest times upon the same spot. In ancient times, the town of Dalkeith, as was almost universally the fashion in Scotland, ran close up to, and was terminated by the baronial castle, which served as a citadel to the town, and in time of need was garrisoned by the inhabitants. But the principal street

is now terminated by the gate at the head of the avenue to the mansion, so that there is some interval between the town and the house, or, as it is popularly termed, *the Palace*.

Lying so near the metropolis, the barony, castle, and town of Dalkeith, were, at a very early period, possessed by proprietors of note and importance. The first upon record are the family yet remembered in the town of Dalkeith by the name of the *Gallant Grahames*. From them it passed by a daughter into the possession of a Sir William Douglas, ancestor of the Earls of Morton. The dark and stern politician of that name resided, during the period of his administration, and after he had retired from public life, in the castle of Dalkeith, which, from the general idea entertained of his character, acquired at that time the expressive name of the Lion's Den. When Morton was executed, the Barony of Dalkeith was included in his attainder, and, although the whole was finally restored to the Earl of Morton, yet the Castle seems long to have been considered as public property, and used as such. Thus, in Monipenny's Chronicle, the author classes among the palaces appertaining to the King, "the Palace of Dalkeith, reserved for the use of the Prince, (Henry,) with the orchard, garden, banks, and woods, adjoining thereto." Dalkeith House has been, since the accession of James VI, twice the residence of royalty during its temporary stay in Scotland,—namely, of King Charles in 1633, and of George IV. in 1822.* In the eventful year

* In 1638, the Chancellor Traquair appears to have occupied Dalkeith House. While he resided in it, Dalkeith was the scene of an extraordinary crime, and as extraordinary a punishment. One James Spalding, resident in the town, having killed a man by striking him through the temples with a whinger on the High Street of Dalkeith, was tried and condemned to be hanged. After having in vain begged mercy from the Chancellor, he exclaimed, "Oh, must I die like a dog! Why was I not sentenced to lose my head?" and on the scaffold he prayed, "Lord, let this soul of mine never depart from this body till it be reconciled with thee." Accordingly, continues his superstitious historian, it was found impossible to strangle him, and

1639, the Duke of Hamilton, then Royal Commissioner, occupied Dalkeith House during his unavailing disputes with the Covenanters; and it appears from a passage in Baillie's Letters, that his grace had conveyed thither the Regalia of Scotland, either in order to secure them from the insurgent nobles, or perhaps with a view to their removal into England. Dalkeith House was for a long while the residence of General Monk, to whom Cromwell delegated the government of Scotland. He kept a troop of dragoons quartered in the town, where a building called his guard-house is still pointed out; and it is traditionally recorded of him, that he made several improvements round his residence, and amused himself particularly with gardening and the cultivation of flowers, then rare exercises in Scotland, but in which he seemed to take much pleasure. The substitution of the modern for the ancient building, and the filling up the fosse by which the latter had been defended, and through which the river formerly ran, were the work of Ann Dutchess of Buccleuch and Monmouth, who, after the execution of her unhappy husband, here lived in the style of a princess, with pages to wait upon her, a throne and canopy, &c. There is still current amongst the gossips of Dalkeith, a tradition that the treasure unrighteously amassed by the Regent Morton lies hidden somewhere amongst the vaults of the ancient building. But Godscroft assures us, that it was expended by the Earl of Angus in supporting the companions of his exile in England, and that, when it was exhausted, the Earl generously exclaimed, "Is it then gone? let it go,—I never looked it should have done so much good."

There is in Dalkeith no public building of any importance, except the church, which was originally the

he was at last buried alive: "there was such a rumbling and tumbling in his grave that the very earth was raised, and the mules were so heaved up that they could hardly keep them down. After this, his house at the east end of the town was frequented with a ghost."—See *Satan's Invisible World Discovered.*

Mid-Lothian.

chapel of the castle, but rendered collegiate in the year 1406. It is a Gothic building of very ordinary workmanship, and the east end, which contains the burying-vault of the Buccleuch family, has long been ruinous and unroofed. The edifice stands in the centre of the town, and is surrounded by a burying-ground, the wall of which adjoins to the public street. This circumstance once gave rise to a tolerable village joke. A prosperous Dalkeith merchant, having for many years excited the envy of his neighbours by his rapid purchases of property, and at length almost made half the street his own, died just as he acquired the house adjoining upon the east to the church-yard; whereupon a wit remarked "that there was no getting beyond the grave."*

We cannot leave Dalkeith, without adverting to the circumstance of Froissart, the historian of chivalry, having visited the Earl of Douglas at his castle of Dalkeith, and hallowed the place by a residence of three weeks. It was in the course of this tour that he acquired the information for his glowing accounts of the battle of Otterbourne, and other martial achievements of the Scots.

It ought also to be mentioned, that the excellent school of Dalkeith has had the honour of educating some men of great distinction in the political as well as the literary world; in particular the late Lord Viscount Melville. It is still remembered both in Edinburgh and Dalkeith, to the honour of that great man, that he kept up, throughout the whole course of his splendid career, a familiar acquaintance or correspondence with all his early school-fellows, however inferior to himself in point of rank and fortune, if otherwise meritorious.

Musselburgh, with its important adjuncts, Fish-

* The small square or recess immediately to the east of the church-yard, is called the *Major's Knowe*, on account of a house there (now removed) having been the country residence of Major Weir, whose friend Spalding, mentioned in the account of his trial, lived in one on the opposite side of the street. The Major's house was second from the church-yard; that of Spalding is second west from the recess formed by the market-place.

FERROW, NEWBIGGING, and INVERESK, is the last and least town in Mid-Lothian. It is delightfully situated at the bottom of a bay close by the debouche of the Esk; and being sheltered on all sides by rising grounds, is blessed with a climate of the most agreeable and salubrious amenity. Its short distance from the capital, only six miles, conspires with this advantage to render its vicinity much resorted to by families of moderate fortune, and who include health among the desiderata of a place of residence. The neighbouring hill of Inveresk, with its pleasant village, or suburb, was, on this account, styled by Dr Pitcairne the Montpelier of Scotland.

Musselburgh is divided from Fisherrow by the Esk, over which there are two stone and one wooden bridge. The oldest of the former edifices, which is also the most remote from the sea and now but little used, is supposed to have been built by the Romans, who had a station upon the top of Inveresk hill, and a municipium or town upon the site of Fisherrow, several of the modern houses of which are founded upon the lower stones of the Roman buildings. The harbour of Fisherrow was the most important which those invaders possessed on the south side of the Forth, and was the termination of one of their roads, the traces of which, running southwards to Sheriff Hall and Borthwick, were perceptible within the last fifty years. The old bridge is remarkable as that by which the Scottish army passed to the battle of Pinkie in 1547, when several of the soldiers were killed by the shot of the English fleet in the bay. It is, like all buildings of a similar age and purpose, very narrow, and high in the centre; while the middle has been defended, after the manner of Bothwell Bridge and others, by a gate, of which some traces still remain in the side-walls. The New Bridge is a handsome edifice erected within the last thirty years. Musselburgh and Fisherrow, though only divided by a third-rate river, and uniting in matters of burgal government, are essentially different in point of population, manners, and the external appearance of the houses.

Mid-Lothian.

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Musselburgh is a very ancient burgh of regality, though, on account of the records and charters of the town having been burnt by the English in 1547, it is impossible to state its precise antiquity. It must have been a place of some account so early as 1332, when Randolph, Earl of Murray, the nephew of Bruce and the hero of an anecdote already related, died of the stone in a house near the eastern extremity of the town,* being on his way to check the incursions of the English upon the Border. According to tradition, the inhabitants having formed a guard round the house, during the illness of this great man, they found such favour with the Earl of Mar, the succeeding regent, that he granted or obtained for them their first charter. They have now no writings older than 1562.

Previous to the Reformation, Musselburgh enjoyed no small degree of prosperity, on account of a religious establishment in its immediate neighbourhood, called the Chapel of Loretto. This was a building of high antiquity, belonging to the abbacy of Dunfermline. A small cell, covered by a mound, the only remains of the place, still exists in the garden attached to the modern villa of Loretto, on the north side of the road which leaves the town at the eastern extremity. It is observable from the satires of Sir David Lindsay, which are well known to have been pointed with the severest ridicule of the ancient faith, that the chapel of Loretto was resorted to by all classes of the community, for purposes perhaps partly religious, and in many cases for the indulgence of licentious passions. The materials of the ruined chapel are said to have been the first belonging to any sacred edifice which were, after the Reformation, applied to a secular purpose. They were employed in the erection of the present jail. For this piece of sacrilege, it is said, the inhabitants of Musselburgh were

* This house, which existed till within the last few years, was of stone, and consisted of two rooms on the ground floor, both arched over, and divided from each other by a passage which was also arched. It stood upon the south side of the street.

annually excommunicated at Rome till the end of the last century.

Pinkie House, the seat of Sir John Hope, Bart, is situated at the east end of Musselburgh: a capital specimen of the Scottish Manor-house of the reign of James VI. It consists in two sides of a quadrangle; and the square was formerly completed by a wall which is now removed. In the centre of the court-yard thus formed, there is a well or fountain of elaborate and beautiful architecture, coeval with the house, but which is now disused. The whole is enclosed within a very fine shrubbery.

Pinkie House was originally a country mansion belonging to the abbot of Dunfermline, who was at an early period superior of Musselburgh. The house was converted into its present shape, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, by Alexander Seton, Earl of Dunfermline, a younger brother of the Seton family, who raised himself to wealth by eminence in the law and the state. This distinguished man, having made himself master of most of the temporalities of that abbacy, was raised to the peerage with the title of Dunfermline, and here established his principal residence, probably on account of its propinquity to Edinburgh. An inscription on the front of the building, now hid by a portico, seems to hint that his lordship was not free from vanity: "*Dominus Alexander Setonius hanc domum edificavit, non ad animi, sed ad fortunarum et agelli modum*—(Lord Alexander Seton built this house, not after the fashion of his mind, but after that of his fortunes and estate)—1613." He died here in 1622.

Part of the present house is supposed to be of date considerably antecedent to the time of the Earl of Dunfermline; and an apartment, with a magnificent stucco roof, in the taste of Henry the Seventh's time,—denominated the *King's Room*,—is shown as the place where an abbot on one occasion entertained royalty. In the more modern part of the building, there is a long and ample hall, nearly of the size of the Picture Gallery in Holyrood House. This room may be esteemed a great

Mid-Lothian.

curiosity; for it is still in its original state, and gives an excellent idea of the decorations of the best apartments of the reign of King James. Its ceiling is of that ancient sort which, on account of its resemblance to the bulging tops of the four-wheeled vehicles used in former times, is called a *coach-roof*; and the whole is painted over with blue and red water-colours, gorgeously intermixed with gold. Paintings of mythological scenes and personages, of coats of arms, and emblematical figures, are liberally scattered along this splendid ceiling, which must have shone down additional glory upon the courtly companies which formerly assembled under it. It is now somewhat faded; yet, as a thing perfectly unique in Scotland, (if we except the still more faded ceiling of the King's Hall at Falkland,) it is well worthy of a visit from modern curiosity. In the eyes of *some*, it will be rendered rather more than less interesting, by the recollection that it afforded a lodging to Prince Charles Stuart, the night succeeding his victory at Preston.*

Altogether, Pinkie House is perhaps one of the most interesting objects of its kind in Mid-Lothian. The house with its fine old Gothic architecture—the curious beauty of the fountain in front—the rich groves around, through which the Scottish muse has sent her ancient voice—and the neighbouring field, where our brave ancestors fought so vainly against the overpowering force of England—combine to render this a spot of no ordinary attention to at least the "sentimental traveller." There are scenes in Scotland of more romantic and bewildering beauty, and even some invested with a higher charm of historical association; yet, when we see the setting sun gilding the groves and turrets of Pinkie, and hear the distant murmurs of the bay mingled with the softened evening hum of the town, and think of all the circumstances of mighty import and exciting interest which have befallen on this spot and

* Charles also spent, in Pinkie House, the night betwixt the 31st of October and 1st of November, when on his march from Edinburgh to England.

its neighbourhood, we must confess that we are disposed to yield that precedence to very few. "By Pinkie House oft let me walk," was the prayer of an old and true poet, and we heartily echo the sentiment.

Musselburgh Links, an extensive plain that stretches between the town and sea, will attract the attention of the traveller near the sixth mile stone from Edinburgh. A race-course has been levelled and railed in here by the magistrates within the last few years, and hither the Edinburgh Races, formerly run at Leith, were removed in 1817. Musselburgh Links were, in 1638, the scene of a singular national transaction; the Marquis of Hamilton, representing King Charles I. was met there by twenty thousand of the covenanting party, whose power he was commissioned to overthrow; and it is said he was convinced, from the spectacle, of the difficulties of his task. From the Links of Musselburgh to those of Leith, the road was lined with the partisans of that triumphant party, and at the latter place he was confounded at the sight of no fewer than six hundred clergymen, standing upon the eminence near the High School of Leith, with their Geneva caps and gowns, and faces which expressed their resolution to resist his purpose, the establishment of Episcopacy. On Musselburgh Links, Oliver Cromwell, 1650, quartered his infantry, while the cavalry were lodged in the town. The place where his own tent was fixed, is still shown upon the ground.

Inveresk Church is placed upon the top of that rising ground to the south of Musselburgh, on the skirts of which took place the battle of Pinkie. It is a modern edifice, with a tall spire, of no very fine materials or architecture, but so conspicuous, that it can be seen at an incredible distance in all directions. The old church of Inveresk, removed to make way for this, was a structure of vast antiquity, and supposed to have been composed of the materials of the Roman fortification which occupied the site of the church-yard. There were many old stones and Roman bricks observable in the composition of the building. Two mounts, one at the east end,

and the other on the north side of the church-yard, are supposed to have been part of the Roman fortress, though their popular name, "*Oliver's Mounts;*" seems to indicate that they are of more recent origin. The church-yard contains a number of good monuments, among the rest, one to a deceased fish-monger, whom some surviving friend has affronted by having had inscribed at the end of his epitaph, "*Sic transit gloria mundi.*" At the time of the battle of Pinkie, there were only two houses (shepherds huts) in Inveresk. The whole hill is now thickly covered over by villas.

In the year 1728, a sermon was preached in the old church of Inveresk, upon an occasion so memorable that it cannot fail to interest the majority of readers. A woman named Maggy Dickson, resident in this parish, having become pregnant while her husband was absent for a year at Newcastle, in order to conceal her shame, and elude the dreadful penance imposed upon such offences by the kirk-session, was tempted to put her child to death. For this crime she was tried, condemned, and duly (as was thought) executed in the Grass-market of Edinburgh. When the dreadful ceremony was over, poor Maggy's friends put her body into a chest, and drove it away in a cart to Musselburgh. When about two miles from town, the cart was stopped at a place called Peffer-mill, about half-way between Duddingstone Loch and Craigmillar Castle, and the relations adjourned to a tavern for a refreshment. On coming out of the house, how were they suprised to see their friend sitting up in the chest, having been restored to life, it was supposed, by the motion of the cart. They took her home that evening to Musselburgh, and she was soon entirely recovered. On the succeeding Sunday, she was able to attend public worship, when the minister preached a sermon applicable to her case, in which he took an opportunity of recommending a more virtuous mode of life than that which, he said, had just brought her deservedly to the brink of the grave. Maggy, on visiting Edinburgh soon after, was followed and almost overwhelmed by a vast crowd of people, who could not

satisfy themselves with gazing upon one thus, as it were, alive from the dead. She was finally obliged to take refuge in a house, and escape by the back-door. She kept an ale-house in a neighbouring parish for many years after she came to life again,—which was much resorted to from curiosity. In spite of the awful lesson she had had, Maggy was not reformed, but, according to the popular tradition, lived and *died again*, an impenitent profligate.

Musselburgh derives its name from a muscle bank upon the sea-shore in its neighbourhood. The town is now well built, though, within the remembrance of people still alive, almost all the houses were mere hovels of one story covered with thatch. This improvement is attributable to the demand for summer and sea-bathing quarters, which, till the rise of Portobello, prevailed in this town. A great number of the proprietors of houses have derived them from a remote ancestry, and are therefore looked upon as a species of *noblesse*, both exacting and obtaining more respect than the ordinary burghers. Everywhere around, and especially behind the houses which front the main streets of both Musselburgh and Fisherrow, are extensive and luxuriant gardens, which used formerly to supply the capital with fruits and garden-stuffs.

Fisherrow is almost equally extensive with Musselburgh, but presents a meaner appearance. The chief class of the population consists of fishermen, who occupy at least one if not more streets, and who give a tone to the manner of the whole town. The numerous female relations of these men form a peculiar people, and are so remarkable in every respect that we cannot pass them over without notice. They are called *Fish-wives*. Their employment is the transportation of fish from the harbour of their own village to the capital and to Leith. They usually carry loads of from one to two hundred weight in creels or willow-baskets upon their backs—evincing thereby a masculine degree of strength, which is not unaccompanied by manners equally masculine. There is in Fisherrow, indeed, a complete reversal of the

duties of the sexes—the husband being often detained at home by bad weather, and employing himself as nurse, while the wife is endeavouring at Edinburgh to win the means of maintaining the family. A woman of Fisherrow would have but little cause of boasting, if she could not by this species of industry gain money sufficient to maintain a domestic establishment, independent on the exertions, whatever they might be, of her husband. On hearing of any such effeminate person being about to be married, it is customary for the thorough-paced fish-wives to exclaim, in a tone of sovereign contempt, "Her! what wad she do wi' a man, that canna win a man's bread?"

The fish-wives are not only distinguished by a rude peculiarity of manners, but also by a comparatively grotesque dress, from the women of other Scottish villages. A traveller who observed them ninety years ago, says, "Nastiness here,"—that is, in Fisherrow,—"seems to be delighted in. The women, as if they could trust to sex merely for recommendation to the men, have dirty clouts tied round their heads, falling about their shoulders, and peep out of pieces of boarded windows just big enough for their heads." This does not now apply. The singular Amazons referred to, dress themselves in a style which, if coarse, must also be not uncostly. They are unable to wear any head-dress, excepting a napkin, on account of the necessity of supporting their back-burdens by a broad belt which crosses the forehead, and has to be slipped over the head every time they take off their merchandise. They usually wear, however, a voluminous and truly Flemish quantity of petticoat; with a jerkin of blue cloth, and several fine napkins enclosing the neck and bosom. Their numerous petticoats are of different qualities and colours; and it is customary, while two or three hang down, to have as many or more bundled up over the haunches, so as to give a singularly bulky and sturdy appearance to the figure. Thirty years ago, they wore no shoes or stockings, but cannot now be impeached of that fault, so often imputed to Scottish

Edinburghshire.

women in general by travellers,—a custom, however, we may remark, sanctioned by that of the Greek and Roman ladies, the noblest of whom were not better provided in this respect than the poorest Scottish lasses of the present day.*

In their mercantile capacity, these robust persons are not very commendable for fair dealings, at least as that phrase is understood by the English people. It is difficult, indeed, for a stranger to make a proper bargain with them. Like all other people who deal in articles of an uncertain value and fluctuating price, they are in the habit of just taking for their commodities as much as they can get. They generally ask about three times their value; and it becomes the business of the customer to bate them down to the proper price. It is, therefore, a common expression in this part of the country, when any other dealer is affronted by the offer of a lower price than is asked, or may be allowable, "I Gae wa! wad ye mak' a fishwife o' me?" Yet we have heard it said that when confidence is reposed in them after a long course of commercial intercourse, the demanded is usually much nearer the accepted price. They also exhibit a great degree of honour in all dealings with each other. For instance, when a band, in returning to Fisherrow after the labours of the day, enters any of the wayside taverns for a refreshment, they are sure to part a small measure of liquor with wonderful accuracy, and so as to content each without injury to her companions. They also show a singular degree of punctuality in repaying, every evening, the small sums which most of them have to borrow in the morning from the wealthy shop-keepers of Fisherrow, in order to make their purchases from the fishers. They are known occasionally to quarrel with each other: upon which occasions there are phrases and

* The resemblance between the manners of Scotland and those of France has been often remarked; and the Poissardes of that country, we understand, appear in public without shoes or stockings, like the fish-wives of the period mentioned.—*Mid-Lothian.*

terms of obloquy used, such as would more astonish than shock a refined ear. Upon one occasion, it is said, an infuriated fish-wife, having quarrelled with a more tranquil and callous companion, whom she in vain endeavoured to provoke to hostilities, by a torrent of abuse that might have raised the very stones from the street, at last, when quite exhausted with passion, exclaimed, "Speak, bitch! speak,—or I'll burst."

Newhaven is an ancient fishing village, about a mile west from Leith, and the place from whence proceed most of the boats and steam-yachts used in the pleasure excursions from Edinburgh by water. Besides its excellent little harbour, there has lately been erected in its neighbourhood a chain-pier for the use of those embarking in or disembarking from the said steam-vessels. The appearance of the village is mean, and, the piscatory inhabitants being totally unacquainted with a system of police, the streets, to the utter disgust of strangers, are infested with all kinds of "ancient and fish-like smells." Newhaven, in the fifteenth century, contained a chapel dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and had some time afterwards the honour of giving a title to a peer. Its female population is of a similar sort to that of Fisherrow, just described, with this exception, that they are chiefly employed, during the two-thirds of the year, in supplying the capital with oysters, and that they are, therefore, generally from home at a later period of the day.

PORTOBELLO, a considerable village formed of villas, manufactories, and an inferior proportion of shops, has risen upon a flat part of the coast between Leith and Fisherrow, within the last eighty years. It is greatly resorted to during the summer months by those afflicted with the necessity, or the frenzy, of sea-bathing. A suit of warm-baths was erected in 1807. The village is yearly increasing, and now contains several places of worship.

ROSLIN CHAPEL and CASTLE, situated about seven miles south from the capital, are objects of interest to all strangers, and of frequent pilgrimages to the citizens

of Edinburgh. The Chapel was founded, in 1446, by William de St Clair, a Scottish baron, whom the vainglory of a family historian, and the credulity of innumerable guide-writers, have raised to the rank of a prince, and the state of an eastern monarch. Dedicated to St Matthew, the evangelist, it was designed for a provost, six prebendaries, and two singing-boys. It is very small; but there is a tradition that it was intended to be much larger, and that one small portion of the whole buildings was only executed. The authors of the Sinclair puffs, however, are silent upon this (it might be) delicate subject.

The outside of the Chapel is ornamented with a variety of ludicrous, but not inelegant figures, and the interior wrought in a style of the most curious and ingenious elaboration. The building has the rare merit of being still roofed. Two rows of aisles extend along the sides, having their ceilings thrown into the form of Saxo-Gothic arches. The pillars forming these aisles are only eight feet high, but the workmanship is very rich, and the capitals are adorned with foliage and a variety of figures.* Like other churches, among which may be

* Of Roslin Chapel the ingenious Britton gives the following opinion in his Architectural Antiquities of Great Britain, iii. 49:

"This building, I believe, may be pronounced unique, and I am confident it will be found curious, elaborate, and singularly interesting The Chapels of King's College, St George, and Henry the Seventh, are all conformable to the styles of the respective ages when they were erected; and these styles display a gradual advancement in lightness and profusion of ornament: but the Chapel at Rosslyn combines the solidity of the Norman with the minute decoration of the latest species of the Tudor age. It is impossible to designate the architecture of this building by any given or familiar term: for the variety and eccentricity of its parts are not to be defined by any words of common acceptation. I ask some of our obstinate antiquaries, how they would apply either the term Roman, Saxon, Norman, Gothic, Sarasenic, English, or Grecian, to this building."

The Marchioness of Stafford took some sketches of the Chapel, and had them etched and printed in 1807. They were pre-

reckoned that of Roüen, Roslin has a *prentice's pillar*, with the common legendary story of the sculptor having had his brains beat out by his master, for presuming to execute the work in his absence. In addition to a figure of the said prentice at the top of another pillar, Roslin possesses a bust like that of a woman, said to be his mother, who is looking at the representation of her slain son, and weeping. The prentice's pillar is a piece of exquisite workmanship, having a wreath of minutely elegant tracery twisted spirally around it. Amidst a concert of angels near this, is to be seen a cherub playing on a Highland bag-pipe.

Beneath the pavement of Roslin Chapel lie the barons of Roslin, all of whom were, till the period of the Revolution, buried in armour. There was a superstitious belief, that on the night before any of these died, the whole building appeared in flames. The monument of one of the barons is still pointed out upon the pavement. He is represented in outline, upon the flat stone, with a greyhound at his feet. To be thus represented in effigy, with a favourite animal, usually the chief cognizance of the family, crouching beneath the feet, is well known to have been a common practice of the great of former times; but in the present case it has given rise to a peculiar story, which is thus related to all visitors by the aged mystagogue who now shows the Chapel. The person here delineated, says he, is Sir William de St Clair. He was one day hunting over Roslin Moor along with King Robert Bruce, when a white deer was started. Roslin wagered his head that his excellent hounds Help and Hold would seize the deer before it could cross the March Burn. It was just about to do so without being seized, when Roslin's emergency made him at once pious and poetical; he vowed a chapel to St Katherine provided she would

sented in the shape of a small volume to her friends; but the public has never been favoured with an edition for their own use.

Edinburghshire.

ROSLYN CASTLE.

take his case in hand, and shouted out to the foremost of his dogs,

> Help, haud, an' ye may,
> Or Roslin will lose his head this day.

Help, assisted by the saint, and encouraged by her master, made a desperate leap forward, and pulled down the deer just as it was about to leap upon land. The baron, too much terrified by the risk to enjoy the escape, immediately put his foot upon his dog's neck and killed it, saying it should never again lead him into such temptation. Roslin Chapel was desecrated at the Revolution by a mob from Edinburgh.

Roslin Castle overhangs the picturesque glen of the Esk, and is separated from the neighbouring ground by a deep cut in the solid rock, over which a small bridge has been thrown. Amidst the ruins, which are massive and extensive, a modern mansion has been reared, like an insignificant laird of the present day surrounded by the stalwart ghosts of his forefathers. The Castle having been built upon a sloping bank, one side is much taller than the other. Little besides the new house now exists above the level of the bridge or principal access; but three distinct stories are still entire beneath that point. The most of the lower apartments are small and ill lighted, presenting altogether, in their dungeon-like coldness and inconvenience, a striking contrast to the comfortable accommodations of a modern edifice. The date of the erection of Roslin is usually referred to the commencement of the twelfth century; but no mention of its name occurs in authentic history till 1475. It has been rendered classical by a beautiful Scottish song which bears its name. It was in the neighbourhood of Roslin that, in 1302, the English army, under Sir John de Grave, sustained no fewer than three defeats in one day from the Scots, who were commanded by Cummyn and Fraser.

The beautiful scenery for which Roslin has been so much celebrated, is strictly confined to the immediate

banks of the Esk. The river runs along the bottom of a very deep and narrow glen. The sides of that hollow, or *chasm*, for such it should rather be called, rise precipitously to an equal height on both sides, and are luxuriantly wooded. In every direction around, the scenery is perfectly common-place, or, rather, is invested with all the disgusting attributes of a coal-country. The stranger is thus often surprised to be led towards a place from whose charms he is to expect so much, through plain stone-enclosed fields, which are generally overhung by the stifling smoke arising from the innumerable steam engines of the neighbourhood. In plunging, however, into the romantic vale of the Esk, he all at once finds himself in a new world,—a world of wild and bewildering beauty.

Amidst the lovely recesses of this singular glen, whose echoes seem yet to sound with the wood-born music of its enamoured swain, the ancient house of Hawthornden rises from a precipitous rock, overhanging the south bank of the river. The early history of Hawthornden is obscure, and little remains of its original structure; yet it is an object of the very highest description of interest. The house at present in use, which rises amidst the ruins of the older and more fortress-like edifice, was built in 1638, by William Drummond, the Scottish poet, a man of the greatest public virtue; and whose works of fancy, though disfigured a good deal by the conceits of his age, displayed genius of the highest order. Drummond was the descendant of a family which had supplied a queen to Scotland, —Annabella Drummond, the beautiful and accomplished consort of Robert the Third, and the mother of the poetical James the First. There is, accordingly, still preserved at Hawthornden, a sideboard, said to have belonged to that royal pair. It is about six feet in length and three in breadth; its top consists in a dark marble plate; its sides and *legs* are richly and curiously carved; and at its various extremities are the initials of of its owners,—R. S. and A. D. Besides this venerable curiosity, there are various others shown at Hawthorn-

HAWTHORNDEN.

den House, of almost equal interest,—in particular, the walking-cane of the celebrated Dutchess of Lauderdale, a stately old piece of timber, with a pike at one end and a crook at the other, communicating (unless fancy has deceived us) a striking idea of the personal bearing of that most singular lady. There are also a number of family portraits, and others, including a very fine Queen Mary.

In the face of the precipice upon which Hawthornden is reared, the stranger, traversing the glen, sees a number of holes. These are the orifices of a singular suit of caverns which penetrate the rock beneath the house. No stranger omits seeing this singular curiosity. In the court-yard he is first shown a well of prodigious depth, which communicates with the caves. He then descends a narrow stair to a long subterraneous passage, on each side of which there are small apartments, much after the fashion of a suit of bed-rooms in an old house. Below this there is what may be called a lower story, which also contains rooms, and the passage of which looks out upon the glen at one of the holes mentioned. The shaft of the well communicates with another end of this passage; so that the inmates of these caves could not only draw up their own water when they pleased, but also be supplied with food by their friends above, by means of a bucket.

Without adverting to the circumstance that these caverns must have been originally formed by the early Britons, whose mole-like preference of darkness to light in their fortified residences is a fact well known to antiquaries, we may mention that, by the invariable tradition of the country, they afforded shelter to the distressed friends of Bruce, if not to that hero himself, at a time when they dared not show their faces above ground. In one of the apartments a recess is shown, which is said to have contained the bed used by the heroic Edward Bruce, brother to the king, during his residence here. In the succeeding age, they are said to have been used for the same purpose, by Sir Alexander Ramsay (the knight who slew horse and man, and broke

the pavement-stone in the Candle-maker-row,) and his hardy band of compatriots, who nightly sallied forth from this hiding-place to annoy their enemies, by whom the country was then overrun, and who thus invariably escaped detection. The contrivance of the well is well worthy of the attention and consideration of the curious, because it shows the extreme sagacity of our early ancestors. We presume it is scarcely necessary to point out that food would be smuggled down to the skulking warriors, in the bucket, whenever that vessel was sent down for the apparent purpose of *only* drawing up water.

Many of the minor localites around Hawthornden are associated with the name of the poetical Drummond. His arbour is shown, where he used to sit at his long daily musings,—also a summer-house where he is said to have often taken his food. But, perhaps the most interesting of all the curiosities about the place, is the large tree in front of the gate, which seems to have acted the part of what we have already described by the epithet of "the Covin Tree." Ben Jonson, it is generally known, walked all the way from London on foot, to see Drummond at this his paternal residence. Tradition records a circumstance regarding this visit which seems so characteristic that we cannot but believe it true. Drummond, it is said, on seeing Ben approaching the house, went out, like a good landlord, to the outside of his gate, in order to bid him welcome, according to form, under the shade of this tree. He shook the worthy dramatist by the hand, exclaiming,

Welcome, welcome, royal Ben;

to which Jonson immediately answered, in such a way as to make up a Hudibrastic couplet:—

Thank ye, thank ye, Hawthornden.

The two poets enjoyed the pleasure of each other's conversation for a considerable time; and the stranger will

scarcely visit, without considerable emotion, the place where, in the words of some later rhymester,

Jonson sat in Drummond's classic shade.

The village of LASSWADE is situated still farther down the river, upon the banks of which, its picturesque little groups of houses occupy a romantic dell. Lasswade is said to owe its name to the circumstance of a *lass*, or peasant girl, having here, in early times, supplied the want of a bridge, by *wading* through the water with travellers upon her back.

MELVILLE CASTLE, the seat of Viscount Melville, stands at a little distance from Lasswade. The building is highly elegant, and is surrounded by a park containing some fine wood, which commanded the admiration of his present Majesty, when he visited the castle. Owing, however, to the height of the grounds which surround the mansion, the views are deficient in extensiveness.

DALHOUSIE CASTLE, situated upon the South Esk, is a modernized building, the original of which was of vast and unknown antiquity. Sir Alexander Ramsay, already mentioned, was the ancestor of the present proprietor, the Earl of Dalhousie.

NEWBATTLE ABBEY, the seat of the Marquis of Lothian, lies a little farther down the South Esk, about one mile south-west from Dalkeith. It is situated on the spot formerly occupied by the abbey of Newbattle, which was founded here for a community of Cistercian monks, by King David I. The house contains many fine paintings, and is surrounded by a verdant lawn, interspersed with some straggling trees of great size,—amongst which, in the graphic words of an historian of the seventeenth century, "instead of the old monks are now to be seen the deer."

Close by the wall of the park stands the parish-church of Newbattle, with a small village which has risen around it. By ascending an eminence on either side of this, a prospect may be obtained of the city of Edin-

burgh, and its rich and populous environs. To the south of the village, the ground rises gently, and on the top, which is about six hundred feet above the level of the sea, there are distinct traces of a Roman encampment. This elevated ground is not very fertile; but the picturesque dell which forms the bed of the river, is of the richest possible soil. Newbattle is surrounded by orchards, giving, like so many other places, proof of either the taste and industry of the monks in cultivating such grounds, or their sagacity in choosing soil and situation adapted to such a purpose.

Newbattle Abbey was dissolved at the Reformation. The ancestor of the present possessor was the last abbot. His son, Mark Ker, got the possessions of the abbey erected into a temporal lordship in his favour, anno 1591. He was master of requests to King James VI, and, if we may believe the scandalous chronicles of that time, his death was occasioned by witchcraft. His lady, who had born to him no fewer than thirty-one children, was much given to the company of witches, and in especial kept one in her house of the name of Margaret Nues, who was afterwards burnt for her crimes at Edinburgh. Being sorely afflicted with a cancer in her breast, her ladyship implored the help of a warlock sub-named Playfair. That wretch condescended to heal her ladyship, on condition that the sore should fall upon the person whom she loved best. She soon after got quit of her cancer, but not without its reappearing upon the neck of her husband in the shape of a boil, of which he died. To those who may regard Playfair's machinations with just horror, it will be some consolation to know, that he was soon after apprehended, and confined in the steeple of Dalkeith Church, where he confessed that as well as much more wickedness. This confession coming to the ears of the deceased earl's son, that young nobleman got some servants introduced to his prison under pretence of conferring with him upon the circumstance; and, in pursuance of the maxim that dead men tell no tales, the poor warlock was found next morning cold and stiff, with the points of his breeches twisted and

CRAIGMILLAR CASTLE.

knit about his neck. What adds greatly to the disgust inspired by this anecdote, too characteristic we fear of Scotland in the seventeenth century, no inquiry was ever made into the cause of Playfair's death.

PENNYCUICK HOUSE, the seat of Sir George Clerk, Bart. M. P. is situated about nine miles south from Edinburgh, on the northern bank of the North Esk. The neighbouring scenery is highly beautiful. The house was erected in 1761, by the late Sir James Clerk, Bart. The library contains an excellent collection of books and paintings, and the proprietor has been assiduous in collecting a number of Roman antiquities found in Britain. The pleasure-grounds are highly ornamented, and at the back of the house is an exact model of the celebrated Roman Temple, which formerly stood on the banks of the river Carron, popularly denominated Arthur's Oven. On the opposite side of the river, to the north, stands an obelisk which Sir James Clerk raised to the memory of his friend Allan Ramsay, who often resided at Pennycuick, and is supposed by some to have there composed the greater part of his matchless pastoral.

Pennycuick House is a fine specimen of modern architecture, ornamented with light and elegant sculpture. The rooms are large, in just proportion to the magnitude of the edifice, and the furniture is of the most splendid description. One of the rooms, designated *Ossian's Hall*, has a ceiling beautifully decorated by Runciman. This elaborate and painful work was the cause of the painter's death; for, by lying so long upon his back, he contracted a disorder which soon after ended fatally.*

The village of the same name in the neighbourhood of the house, is remarkable for two paper-mills and a large depot built during the last war for the accommodation of French prisoners.

CRAIGMILLAR CASTLE, three miles south from Edinburgh, stands upon an eminence, and may be seen from

* Runciman died suddenly upon the street in front of his lodgings in West Nicholson Street, Edinburgh.

a great distance in every direction. The date of this fine old ruin is uncertain, but the barmkin or rampart wall which surrounds it, appears, from a date preserved on it, to have been built in 1427. The castle and estate were acquired, in 1374, from a personage called John de Capella, by Sir Simon Preston, whose family possessed both till the time of the Restoration, when they were purchased by the great lawyer, Sir Thomas Gilmour, to whose descendants they still belong.

Being so near Edinburgh, and in possession of a court family, Craigmillar was often occupied as a royal residence. The Earl of Marr, younger brother of James III, was imprisoned here for some time; it was occasionally occupied by James V during his minority. Queen Mary often resided in it during her brief and turbulent reign. So often had Craigmillar been honoured with her residence, that the adjacent village acquired the name of Petty France, from her French guards being quartered there.

In point of architecture and accommodation, Craigmillar surpasses the generality of Scottish castles. It consists of a strong Keep or Tower, flanked with turrets and connected with inferior buildings. There is an outer court in front, defended by the battlemented wall already mentioned; and beyond these there was an exterior wall, and in some places a deep ditch or moat. On the boundary wall may be seen the arms of Cockburn of Ormiston, Congalton of Congalton, Moubray of Barnbougle, and Otterburn of Redford, allies of the Prestons of Craigmillar. In one corner of the court, over a portal arch, are the arms of the family, three unicorns headcouped, with a cheese-press and barrel or tun, a wretched rebus, to express their name of Preston.

The inside of the great hall is stately; and in a stone window-seat, the visitor may observe a diagram cut for playing at the old game called the Walls of Troy.

Craigmillar, with other fortresses in Mid-Lothian, was burned by the English after Pinkie-fight in 1548, and Grose surmises with great plausibility that much of

the building, as it now appears, was erected when the castle was repaired after that event.

The ruin is happily surrounded with some fine old trees, which, with the varied form of the building, render it a favourable subject for the pencil. In a low green on the south side there is still perceptible the figure of a huge P, the initial of the possessor's name, which in former times had been expressed by water, but is now dry. On the north side of the castle, is the quarry from which the pale sandstone used in the building, seems to have been extracted. There is a popular tradition, that the stone used in the earliest construction of Edinburgh Castle was also taken from this quarry. It is still further affirmed, that the latter edifice was built by the Picts, and that, in the want of wheeled carriages, these indefatigable artificers, who by the way get the credit in Scotland of building all old or stupendous public works, transported the stone in their hands, a line of carriers being planted all the way between the quarry and the castle, and each individual handing the huge lump forward to his next neighbour, who, in his turn sent it still further on towards its destination.

MERCHISTON TOWER. This fortalice is situated upon the ascent and nearly about the summit of the eminence called the Borough-moor-head, within a mile and a half of the city-walls. In form, it is a square tower of the fourteenth or fifteenth century, with a projection on one side, and having a small building, like a little stone cottage, which rises above and gives a graceful variety to the square outline of the battlements. A considerable addition has been made to the house of Merchiston within these thirty years, in the form of which the architect apparently meant to maintain the character of the original building, but his purpose has been more meritorious than the execution.

Merchiston has been from an ancient period the patrimony of the family of Napier, ennobled in 1627. It derives renown from its having been the residence of genius and of science. The celebrated John Napier of

Merchiston was born in this weather-beaten tower, about the year 1550; and a small room in the summit of the building is pointed out as the study in which he secluded himself, while engaged in the mathematical researches which led to his great discovery.

East-Lothian.

——— Where the sea-rock immense,
Enormous Bass! looks o'er a fertile land.
HOME.

HADDINGTONSHIRE, a valuable and interesting county, forms the eastern portion of the great district of Lothian, and may be described as situated on the south side of the mouth of the Frith of Forth. Chiefly distinguished by its fertility* and the success of its agriculturists, it possesses few manufactures; it is, however, rich in relics of antiquity, and in legendary lore—a species of wealth more suited to the purposes of this work.

Entering the county by the great London road, which traverses it from one extremity to the other, the first place of importance that occurs in advancing eastward is the village of Tranent. This very ancient village is chiefly inhabited by colliers. It is mentioned in a charter of the twelfth century under the name of Travernent. According to a tradition preserved on the opposite coast of Fife, it derived its name from a remarkable event which occurred at a much earlier pe-

* That it has always been remarkable for fertility, and that its natural good properties have been taken advantage of at an early period by human industry, is supposed to be attested by the fact recorded by Walter of Hemingford that, at the siege of Dirleton in 1298, the English soldiers subsisted upon the peas and beans which they picked up in the fields; as well as by another circumstance recorded by Fordun,—that on a feud arising in the country respecting the abduction of an heiress, in 1336, no fewer than a hundred ploughs were put off work.

riod. A party of Danes having landed somewhere on that shore, met with so warm a reception, that they were immediately compelled to retreat to their boats, and put off again to sea. The exulting natives, as they were departing, cried out with a sneer, "*Travernent*," as much as to say, "try the opposite shore, and see if you will have better luck there." The Danes took the hint, and, having found a more convenient landing-place in this parish, gave it for a name the taunting expression of the Fifeans, which was yet sounding in their ears.

Tranent is chiefly remarkable on account of the battle which took place, in its immediate vicinity, in 1745, between the forces of General Sir John Cope and the Highland army under Prince Charles Stuart. A particular spot, where the heat of this conflict took place, and where a great number of the slain were buried, is marked by a thorn-tree about half a mile north from Tranent Church, growing in a piece of ground usually called Mill-burn meadow.

A singular instance of the preservation of life under the most unfavourable circumstances, occurred at Tranent, about the year 1728. The name of the person was Jeffrey,—a female coal-bearer in the Tranent Pits. Her candle having gone out, she wandered through the *workings*, as they are called, seeking her way home, till, becoming quite exhausted, she was at last obliged to lie down. Meanwhile, every effort was used by her friends to discover her; the town-drum and bagpipes being sent through the *waste*, in the hope that she might be led by the sound. When the search had been continued for fourteen days, she was found lying in a very weak state, below the site of the church. She had devoured her shoes, and sucked the blood from her arm. Providentially, a drop from the roof of the pit which she caught in the palm of her hand, supplied her with what is next to food most valuable; otherwise she could not possibly have survived. She reported that during her stay below ground, she distinctly heard the congregation singing psalms; an affecting circumstance which

was not believed at the time, but which is now shown to have been quite possible by the sinking of a part of the church-yard into the pit where she was lying.

Gladsmuir, a parish situated betwixt Tranent and Haddington, is noted as the birth-place of George Heriot, founder of the hospital at Edinburgh, and for Dr Robertson having been its clergyman, and here written his History of Scotland.

Salton, a little village about five miles south from Gladsmuir, is remarkable on various accounts. Bishop Burnet had Salton for his first benefice, and there used the only copy of the prayer-book known to have existed in the Episcopal Church of Scotland during the reign of Charles II, or till that of George I. He also founded a charity-school at Salton. This parish gave birth to several eminent men, as Andrew Fletcher, the patriotic statesman, who, going over to Holland in 1710, took with him James Meikle, a man of considerable skill in mechanics at that period, and father of Andrew Meikle, inventor of the threshing machine, who were both natives of this parish, and brought back models of a barley-mill, fanners for cleaning corn, and the art of weaving and bleaching Holland cloth. Strange to tell, the barley-mill was the only one in Britain for forty years, and the fanners for nearly the same period. About the year 1750, the first bleachfield of the British Linen Company was formed under the patronage of Justice-Clerk Milton, who was also a native of the parish. Of all these manufactories, there are now no remains, except a small bleachfield, a starch-work, and a paper-mill.

Haddington is sixteen and a half miles from Edinburgh, occupying a dry and agreeable situation on the banks of the Tyne, nearly in the centre of the county. This is a much finer town in many respects than the world seems to be generally aware of; making a nearer approach in appearance to the old, comfortable, well-conditioned towns of England, than perhaps any other in this portion of the empire. It chiefly consists of four good streets intersecting each other; one of

these is impressively spacious and elegant,* and the rest contain many handsome buildings. The Town-house and County-Hall is a respectable fabric; and the church is such a structure as would confer at once beauty and distinction upon a town of much less pretension to either than Haddington.†

It is not known at what time Haddington became a royal burgh, its ancient records being lost. It is, however, known to be of very great antiquity, and, for one thing, to have received its name from its early patroness Ada, mother of Malcolm the Maiden, who founded a nunnery near the town in 1178. It was consumed by accidental fire in 1244, on the same night when Aberdeen, Perth, Stirling, Lanark, and various other towns throughout Scotland, so unaccountably suffered the same fate. Since that period, it has been several times burnt by the English or by accident. Being taken possession of by the English after the battle of Pinkie, it next year suffered a siege from the Scots, which makes a considerable figure in history. It has also had to deplore the devastations of water.‡ The Tyne, being fed by streams from the Lammermuir Hills, is liable to overflow its banks, much after the manner of Skairsburn in Galloway.§ One of its most disastrous

* It has recently been improved by foot-pavements.

† "Haddington church is chiefly built of a fine red free-stone, which was doubtless procured from a quarry in the neighbourhood of Garvald, a village about seven miles to the south-east of Haddington. Tradition, which ever loves the marvellous, relates that these stones were conveyed by manual labour alone from their bed in the quarry to the site marked out for the Church; the means resorted to for this purpose being the establishment of a line of communication between the two places, similar to that employed in feeding a fire-engine from a stream or well; the different posts being so near to each other, could pass with regularity the huge stones from one end of the line to the other."—*Note by a Correspondent.*

‡ Haddington is said by the common-people to have been thrice burnt and thrice drowned.

§ Notice of Galloway.

inundations was that of 1358, when* whole villages were swept off, besides trees, out-field moveables, and human beings, and the very existence of Haddington was imminently threatened. On the flood approaching the monastery, a nun, taking up the statue of the Virgin, threatened to throw it into the water, unless Mary protected her house from destruction; on which the water, says Bowmaker, retired and gradually subsided within its former limits. An equally perilous inundation happened since the Blessed Virgin ceased to exercise any influence in this county—namely, in the year 1775, when the river rose seventeen feet above its ordinary bed, overwhelmed the suburb called the Nungate, and laid the whole of the town in water. On this occasion, the famous prodigy called Big Sam, who happened to be lying with his regiment at Haddington, did good service by carrying people from their houses, where the flood was too deep to be waded by men of ordinary height. No lives were lost by the flood; but many of the poor people of the Nungate died afterwards

* "On Christmas eve, 1358, a terrible inundation devastated the Lothians. The Nungate of Haddington was, on this occasion, nearly swept away. Fordun preserves an anecdote of an inhabitant of this suburb, by name John Birley; which seems to have been present to the fancy of the author of 'The Monastery,' while relating the adventure of Friar Nicholas and the Water-Spirit. John, perceiving the waters rapidly swelling around his residence, retired before them, till they had driven him to the very roof of his house; here, his peril nowise decreasing, he constructed a rude raft, of some timber which in the moment of his emergency he had laid hold of, and on this raft he consigned himself to the current of the river, which bore him towards the bridge,—a perilous passage, but not without its honour, it would appear, from the triumphant exclamation which the historian puts into his mouth, *Now row we merrily!* John's exploit and fortitude became proverbial in the neighbourhood, and his name and deed were preserved in the usual form of a rhyming couplet.

Now row we merrily!
Quoth John Birley."

Note by a Correspondent.

East-Lothian.

of colds which they caught from the damp which it left in their decayed and clayey houses.

The last great conflagration of Haddington was accidental, and happened about two hundred years ago. It was occasioned by the carelessness of a nursery-maid, who had placed a screen containing clothes too near a fire during night. In commemoration of the incident, and to remind all careless maids of the danger of keeping fires burning during the hours of repose, a civic officer to this day, makes a tour through the town, on every anniversary of the day, and, ringing a bell, addresses a long quaint harangue to the nourices and other females of the town. This strange ceremony gets the stranger name of "Coal and Can'le."

Haddington, lying in the centre of a large populous tract of country, is chiefly remarkable in the present day for its great weekly grain-market, which, with its advantages as a county-town, may be assigned as forming its means of subsistence.

The Franciscan Church of Haddington is a noble old Gothic building, partly in ruins. It is situated on the south side of the town, within fifty yards of the river, surrounded by an extensive cemetery. This church was anciently called, by a more than usually elegant monkish imagination, LUCERNA LAUDONIAE—the Lamp of Lothian, on account of its being kept constantly lighted, and thus rendered visible from a great distance by night, but perhaps also in allusion, partly, to the magnificent appearance of the building and the enlightened character of its tenants.* It is no less than 210 feet long, and is surmounted by a square tower, 90 feet in height, and of beautiful architecture. The chancel alone is now in repair, as a parish-church—the whole edifice, once filled with praying monks and religious pageants, being found a world too wide for the shrunk shanks of the Reformed Church.

* Fordun [lib. xiv. c. 13.] thus describes Haddington Church, as it existed in his time—the fourteenth century: "Opus certè quod sumptuosum erat, ac totius patriae illius solatium singulare, cujus chorus quidem, ob luminis claritatem, Lucerna Laudoniae vocabatur."

The Duke of Lauderdale,* and John Brown, a famous dissenting clergyman at Haddington, are buried in and near this church,—two men so opposite in their character and rank as to form a striking illustration of the power of death as a leveller and reconciler.

John Knox was born about a hundred feet to the east of the church, in a street on the other side of the water, called the Giffordgate. The house in which he was born does not now exist; but the people still point out the field to which it was attached, and from which it would appear that the Reformer's father was a *small crofter*, a man maintained in the good old way by tilling an acre of ground.

Haddington is connected in our Scottish Criminal Records with a very remarkable case of parricide. In December 1687, Sir James Stanfield of Newmills, an Englishman then attempting a considerable manufactory near Haddington, was found drowned in a pond by his house, and, as he was a sort of hypochondriac, was buried immediately as a suicide. Some days after the interment, a report arose that he had been strangled by ruffians, instigated by his son Philip, a profligate youth, who had previously been known to curse his father, as well as to attempt his life. The Privy Council then had the body raised and inspected by two surgeons; when, Philip being called to assist in stretching it, to the horror of all present, the mouth and nostrils gushed with blood. This was accepted as a proof of guilt, according to the superstition of the times, and the youth was actually condemned without the assistance of further evidence. He was hanged at Edinburgh, and exhibited in chains on the Gallow-Lee; and his head and hand, being severed from his body, were displayed upon the East Port of Haddington, directed towards the scene of his father's death. Persons still alive, and little past the middle life, remember seeing

* The Lauderdale family have an aisle in the building, which contains a very costly alabaster monument of Italian workmanship.

the remains of the hand still sticking upon the Port. It was only removed when the Port itself was taken away, as part of some improvements upon the town.*

The body of young Stanfield disappeared soon after his execution from its ignominious station at Leith Walk, and was buried in the church-yard of Haddington. The grave used to be pointed out to the last generation of the Haddington boys, every now and then, by their teacher, who never failed on such occasions to give them a sound lecture upon the duties comprehended by the fifth commandment. He also used to seek out and show to them a plant growing upon the grave, (strange to say,) in the shape of a human right hand, and which he represented as a thing that grew upon the graves of all parricides. It was a gross, fungous plant, so as not only to bear a resemblance to the shape, but also to the consistency of a hand; and it certainly was not known to grow anywhere else in the neighbourhood of Haddington than on the sod which covered Philip Stanfield.†

Another of the traditionary tales of Haddington is as follows: George Wishart, the reforming preacher, was occasionally attracted to East-Lothian by the Laird of Ormiston; a place in the western extremity of the county, formerly the property of a race of Cockburns, but now belonging to the Earl of Hopetoun; where there is a large yew-tree, under whose wide-spreading branches Wishart is said to have preached. This man, on one occasion, preaching in the church of Haddington apostrophized the town in the following words,—"Oh, Haddington, Haddington, strangers shall inhabit thee, and babes shall rule over thee!" Though this must have only been one of the raving expressions in which Wishart's class of divines indulged themselves, its prediction is generally supposed to have

* Haddington was till lately a walled town, and had gates flanked with pieces of cannon.

† This is a general superstition which, otherwise, would have been unworthy of notice.

Haddingtonshire.

been fulfilled. Haddington is not very remarkable for the antiquity of its families, and it has often had *novi homines* for its magistrates.*

The principal object of curiosity in the neighbourhood of Haddington is Lethington House, a seat of Lord Blantyre, situated on a fine plain, a mile to the south. Lethington consists in a massive old tower and a modern addition. The ancient part was erected by the Giffords, and, as a specimen of the strong and lofty, is matched by no fortalice in Scotland, with, perhaps, the exception of Cassilis in Ayrshire. It came by purchase into the hands of the Lauderdale family about the end of the fourteenth century, and was the chief residence of that family during the period when its representatives were so noted for their state services.

* "Haddington was from an early period a favourite place of residence with the Scottish monarchs. David I possessed it as his demesne; and, perhaps, to the example of this good prince, who is said to have been fond of horticulture, East-Lothian owed its valuable orchards, which obtained a high reputation in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. In 1139, this town, with a great portion of the surrounding lands, was given to Ada, daughter of Earl Warren, upon the occasion of her marriage with Earl Henry, the son of David I. This princess, in 1178, founded and richly endowed a nunnery at the Abbey of Haddington. In 1180, William the Lion held a great council in Haddington, for the purpose of deciding a dispute between the monks of Melrose and Richard de Moreville, constable of Scotland, respecting certain forest possessions. In 1198, Alexander II, the son of William the Lion, was born at Haddington. Tradition still points out, at a short distance from the western port of Haddington, within the walls, the relics of what must at a very early period have belonged to a building of considerable size and splendour, as the site of the palace in which this monarch was born. In 1242, while the royal suite of Alexander, at that time on his way to visit Henry III of England, were resting and holding princely festivities at Haddington, their mirth was interrupted by the murder of Patrick Earl of Athole. The perpetrators of the crime set fire to the house in which the unfortunate nobleman was lodged; but strong suspicion fell on Walter Bisset, whom Earl Patrick had shortly before overthrown in tournament, and he and his adherents were forced to exile themselves."—*Note by a Correspondent.*
East-Lothian.

It was here that Sir Richard Maitland, when blind with age, dictated his poetical pieces to his daughter Mary, (the partner of his studies, and herself a writer of verses,) and here that Secretary Lethington laid the crafty plans which have so distinguished his name in Scottish history. Their descendant, John Duke of Lauderdale, also was born and spent many years of his life in this castle, which he only ceased to occupy as his country-house, on enlarging Thirlstane Castle at Lauder, towards the end of his career. Becoming the jointure-house of that great man's widow, it was subsequently the residence of her daughter Lady Lorn, mother to John Duke of Argyle. A strange accident here befell that illustrious person when an infant; he fell, without being hurt, from a window in the uppermost story of the old tower, and, what adds some interest to the circumstance, on the very day when his grandfather the earl was beheaded at Edinburgh.

Lethington Castle must have always derived more beauty than strength from its situation. It rises from ground perfectly level, and thus is surrounded, not by the cliff or the moat, but by the more agreeable features of a garden domain. A grove of lofty aged trees, mingled with the minuter beauties of shrubbery and flower-plots, hems it closely round; at a greater distance, it is fenced from the less lovely and lordly part of the world by an extensive park, protected by a vast rampart-like wall.* This theory seems to be confirmed by

* It is commonly said that this wall was built by the Duke of Lauderdale, on the following account. The Duke of York, before visiting Scotland, having told him that he understood there was no such thing as a park in Scotland, Lauderdale assured his Royal Highness that he would find the report false, on coming in person to inquire. His grace then hastened down, to raise this wall, that the royal Duke might not be disappointed. But there must be some inaccuracy in this statement, as I was informed by Lord Blantyre's late venerable factor, Mr Gilbert Burns, that, in the course of his professional transactions, he had seen a contract between the Duke of Lauderdale and a mason in Haddington, for repairing and heightening the park wall, dated before the period of the Duke of York's visit; and

the circumstance that it was once taken twice on one day.

Its orchards, which produced the fruit famed under the name of Lethington apples; its alleys green, one of which is still called the Politician's Walk, from having been used by the Secretary; its "knottis" and arbours; its "bow-buttis" and its "thousand plesours ma;" have all been commemorated in an ancient poem preserved by Mr Pinkerton in his "Ancient Scottish Poems;" of which the following is an extract:

Thy tour and fortres, lairge and lang,
Thy neighbours dois excell;
And for thy wallis, thick and strang,
Thou graitly beirs the bell.
Thy grounds deep, and topis hie,
Uprising in the air,
Thy vaultis pleasing are to sie,
They are so greit and fair.

Greit was the work to houke the ground
And thy foundation cast;
Bot greater it was then to found,
And end thee at the last.
I marvel that he did not feir,
Wha raised thee on hicht,
That na foundation should thee beir,
Bot thou should sink for wecht.

And, to do the simple-minded old poet justice, the sight of this enormously thick and massive tower in reality excites some alarming speculations in the mind of even a modern beholder as to the burden it confers upon the ground.

The great vaulted kitchen of Lethington is justly considered a very fine sight, as also the view obtained from the battlements, of

——the wood and fieldis fair,
Whilk round about them lie.

it is observable, that the upper part of the wall, executed on this occasion, is not nearly so antique in appearance, nor of such strong work, as the lower and original part.

East-Lothian.

But by far the finest sight about Lethington is a full length portrait of Frances-Theresa Stuart, Dutchess of Lennox, the most admired beauty of the court of Charles II, and the passion of that sovereign himself, who endeavoured for her sake to divorce his queen, and disgraced Lord Clarendon for not preventing her marriage to his cousin. It is reported by Grammont, that the king caused this lady's person to be immortalized, by having it represented as the emblematical figure *Britannia* on the coin of the realm. She was a daughter of Walter Stuart, M. D. a son of the first Lord Blantyre; and Lethington got the additional name of "Lennox' Love," from being a compliment to her from her husband, by which means it came into the present family. The portrait mentioned represents a tall woman, with that voluptuous completeness of feature and person which seems, perhaps from the taste of the painter or of the times, to characterise in so peculiar a manner the beauties of this reign. She leans upon the base of a pillar, and looks straight forward with an aspect of the utmost sweetness. Her hair rolls down, like a cataract, upon her fair white shoulders and her half-seen bosom. She is magnificently attired in a loose vestment of massive purple, which clings to the dazzling undulations of her body, covering, but not concealing, its perfect loveliness. A profuse robe of green, falling away from her shoulders, comes artfully round her limbs, and, drawing the purple garment nearer to her figure, betrays its especial perfection at the most interesting point. It is impossible to contemplate this picture without the most rapturous admiration; and it is altogether such a sight as to make the man of sentiment turn away with a soul of a thousand tornadoes, and ask, when reason returns, "where is the dream of my youth,—the holy, virgin dream?"*

Within sight of Lethington stands the mansion-house

* Besides this bewitching portrait, which is by Lilly, there are others, and those very good, of Queen Mary, the admirable Crichton, the Marquis of Montrose, and Lord Belhaven.

of Coalstoun, the seat of the ancient family of Brown, which has at length terminated in the present Countess of Dalhousie. This place is chiefly worthy of attention here, on account of a strange heir-loom with which the welfare of the family was always supposed to be connected. One of the Browns of Coalstoun, about three hundred years ago, married Jean Hay, daughter of John third Lord Yester, with whom he obtained a dowry, not consisting of such base materials as houses or land, but neither more nor less than a pear. "Sure such a *pear* was never seen," however, as this of Coalstoun, which a remote ancestor of the young lady, famed for his necromantic power, was supposed to have invested with some enchantment that rendered it perfectly invaluable. Lord Yester, in giving away his daughter along with the pear, informed his son-in-law that, good as the lass might be, her dowry was much better, because, while she could only have value in her own generation, the pear, so long as it continued in his family, would be attended with unfailing prosperity, and thus might cause the family to flourish to the end of time. Accordingly, the pear was preserved as a sacred palladium, both by the Laird who first obtained it, and by all his descendants; till one of their ladies, taking a longing for the forbidden fruit, while pregnant, inflicted upon it a deadly bite; in consequence of which, it is said, several of the best farms on the estate very speedily came to market. In this mutilated state the pear still exists, but is no longer exposed to such indiscreet attacks, being carefully disposed in some fortified part of the house. Without regard to the superstition attached to it, it must be considered a very great curiosity in its way, having, in all probability, existed five hundred years,—a greater age than perhaps has ever been reached by any other such production of nature.

Presmennan Lake, a beautiful piece of water in the parish of Stenton, on the property of Mrs. Hamilton Nisbet of Beil, some miles south-east of Haddington, is an object of local wonder, and even occasionally attracts the attention of strangers. It was recently formed by

drawing an artificial mound across the mouth of one of those vales which run down from the Lammermuir Hills into the low country, and thereby collecting the waters of a small rivulet. Its beautiful scenery is open to the inspection of the numerous summer parties which visit it, by the kindness of the proprietrix, in allowing them the use of boats, and permitting them to walk through the surrounding plantations. Presmennan Lake is about two miles in length, and averages about four hundred yards in breadth, though in some places it is double that, and in others much narrower; its course, however, is so serpentine, that the stranger may conceive it of any length; the banks rise to a great height on either side, being, in fact, part of the mountainous range of the Lammermuirs. They are thickly planted with wood, which seems to tower up on one side to the very heavens; on the other the wood is less elevated, but fuller grown. From the lake an easy and delightful ride of six miles conveys the traveller to Dunbar.

While Gifford forms an object of interest on the south of Haddington, Athelstaneford is not less so on the north. This little parish-town, without any substantial attractions, is so often visited from motives of mere sentiment, that it may be termed one of the modern *Pilgrimages* of Scotland. Athelstaneford was so fortunate, in the early part of the last century, as to have for its ministers, successively, two men of poetical genius,—Blair, author of "The Grave," and Home, the author of "Douglas." The manse occupied by the former, who was here as much admired in a country parish pulpit, as he has since been in his niche among the British poets, stood opposite to the present modern manse, near the west end of the church-yard. The site is now comprised in the minister's garden, where an apple-tree is pointed out as having stood close to the window of the room or study in which he composed his poem. From that window, it is observable, he could easily see the school-boy with his satchel in his hand, tripping over the little cemetery, and hear the melancholy sigh of the funereal yews, as their gloomy branches were agitat-

ed by the night-wind. Home lived in a house which is still to be seen near the east end of the village. He was also held in great esteem by the parishioners, of whose immortal interests he had the charge for ten years. He is remembered as having been very much given to nocturnal rambling, and, what added to the eccentricity of his conduct, in all his peregrinations he was perpetually *speaking to himself*. It is supposed that on these occasions he was giving vent to the suggestions of his fancy, or perhaps trying how his verses sounded. A sequestered dell called Ravensdale, or more familiarly Wattie's Howe, about two miles west from Athelstaneford, got the reputation of being haunted, and actually retains it to this day, in consequence of Mr Home's declamations.

The pleasant village of Gifford lies four miles south from Haddington. In the immediate neighbourhood is Yester House, the elegant seat of the Marquis of Tweeddale, embowered in noble old woods. The more ancient seat of Yester was a castle farther up the rivulet which here descends from the Lammermuir Hills, the remains of which are still to be seen on a sort of peninsula formed by the junction of two streams. The old castle of Yester was built by Hugh Gifford, the supposed enchanter of the Coalstoun Pear, who died in 1267. That singular person, whose necromantic powers are still the subject of popular superstition, used his magical art in constructing a vault under his castle, which the common people term Bo-Hall or Hobgoblin Hall. A stair of twenty-four steps led down to this apartment, which is large and spacious, with an arched roof. Another stair of thirty-six steps descends from the floor into a pit below, which has a communication with Hope's Water. The whole affords a curious illustration of the artifices which our ancestors were compelled to use for their personal safety. The reader will not require to be reminded of the figure which Gifford and Bo-hall make in "Marmion."

Resuming, from Haddington, the eastward course of the London Road,—the first object of importance is

East-Lothian.

Hailes Castle, a most magnificent ruin, overhanging the opposite bank of the Tyne, four miles from the county-town. This is remarkable as having been the chief residence of Queen Mary during her union with Bothwell. To the south rises Traprain Law, one of the few considerable heights in the plain of East Lothian, and which is said to have had its name changed from Dunpender Law to what it at present bears, on account of some circumstance connected with the Queen.

The beautiful seats of Whittingham and Beil ornament the district lying to the south of this part of the London Road, as Gilmerton and Tynningham do the north. The whole country has an aspect of the utmost fertility, and is generally level. The handsome and populous village of Linton may be considered the capital of this district, lying half-way between Haddington and Dunbar.

Dunbar, a royal burgh and thriving sea-port, consists in one very handsome and regular street, with a number of wynds and inferior streets, and is adorned at one extremity by a seat of the Earl of Lauderdale, and at the other by a fine new church. It is a circumstance strongly characteristic of the history of this town that the ground, in the greater part of the numerous lanes which diverge from the main street towards the shore, sounds hollow beneath the tread, giving evidence of the existence of many subterraneous recesses, formerly devoted to the all-engrossing purposes of smuggling. The High Street of Dunbar, though spacious and regular, is unfortunately deficient in a suitable entrance for the Edinburgh road. The harbour, which is good by nature, has at various times been greatly improved by art. Oliver Cromwell, who seems to have always aimed at ingratiating himself with the people among whom he sojourned, contributed three hundred pounds towards the erection of one of its piers. Dunbar, however, except in the fishing department, does not carry on much trade.

Dunbar seems to have owed its rise, not to its advantages as a sea-port, but to the importance of its an-

cient castle, so celebrated in the Scottish history. Built on a cluster of high rocks, round which the sea beats at high water, and fortified by all the artificial means then known, so as to be thought impregnable before the invention of gunpowder; being, moreover, the first important fortress occurring on this road from England, and the property of a nobleman of great political consequence; the early importance of Dunbar Castle is easily accounted for. Its antiquity is unknown; but, so early as 1070, it was given, with the adjacent manor, by King Malcolm Canmore, to Patrick Earl of Northumberland; a princely noble, who fled from England at the Conquest, and became in Scotland the progenitor of a family of Earls of Dunbar and March, who from their being invariably called Patrick, got in time the ordinary name of Cospatrick (Comes Patricius,) by which they are best known in our history. The eighth Cospatrick, adhering to the Baliol interest at the Competition, held out his castle against the Scottish patriots; but it was surrendered, in his absence, by his wife Marjory Comyn, who preferred her country's to her husband's good. On learning this circumstance, Edward despatched an army under Earl Warren, to besiege and redeem the fortress. Unprepared for sustaining a blockade, the garrison agreed to surrender unless relieved before a particular day. The assembled force of Scotland marched to their succour, which so inspirited the besieged, that they exultingly spread their banners, and upbraided the English with the popular reproach, that the curse of St Augustine had endowed them with an appendage proper to quadrupeds alone, in all systems save that of Lord Monboddo's. "Come hither, ye long-tailed hounds," they exclaimed from the battlements, "and we will cut off your tails for you!" This note was changed, however, on the total defeat of the army which they expected to succour them, as they were then obliged to surrender at discretion.

Dunbar Castle, in the hands of the ninth Earl of March, received King Edward II, on his retreat from Bannockburn; and it was here that, after the route of

his numerous and noble army, he embarked for England in a fishing-boat, with only one or two attendants. Cospatrick afterwards befriended the interests of Bruce. After the fatal battle of Halidon Hill, when a period ensued of almost unexampled depression, that nobleman did good service in the War of Protection carried on by the Regent; while in his absence from Dunbar, the castle was held by his countess, a most heroic person, the grand-niece of Bruce, and whose deeds, worthy of the blood which flowed in her veins, have caused her to be remembered with esteem in this town, as well as in the pages of Scottish history, by the name of Black Agnes. This heroine, at a time when almost all the fortresses south of the Firth were subdued by the enemy, defended Dunbar with a zeal and magnanimity that astonished even the warlike age in which she lived. Dunbar being a stronghold of the utmost consequence to both parties, the English laid siege to it, under the command of a renowned leader, Montague Earl of Salisbury. Black Agnes performed all the duties of a bold and vigilant commander, animating her soldiers by her exhortations, munificence, and example. When the battering engines of the besiegers flung massive stones and fragments of rocks against the battlements, she ordered one of her female attendants to wipe off the dirt with her handkerchief. When the Earl of Salisbury commanded that enormous engine called "the Sowe" to be advanced to the foot of the walls—an engine intended like the Roman *Testudo* to protect those employed to undermine the walls—Black Agnes, perceiving him on horseback directing the operation, called out to him in a scoffing rhyme,

Beware, Montagow,
For farrow sall thy sow.

By her command, there was then discharged on the engine an enormous rock which crushed it to pieces, and caused the surviving men to run away much after the manner of a scared litter of pigs. Ritson has advanced

the Countess into the list of Scottish Poets on the strength of this single couplet; from the record of Scotland's heroes none can presume to erase her. The Earl of Salisbury, finding his open attempts to get the castle of Dunbar thus stoutly resisted, tried to gain it by treachery. Having bribed the person who had the care of the gates to leave them open, he headed a chosen party and prepared to enter. His ally the porter had, however, disclosed the whole affair to Black Agnes, who was therefore ready to receive him in a style befitting so distinguished a visitor. The gates were purposely left open. Unfortunately, as Salisbury was about to enter, John Copeland, one of his attendants, hastily passed before him, and, being mistaken for the Earl, was enclosed by the falling portcullis, while the leader and all the rest precipitately retired. "Aha, Lord Earl!" exclaimed the Countess Agnes, who observed the whole transaction from one of the battlements, "you have disappointed us; we expected that you would have supped with us to-night and perhaps enlisted with us, to keep this our castle against the robbers of England." Thus baffled in all his attempts, Salisbury turned the siege into a blockade, closely environed the castle by sea and land, and strove to famish the garrison; when Alexander Ramsay of Dalhousie, having heard of the extremities to which Dunbar was reduced, embarked with forty resolute men, eluded the vigilance of the English, and, taking advantage of a dark night, entered the castle by a postern next the sea. Sallying out, this little band of patriots attacked and dispersed the advanced guards. The English commander, disheartened by so many adverse circumstances, at length withdrew his forces; and, what is more, the English soon after made a truce with the Scots, being mainly induced thereto by this particular instance of unsuccessful warfare.

Dunbar Castle afterwards changed its possessors more than once, being sometimes in the hands of the English, but more generally garrisoned by the Scots. The policy which dictated to the latter the mainte-

East-Lothian.

nance of few great fortresses on the Border, induced James IV to order the demolition of Dunbar. This was not, however, executed for many years, nor till the fortress had oftener than once figured amidst the incidents of later Scottish history. It was besieged by the royal forces in 1480, when, by a singular fatality, three brave knights, one of them of distinction, were killed by one ball from its battlements. Passing into the hands of the infamous Earl of Bothwell, it was, in 1565, the place of refuge to Queen Mary after the murder of Rizzio, and whither she fled next year under disgraceful circumstances; when she and Bothwell were pursued with such vigour by a party of horse commanded by Lord Hume, that they had barely time to reach the fort —from which they soon after marched to the fatal field of Carberry. The Regent Murray captured and dismantled this famous stronghold in the succeeding year, since which period it has only existed in that state of strikingly picturesque ruin in which the traveller now sees it.

Dunbar Castle is situated about two hundred yards west from the town. Its ruins rise like pillars from the tops of the rocks, and such is the antiquity and such the decay of the buildings, that it is scarcely possible to distinguish the ruin from the rock,—art in this case having almost relapsed into its primitive nature. Both are alike rugged and alike sublime; and when the sea wreaths the whole in foam, and the cloud stoops upon the shore, the whole elements seem to be here mingled and confounded in one grand tumultuous chaos. The fortifications connected with the castle extended at one time over nearly the whole of the adjacent park, where some mounds yet remain to indicate the fact.

The history of the town of Dunbar presents few facts worthy of attention. It was entirely burnt by the English in 1548, thus sharing the fate of innumerable towns, villages, castles, and farm-houses, which fell a prey to that torch which formed so strange a substitute for the hymeneal one intended shortly before to have been lighted. When the army of Cromwell passed

through the town a century afterwards, he was surprised to find it entirely deserted by the active part of the inhabitants, and abandoned to the possession of women, children, and old men, whose wretched dress, and more wretched food, inspired his army of saints with infinite disgust. It is unnecessary to remind the reader of the hapless policy formerly practised in all cases of invasion, —that of depopulating and wasting the country before the approach of an enemy. In 1781, Dunbar was the scene of a transaction such as has been rare on the coasts of Britain for some centuries. A small privateer which had been fitted out by the port, after a long absence, appeared one morning, to the indescribable astonishment of the inhabitants, not with a prize, but followed by a huge privateer in chase. Having run snugly on shore, the Dunbar vessel opened her broadside on the enemy, who turned out to be the American Captain Fall, and whom she provoked to send a few shots into the town, one of which struck a log of wood near the castle. Hereupon, the inhabitants of Dunbar, fired with the utmost zeal in the public cause, and having been a short time before tutored for the reception of Paul Jones, took unto themselves muskets, and proceeded to the pier, from whence they opened up a brilliant fire upon the pirate, though, so far as we have heard, without making so much impression as they expected, or could in their patriotism have desired. Nevertheless, a veteran seaman having seconded their efforts by firing a heavy cannonade, and nearly carried away the enemy's mast, the formidable stranger soon after saw the necessity of sheering off.

The old Church of Dunbar, for which the present handsome structure was substituted in 1819, was the first collegiate church in Scotland, being converted from its parochial condition to that rank in 1342. It contained, and the present building yet contains, one of the most splendid marble monuments in Scotland,— an object truly worthy the attention of the tourist. This is the monument of Sir George Home, created Earl of Dunbar and March by James VI, and who, ac-

cording to a scandalous chronicler, of the time died of poison administered to him in sugar-tablets for the cold, by Secretary Cecil.* The monument is a tall superb structure at the east end of the church, comprising, besides cherubs, armorial bearings, and inscriptions, all in the most beautiful variously coloured marble, a statue of the deceased as large as life, representing him kneeling on a cushion with a book open before him,—which shows his lordship's religion to have been of the court complexion.

Some years ago, a circumstance occurred in Dunbar, which caused more wordshed in the way of gossip than perhaps ever took place, on any other occasion, in any of his Majesty's little gossiping country-towns. A poor old woman, who in former times might have passed for a witch, dwelt in an old-fashioned house in the Dawell-Brae, which had seen better days, and was not without its unaccountable sights and sounds. The most unaccountable thing, however, about the woman, was her means of subsistence. She got but a wretched pittance, as usual, from the poor's fund, yet was never seen to earn any thing by labour, though, like other old women, she might, perhaps, now and then, be scantily supplied by her wealthier neighbours, on the well-known principle laid down by John Girder in the Bride of Lammermuir,—"If there's ony meat in the house that's *totally uneatable*, ye may gi'e't to the puir fouk." After an existence protracted under these disconsolate circumstances beyond the ordinary period of human life, the old woman was at length understood to be confined to her bed, and about to give up the ghost. A vast number of other old women then assembled in her miserable dwelling, and proceeded to minister unto her in style, form, and manner, customary on such momentous occasions. The bed-rid wretch was, however, as her attendants expressed it, "unco ill to dee,"—that is, life showed a great disinclination to part from her body. Moreover, in her delirium, she used sundry

* Scott of Scotstarvet's Staggering State of Scots Statesmen.

expressions which were not considered as altogether earthly, and which, therefore, did not fail to strike all around her with the most horrible and strange surmises. She complained particularly of being annoyed by the rocking of cradles, and the cries of children. How such sounds should have been represented to her imagination, seemed strange to her neighbours, who knew that she had never had any children herself, nor was connected in any way with the affairs of the nursery. The mystery was explained after her death and burial, when, her effects being brought to the hammer, as usual, by the trustees of the poor, her chest was found to contain the skulls of several infants, while, in the meagre pallet of straw on which she lay was concealed the entire skeleton of a child, with nothing upon its bones but a tuft of yellow hair, which adhered to the skull. These were supposed to be victims of maternal cruelty, which this infirm old hag had assisted in removing from the world, or whose murder she had at least connived at and concealed. What rendered this terrible affair the more appalling to the imaginations of the common people, was the idea that the woman might have carried on a *system* of infanticide, and for a great length of time. It was then absolutely amusing, so far as such a subject could furnish amusement, to observe how busily, and with what solicitude, the memories of all the people were set to work, to remember circumstances at all bearing upon the horrible exposure. Many female characters formerly fair were dimmed by the floating conjectures, and as for those which had hitherto been at all suspicious—*their* case was truly pitiable. Such benevolent individuals, moreover, as had ever shown any kindness to the deceased, though otherwise most respectable, were not exempted from the general impeachment; and many a one then took a vow, which no doubt they devoutly kept, never once again to give cauld kail to old woman on this side of time.

East Lothian, and particularly the neighbourhood of Dunbar, seems to have been infested long ago, and in no ordinary degree, with witches. A dreadful accident

East-Lothian.

which occurred near Dunbar in 1577, was popularly ascribed to their malign practices. Dunbar was then the station of the Dutch as well as the Scottish Herring-fishery, and the minister going one fine Sunday morning to church, saw no fewer than a thousand boats preparing to launch out on that business. He warned them of the danger of so dreadful and scandalous a breach of the fourth commandment; but the fishermen, determined to seize the favourable opportunity, paid no attention to his remonstrances. *The consequence was*, that about midnight there suddenly arose one of the most fearful storms ever known to visit the coast; eight score and ten boats were lost, and fourteen score of widows next day wrung their hands on the shore, for the husbands that were never to return.

Spott Law, a hill about four miles to the south-west of Dunbar, was the scene of an incremation of witches so late as the year 1704; and the neighbouring vales used, indeed, to be as full of these dreadful beings, upon occasion, as ever a vale in broad Scotland was full of fairies. The machinations of the "weird sisters," or else of their infernal master, once wrought upon a minister of the parish to commit a crime, the circumstances of which were so singular that we shall make no apology for quoting the account of it given in Crawford's Memoirs.*

* About the latter end of September 1570, Mr John Kelloe, minister of Spott near Dunbar, came into Edinburgh, being seized with a terrible remorse of conscience, judicially to confess a crime which could never have otherwise been proved against him. He had been married before he had got into orders or possessed a benefice, to a neighbour's daughter in the country, who had brought him but a slender portion, yet such as his circumstances at that time obliged him to look upon as a tolerable fortune: to balance this want of money, she was extremely handsome, witty, and fond; she was a very little woman, but well shaped, and in short had all those good qualities which could endear a wife to her husband. He, nevertheless, was so far from being sensible of her merits, that he was frequently out of humour, and often behaved himself very harshly towards her, whilst she, both out of a respect for his person and character, for he was reputed at once a pious man and an eminent preach-

It was betwixt Spott and Dunbar that Oliver Cromwell gave the notable overthrow to the Scottish army, which historians know by the name of the Battle of Dunbar, and which is still remembered with horror by the people of Scotland, under the opprobrious epithet of "the Tyesday's Chase." The Scottish forces, after pur-

er, still strove to forget those injuries she daily received at his hands, and carefully concealed them from all the world. All this, however, could not better her condition, for he, still remembering that she stood betwixt him and wealth, which he proposed to himself by a second marriage with the Laird of ———'s daughter (for so he owned in prison) fully determined at last to rid his hands of such an obstacle as soon as possible. To prepare the way for the execution of his design, and to conceal it when it was done, he seemed wholly to lay aside his former uneasiness, and appeared always discontented when she was not in his company. She, now thinking herself the happiest of her sex, officiously strove to make him so too, and hastened her own ruin; for upon a Sunday morning, as she was saying her prayers upon her knees, he came softly behind her, clapt a rope (which he kept all night in his pocket) about her neck, and, after he had strangled her, tied her up to an iron hook, which a day or two before he had purposely nailed to the ceiling of the room. This done, he bolted his gate, and crept out at the parlour window, stept demurely to church, and charmed his hearers with a most excellent sermon. At night, after his usual manner, he invited two or three of his neighbours to sup with him, telling them, his wife not being well, and of late somewhat inclined to melancholy, had not come that day to church, and would be very glad to see them at her house. All of them being fond of her, and sorry to hear she was indisposed, willingly accompanied him home; but, knocking at the gate, were surprised to hear that nobody answered, but much more, when, having forced it open, they found her hanging dead in her husband's closet. Mr John was struck dumb with a well-feigned grief, and counterfeited sorrow so much to the life, that his neighbours almost forgot to mourn for the dead, so much they were afraid of losing the living. However, these forged tears, by the infinite mercy of God to this great offender came suddenly to be real ones. His soul became oppressed with the weight of his guilt, and finding no hopes of ease from the painful rack of conscience, about six weeks after he had committed the murder, he confessed the same to the school-master of Dunbar, who accompanied him to Edinburgh, where, being convicted from his own mouth, he was sentenced to be strangled and burnt at the Gallowlee, and

East-Lothian.

suing Cromwell through East Lothian till he could get no farther for the sea, and having occupied the Peaths which could alone afford him a passage towards England, sat down upon the Doon Hill,* and leisurely watched him as he lay at bay on the plain in front of Dunbar. The English commander entered that town on Sunday the 1st of September, 1660, and having encamped near the church, took up his own quarters in Broxmouth House. Tradition says that he attempted to fortify the church-yard; it is known from the printed dispatches, that he employed his men on Monday in drawing a ditch between his camp and the dreadful hill, on which his over-powerful foe hung like a thunder-cloud ready to burst and overwhelm him. Had the Presbyterian army remained on their station, they would soon have starved the hero of the Commonwealth into a surrender; but the natural impetuosity of the Scottish soldiery being inflamed by the indiscreet zeal of their clerical leaders, it was resolved, greatly against the wish of their commander, early on the morning of Tuesday, to come down and attack the English. Cromwell is said to have stood upon a little mount near Broxmouth, and viewed through a spy-glass the motions of the enemy. When he saw the Scottish spears moving down the hill, reflecting back the rays of the rising sun, and observed the confident disorder of their horse, he exclaimed in a transport of joy, "The Lord hath delivered them into our hands!" Such was indeed the case. The irregular attack of the Scottish army was met with one much more vigorous and successful on the part of the English, and a dreadful route was the immediate consequence. If we may credit Cromwell's dispatches to Parliament, he killed ten thousand men, and took a much greater

his ashes to be thrown into the air; which was accordingly executed upon him the fourth day of October 1570. Never did any man appear more penitent or less fearful of death. He was attended from the prison to the stake by three of the clergy, and by the way he rather instructed them than received any assistance from them." *Memoirs, &c.* 12mo. p. 157.

* A striking eminence betwixt Spot and Dunbar.

number prisoners, including many men of distinguished rank. It is a fact which ought to be recorded to the honour of this great man, that, immediately after the battle, he issued an order by tuck of drum in behalf of the wounded, for whose benefit a vast number of medical and chirurgical attendants were, as soon as possible, collected.*

The coast in the neighbourhood of Dunbar is remarkable for its perilous character. One part is particularly dangerous,—the mouth of the Tyne, three miles to the westward. What here appears at high water a considerable estuary, is left, at the recess of the tide, a vast plain of quicksands. *Tyne Sands,* as they are called, have proved the grave of many a brave vessel. The Fox man-of-war was here cast away, and actually intombed, on the 14th of November 1746. The masts and parts of the rigging have been occasionally seen by aged persons, projecting above the treacherous plain; but all attempts at extricating the unfortunate vessel have proved vain.

On the north bank of the Tyne, at its mouth, lie the woods and pleasure-grounds of Tyninghame, the seat of the Earl of Haddington. Of Tyninghame-house itself, some idea may be formed from the curious fact, that all the ten successive Earls of Haddington have made a point of *adding a piece to it.* It is thus, without being very large, a singularly irregular and picturesque structure, comprising specimens of all altitudes of buildings, from one to five stories. The *woods* of Tyninghame are what render it chiefly remarkable. These were principally planted upwards of a century ago, by the poetical Earl of Haddington. It had formerly been supposed that no wood could grow upon ground so much exposed to the sea-blasts; but his lordship, learning that this objection did not obtain in some other parts of the world, resolved upon making the attempt. To the mortification of all the seers who had prognosticated its failure, the attempt succeeded, and the result is what

* See printed broadside of the times.

the stranger now sees, a finer and older forest than is to be found anywhere else in Scotland, excepting perhaps in Athole and Bute.

The principal vegetable wonder in the Tyninghame grounds, and indeed in East Lothian, is the magnificent series of holly hedges; which far surpass, in size and extensiveness, those of which Evelyn boasts so proudly in his "Sylva." One of these hedges* (that near the farm-house) is no less than twenty-five feet high and thirteen broad; and the length of what is denominated the Holly Walk, lying chiefly between two hedges of fifteen feet high and eleven broad, is no less than thirty-five chains, eighty links, English measure.†

Near Whitberry Point, about two miles north from Tyninghame, there is a rock, which, projecting into the sea in an oblique manner, causes a sort of creek, into which the waves flow with turbid and impetuous violence. This creek, by reason of its being a deep hollow, is called *Baldred's Cradle;* and the common people say, with great elegance of imagination, that Baldred's Cradle is "rocked by the winds and waves." St Baldred, who gave his name to this natural curiosity, as well as to many other places in the neighbourhood, lived during the seventh century, in a hermitage on the Bass, and was esteemed one of the most holy men of his time. When he died in 607, such was the veneration in which he was held, that the three neighbouring parishes of Auldhame, Tyninghame, and Preston, laid claim to his remains. It being impossible to satisfy the multitude without supernatural agency, the enraged embassy were on the point of deciding their right by blows, when a Pictish sage judiciously advised them to spend the night in prayer, that the bishop of the diocese might have an

* The first hedges formed in Scotland, were on the road leading up Edge Buckling Brae in this county, and at Finlarig, at the head of Loch Tay, in Perthshire. They were both planted by Cromwell's soldiers.

† For this information we are indebted to a meritorious work by a native of East Lothian, entitled, Popular Philosophy, or the Book of Nature laid open.

opportunity of settling their dispute in the morning. "When day dawned," says Holingshed, with becoming gravity, "there were found three biers with three bodies decently covered with clothes, so like in all resemblance, that no man might perceive any difference. Then, by commandment of the bishop, and with great joy of all the people, the said several bodies were carried severally unto the three said several churches, and in the same buried in most solemn wise, where they remain to this day in much honour with the common people of the countries near adjoining."

The Bass and Tamtallan Castle are the next objects worthy of notice that occur in traversing westwards the coast of East-Lothian. The former is one of the most famous natural curiosities in Scotland, while the latter has been in its time not the least distinguished among those of an artificial nature.

The Bass is an island of about a mile in circumference, rising four hundred feet sheer out of the sea, at the distance of two miles from land. The author of Douglas has described it as a sea-rock, immense and amazing, overlooking a level and fertile country. It is indeed an object of the most wonderful proportions; and altogether, to quote the words of Holingshed, "certes there is nothing about it that is not full of wonder and admiration." Its rise out of the sea is perfectly direct, though not on all sides equally high; and there is only one place where it is possible to effect a landing. This is at the side towards the land, where the rock also admits of a fortification now dismantled. A fearful and unaccountable chasm in the rock, just between the wind and water, penetrates from one side to the other; and it is possible to traverse this at low water. The whole is carried into a peak at the top, on the side next the sea; and not the least remarkable characteristic of the Bass, is the vast number of sea-fowl that cover all its ledges and are perpetually flying around it.

The Bass, as already stated, was at an early period the retreat of a holy hermit. It was long in the posses-

sion of a family of the name of Lauder, one of whom distinguished himself as a compatriot of Wallace. In 1405, it became the temporary retreat of the Prince of Scotland, afterwards James the I, when it was found expedient to send him to France, to secure him against the machinations of the Duke of Albany: he was kept here till a vessel came to take him away; after which he was seized by the English in passing Flamborough Head, and kept prisoner for nineteen years. Soon after the Restoration, the rock was sold to government for L.4000, and converted into a state prison. Many of the most eminent of the Covenanters were confined here, as Peden, Hogg, Rule, Gordon of Earlstoun, Blackader, and Mitchel. It was the last part of Great Britain that submitted to the authority of William III, being defended in behalf of James VII, by a brave officer, David Blair, third son of Blair of Ardblair, who finally retired to France and died. The garrison, on this occasion, acted for several months in opposition to the newly constituted powers, not only repelling but actually attacking their enemies. They had a large boat, which they hoisted up or down at pleasure, and in this committed many daring piracies. They were only at last compelled to surrender to King William by the failure of their supplies of provisions from France. The Bass is now the property of Sir H. D. Dalrymple, of North Berwick, Bart.

The Bass is visited in summer by innumerable pleasure-parties. In order to perform the visit, it is necessary to apply for a boat either at the town of North Berwick, or at Canty Bay near Tamtallan—a curious little fishing-village, with a public house. The party is first taken round the island in order to admire its stupendous precipices, and then landed at a level part of the rock beneath the walls of the fortress. An ascent of fifty yards along the bare precipice, which one may see has been commanded by the guns of the castle, brings the visitant to the gate of this solitary stronghold, which extends a considerable way along the rock, and is not yet much decayed. The dungeons are at

least still entire, in which the western whigs sighed out so many years of durance. About half-way up the grassy brae towards the peak there is a little roofless chapel, with a baptismal font. In this place, it is known, the garrison used to keep their ammunition. Further up there is a garden, and on the top of all there is a cairn and the socket of a flag-staff. It is certainly worth while to sit down here and contemplate the delightful scenery around—the coast of Fife, the Isle of May, the long up-rising plain of East Lothian, and the distant "palaces and towers" of lofty Edinburgh.

The Bass is remarkable, like Ailsa Craig, for its myriads of solan geese. Bellenden, in his *naïf* and amusing style, informs us that "at thair first comin, quhilk is in the spring of the yeir, they gather so gret number of treis and stikkis to big their nestis, that the samyn micht be sufficient fewell to the keparis of the castell, thoch thay haud na uthir provisioun; and thoch the keparis tak fra thir fowlis thair stikkis and treis, yit thay tak litil indignatioun thairof, bot bringis haistlie agane als mony fra uthir places quhair thay fle." But either this must be an utter fiction, or the geese have changed their nature since Bellenden's time; for it is very observable in these creatures, that they nestle on the *bare rock*, or at least amidst a layer of mere dung and feathers. It is by no means an unpleasing sight to see so many large beautiful white birds sitting together, each upon its solitary egg. They are singularly tame, and suffer themselves to be approached with scarcely the slightest symptom of concern. At a particular period of the year, they are gathered from the rock by the daring servants of the proprietor, who derives a considerable revenue from them. The Bass annually pays twelve geese to the church of North Berwick, as a part of the minister's stipend.

Besides solan geese, the Bass gives shelter to a vast population of puffins, scouts, and sea-gulls, which are to be seen unceasingly flying round the island, and diving down into the sea for prey. The grassy part on the top of the rock also affords food for about twenty sheep. The

sheep fed upon the Bass are in great request among the epicures, on account of their exquisitely delicate flavour.*

On the top of the rocky shore opposite the Bass, two miles and a half eastward from the town of North-Berwick, the massive remains of Tamtallan Castle frown grimly over the sea. This fortress was formerly thought, to use Bellenden's language, "unwinnable by engine of man;" and the common people signified their reliance upon its strength by the proverbial saying, "Ding down Tamtallan, make a brig to the Bass;" two things which they conceived equally impracticable. The circuit enclosed by the buildings is of great extent, fenced upon three sides by the precipice, and on the fourth by a double ditch and very strong outworks. The principal object now visible is a vast rampart, presented towards the land, and which has an appearance the most ghastly imaginable, from the exterior stones having been all picked off.

Tamtallan was a principal castle of the Douglas family, and when the Earl of Angus was banished in 1527, it continued to hold out against James V. The king went in person against it,† and, for its reduction, borrowed from the castle of Dunbar, then belonging to the Duke of Albany, two great cannons, whose names, as Pitscottie informs us with laudable minuteness, were "Thrawn-mouth'd Meg and her Marrow;" also "two great botcards, and two moyan, two double falcons, and four quarter falcons;" for the safe guiding and delivery of which three lords were laid in pawn at Dunbar. Yet, notwithstanding all this apparatus, James was

* Bass Mutton, like Lochfyne herrings, is scarcely to be procured genuine. We have heard of an Edinburgh butcher, who used to brag under the rose to his friends, that he usually found means to dispose of a hundred carcasses of Bass Mutton annually; that is, ten times more than the real annual produce!

† There is a tradition among the soldiers, that the Scots March now beat was first composed for the troops going on this siege, and that it was meant to express the words "ding down Tamtallan."

forced to raise the siege, and only afterwards obtained possession of the castle by a treaty with the governor, Simon Panango. Tamtallan was afterwards "dung down," and ruined by General Monk; its lord, the Marquis of Douglas, being a favourer of the royal cause. The ruins belong to the proprietor of the Bass.

The old church of Whitekirk, situated about three miles inland from Tamtallan, was formerly a distinguished pilgrimage, being chiefly resorted to by barren women, who are said by tradition, to have generally returned home (in one sense,) "as women wish to be who love their lords." It was under the pretence of a pious expedition to Whitekirk, in order to perform a vow for the safety of her son, that the widow of James I contrived to deceive Chancellor Crichton, and carry off James II in a chest to Stirling; an incident well known in Scottish history. Immediately behind the church there is a large house, now converted into a granary, where Queen Mary is affirmed to have spent two nights.

North Berwick is a snug little royal burgh and seaport, undistinguished by any trade or manufacture. The lofty conical hill which derives its name from this town, and which has been endearingly celebrated in Scottish song,* is a most remarkable object on account of its rising suddenly out of a level territory. Besides the Law, which is said to have been the last scene of witch-burning in East Lothian, there is, however, no object of importance in the neighbourhood of the town, if we except the ruin of an old Cistercian nunnery situated on an eminence at a little distance.

Proceeding westwards, along the coast-road, the traveller comes to the noble ruin of Dirleton Castle, the old gray walls of which have been beautifully overgrown

* The boat rows at the pier o' Leith,
Fu' loud the wind blaws frae the ferry;
The ship rides by the Berwick Law,
And I maun leave my bonnie Mary.
BURNS.

by ivy. This fortalice, after being distinguished in history so early as the time of Bruce, and passing through the hands of many illustrious masters, was finally reduced to its present condition by the Parliament-general, Lambert.

The village of Dirleton is delightfully situated on the sea-coast, about two miles to the westward of North Berwick. We have been surprised to learn that this village is seldom visited by strangers. A more eligible watering-place is not to be found on the whole coast of Scotland; certainly it has not its equal on the eastern shore of the island. With the wide-waving corn fields of East Lothian stretching close up to it on the one side, and the sea-foam rippling along the very margent of its *Green* on the other, Dirleton combines all the rich and fragrant scenery of a rural midland hamlet with the circling breezes and azure champaign of a marine village. It possesses, in fact, all the more elegant features of both these situations, though a painter, or a poet such as Crabbe, might say it was deficient in picturesqueness. Standing in the centre of the *Green*, and looking northwards, the eye of the spectator is arrested by the towering magnificence of the ivy-clad castle, and the antique hedge-rows of its garden, and beyond these it catches a glimpse of the most fertile districts of this well-cultivated county. Turning towards the north, the little sea-girt rocks of Fidray, standing out about a gun-shot from the shore, first arrest the eye; and beyond these, the wide expanse of the opening Frith carries the eye uninterruptedly along to the distant horizon. On the west the view is bounded by the rising grounds of Rockville, but to the east the eye finds no pause between the limits of the village green and the distant horizon, the intervening objects lying beneath the level of its range, with the exception of the Bass, which here too intrudes its huge bulk on the observation of the spectator. A single solitary arch of massive architecture, and ample span, one of the ancient gateways of the baronial palace, standing upon the limit of the Green, springs up between the eye and the distant blue. The Green itself is of

considerable extent; the cottages composing the village, many of which are very neat, and some extremely pretty, being festooned with climbing shrubs, surround it on the west and north sides; the high road running between the Castle and the Green on the south. Upon the whole, though no physicians, we should imagine this village one of the very best bathing-stations in the island. The climate is excellent; it is well sheltered from the colder breezes; there are no features about it which could offend the nicest sight or smell; it is the station of the parochial church and school, both of which useful appendages, we may be allowed to add, are served by well-informed and amiable men. A family might live here in a very comfortable manner, receiving their supplies from the neighbouring town of North Berwick, or even from the great city itself, for we believe there is a daily coach between Edinburgh and North Berwick. A recluse might, from his cottage window, overlook the ocean the whole livelong day without the interruption of one passing object, or by a walk of one minute's length across the Green, he might fancy himself transported into the most secret retirement of the country, amid the shady alleys and laurel groves of the Castle garden.

In Dirleton parish are the ruins of Gulane church, a building of very great antiquity, and formerly the parochial place of worship. The last vicar of Gulane is said to have been deposed, if not altogether expelled the kingdom, by King James VI, for the crime of being a notorious smoker of tobacco; to which herb his majesty's antipathy is well known.* The extensive common called Gulane Links is well known to sportsmen as a piece of excellent coursing-ground.

Gulane Links are bounded on the west by Aberlady Bay, at the bottom of which stands the little village of Aberlady. The people of this village are stigmatized

* We have seen somewhere a pun by King James, referring to tobacco. On passing a tobacconist's door in London, he apostrophized the painted sign of a flagrant tobacco-leaf, with the classic exclamation "Io Bacche!" The word is thus abbreviated in Scotland.

by a popular obloquy or ridicule with a phrase apparently of no meaning, but which, being an allusion to a highly ludicrous circumstance, has all the effect of a disreputable epithet. However strange it may appear to the reader, it is a certain fact, that nothing will irritate a native of Aberlady so much as simply to utter the words "*Stick us a'!*" If these words be pronounced aloud in the street of the village, the people will come out and attack with sticks and stones the offensive individual; and it is not many years since an unwitting Englishman, being engaged by a bet to do so, was treated with a lapidation, from the effects of which he never recovered. The circumstance alluded to was this. An honest Aberladian coming home one day, was astonished to find, as the old song says, "another man where nae man should be." Enraged at his wife's supposed infidelity, he drew his knife and attempted to stab her; but she eluded him, and took refuge in a crowd of her neighbours. The unhappy man told his wrongs to the crowd with all the eloquence which his case inspired. But what was his mortification when, instead of making the desired impression upon their minds, he found them quite shocked at the violence of his anger, insomuch that one of the women exclaimed, with becoming indignation, "Faith, billy, gin that be your story, ye micht *stick us a'* in Aberlady!" It is enough to say that this fairly stuck to the town, and probably will do so while time endures.*

In the immediate neighbourhood of Aberlady stands the noble and beautiful mansion Gosford House, the seat of the Earl of Wemyss; the interior of which is as elegant as its *tout ensemble* is magnificent. The rooms, which are almost without example spacious, contain many first-rate paintings, but which to enumerate would almost require a distinct work. The house fronts towards the sea, and its massive white figure, conspicuous above the surrounding trees, is seen from a vast distance on all sides,—from the coast of Fife, from Lam-

* Popular Rhymes of Scotland, *vo.* Rhymes of Reproach.

mermuir, and from many parts of Edinburgh. But, unfortunately, from the prevalence of dry rot, this elegant mansion has been nearly deserted and, it is said, will be shortly pulled down.

The next place that occurs on this road is Long Niddry, a curious little old-fashioned village, formerly much larger, and the appendage of a baronial mansion-house. The Laird of Long Niddry was a zealous Reformer, and had John Knox for the tutor of his children. When residing here, John often preached in the family-chapel to the inhabitants; and the ruins of that edifice, overgrown in their decay by ivy and weeping plants, are yet pointed out and visited by his admirers. The people of Long Niddry were formerly remarkable for their adherence to all kinds of old-fashioned customs. One trait of their manners, though homely, is perhaps worthy of preservation, as illustrating the system of kindliness and mutual serviceship which obtained among our simple fathers. It was customary at Long Niddry, in case of any family being visited by their friends on a day when they *had not the pot on*,—that is, were not cooking broth,—the only day out of three or four on which they could present a tolerable dinner to a friend,—for the gudewife to go to her next-door neighbour, and, *if the pot was on there*, to get the same away with her, for the provision of her visitors. If the pot was not on at her next-door neighbour's, she went to the next house, and so forth; and no particular obligation was held to be incurred by this transaction,—it was just a matter of mutual conveniency, in other words a Friendly Joint Stock Kail Insurance Company.

Still farther westward, the traveller finds the interesting remains of the once princely place of Seton. A huge, heavy-looking chateau now occupies the site of Seton House; but the old fortified rampart-wall still exists, as well as the collegiate church connected with the original mansion. Seton lies upon the face of a gentle declivity, within a mile of the sea. Some old stately

trees still continue to shelter the place which they were ages ago planted to adorn.

Seton House, erected in the beginning of the seventeenth century, was by far the most magnificent and elegantly furnished mansion of its time in Scotland. It consisted, like other large houses of the period, as Pinkie, Kenmure, &c. in two sides of a quadrangle, the rest of which was formed by a rampart. The state-apartments were on the second floor, very spacious, nearly forty feet high, superbly furnished, and covered with crimson velvet, laced with gold. When James VI revisited his native dominions, he spent his second night in Scotland at Seton; having lodged the first at Dunglass, on the south-eastern confines of the county. Charles I and his court also reposed here, when on a progress through Scotland. The Earl of Winton was attainted on account of his concern in the Civil War of 1715; on which occasion, it is a remarkable illustration of the decay which had by that time taken place in the system of vassalage, that this great lord of the soil was only attended by twelve retainers. After his attainder, the furniture of the palace was sold by the Commissioners of Enquiry; including the pictures, which filled two large galleries, and some of which are yet to be seen at Pinkie and Dunse Castle.

The collegiate church of Seton was built and furnished in a style of splendour suitable to the palace. It is a handsome little Gothic edifice, with a steeple. The rich vestments of the provost and inferior priests, the gold and silver vessels, &c. with which this church was adorned, form an astonishing catalogue in the accounts of its despoliation by the army of Hereford in 1544. It is now, though entire, perfectly desolate. A door of coarse deals gives admission at the western extremity; the windows are also dealt with in the same manner. The walls and monuments are crusted over with damp and dirt; the floor is broken up; the tombs with all their contents exposed; and a more complete picture of overthrown grandeur does not anywhere exist.

Haddingtonshire.

Such a ravage, the stranger is apt to exclaim with bitterness of spirit, could not have taken place, but for the proprietor's *back being*, in the old Scottish phrase, "*at the wa'*."

Portseton, Cockenzie, and Prestonpans, which here line the coast, are ancient seats of the salt manufacture. The last is a considerable village, and, in addition to its "pans," possesses a thriving manufactory of stoneware. This part of the coast is more eligible for the manufacture of salt than any place farther up the Firth, because the sea-water is here stronger, or less diluted with that of rivers, and therefore produces more salt with the same quantity of firing. The process of salt-making is simply this. The water is introduced from the sea into a reservoir, at high water, when the pipe takes in a stronger material than at any other time. From this reservoir it is pumped into a large oblong "pan" which occupies the whole floor of a cot, and beneath which the furnaces are disposed. The pan being shallow, evaporation soon causes the water to sink; after which another modicum of water is pumped in, and after that a third; when the last is boiled fairly down, the salt is found in a considerable quantity at the bottom, with a residuum of oil, which is used for the manufacture of magnesia. The fuel used is small coal, which, strange to say, is technically called *wood* by the salters, probably from wood having formerly been used. The process of making one pan of salt requires upwards of twenty-four hours, so that they only make five pans in the week. Their fires, however, are never permitted to cool, and they employ the interval between Saturday afternoon and Monday morning, in simmering, without attendance, a small quantity of water, the product of which, called Sunday Salt, is in great request on account of its being finer and in larger particles than ordinary salt. Two men are required to attend every pan, one of whom is master and the other servant. The Salters are a peculiar people, and, like the colliers, to whom in appearance and manners they bear some resemblance, were, till about fifty years ago,

East-Lothian.

slaves or vassals, and held as transferable with the property of the works. Their wives are as industrious as themselves, by carrying salt to Edinburgh for sale.

Such is the county of Haddington; of which it may be said in conclusion, that, while only one other Scottish county can pretend to the same degree of fertility or agricultural eminence, few possess so many attractions for the poet and historian, or can boast of so wealthy and intelligent a population.

Fife,

INCLUDING KINROSS-SHIRE.

Fife—and a' the lands about it.
Local Toast.

FIFE, a district including the county of Kinross, is a sort of peninsula bounded at one end by the German Ocean, and on two sides by the Firths of Forth and Tay. Thus separated from the adjacent counties, it has many peculiarities to distinguish it from the rest of Scotland. Ever more secure from the invasions of the English, the arts of peace have been here longer cultivated than almost anywhere else. Almost surrounded by navigable seas, it has longer possessed the benefits of commerce. Gifted, at the same time, with every description of natural wealth, it has always been in some measure independent on the neighbouring districts. Its advantages have, it is true, been less apparent since the Union, when our commerce with the northern states of Europe declined, and gave place to that with the colonies in America, for which the western ports of Greenock and Glasgow were more conveniently situated. But before that period, there can be no doubt that Fife, with its numerous harbours, was in every respect, the *capital county of Scotland.** A great proportion of its present

* "Fife is the most populous, the most rich, and the thickest of towns and villages, of all the provinces of Scotland. Its inhabitants are little martiall, consisting most of merchants, shopkeepers, mariners, and husbandmen. But so new-fangled in their religion, and so bewitched both by the authority and ex-

gentry are descended from merchants, who were, some centuries ago, wealthy enough to purchase lands near the seats of their trade. There can be no doubt, moreover, that the common epithet, "The Kingdom of Fife," took its rise in the idea which the neighbouring people had at an early period of its eminent wealth and isolated and independent character.

The oblong square of Fife is traversed longitudinally by two ranges of hilly ground, having a narrow plain on each side towards the Firths, and a more spacious one in the middle, which, from its being the bed of the river Eden, is sometimes termed Stratheden, but is more commonly as well as more descriptively designated "*the Howe o' Fife.*" The western extremity of the district scarcely comes within this general description. Of it Lochleven may be said to form a central point, surrounded by a hilly territory, with a spacious piece of generally level land towards the Firth of Forth. The number of towns in Fife is perhaps its most remarkable characteristic. These, on account of the commercial pursuits of the former inhabitants, abound most upon the shore of the Firth of Forth; which has caused Buchanan to say of the district, "*oppidulis præcingitur,*" —it is fronted with a girdle-full of little towns. King James VI, with equally graphic accuracy of description, and still more elegant fancy, is said by tradition to have likened Fife, in consideration of its internal wastes, to "a gray cloth mantle with a golden fringe."

It is purposed in the following pages, to survey the most interesting parts of Fife by entering at North Queensferry, passing to Inverkeithing, Dunfermline, and Kinross; crossing Lochleven to Kinneswood and Falkland; then going down the Howe o' Fife, by Cupar to St Andrews; lastly, coming round by Crail, and passing through the numerous towns which line the coast for thirty miles westward; a delightful tour, which

ample of the nobility, and by the sermons of their seditious ministers, that all of them are extremely addicted to the Covenanters." *Montrose Redivivus*, 1652, p. 92.

the present writer performed on foot, to his perfect satisfaction, in nine days.

The great passage across the Forth at Queensferry belonged, before the Reformation, to the abbot of Dunfermline. At that momentous period it was disposed of to a joint-stock company, the first thing of the kind perhaps known in Scotland, and of which a very amusing anecdote is told. The abbot, being very anxious to raise money, and afraid, moreover, that all his property would soon be wrested out of his hands, gave a precipitate order to an agent to dispose of the ferry, if not to one person, to as many as could agree in clubbing for the purchase. The agent accordingly divided the ferry into sixteen shares, and offered the same for sale. The project was immediately successful; the shares were eagerly purchased; the agent continued to sell as long as he found persons willing to buy; and, scandalous to relate, there is evidence still in existence, that he actually sold eighteen sixteenth shares of the Queensferry passage!

The narrow strait where this ferry takes place, is interrupted by a little island, called Inch Garvy, upon which a fort was established during the last war. Before the institution of the state-prison upon the Bass in the reign of Charles II, the principal establishment of that nature in Scotland was placed upon Inch Garvy. Among other prisoners of distinction who had been confined in it, was Lord Home, who signalized himself at Flodden and fell a prey three years afterwards to the implacable hate of the Regent Albany. When Charles II was in Scotland in 1651, it is observable from Sir James Balfour's Annals that he visited Inch Garvy.*

The little village of North Queensferry is in no respect remarkable; but the stranger will view the promontory upon which it is built with some interest when he is informed of the following fact. A project was formed, about the time of the Union, by some wealthy

* It has been for some years proposed to throw a wire bridge of two arches across the strait at this point, the central pier to be established upon Inch Garvy.

Jews to establish a sort of new Jerusalem upon this piece of ground, which should become in some measure the emporium of British commerce, and be a city of refuge and a rallying point to their wandering nation. They proposed to fortify it, which could have been very easily done, and the bays on each side were to have formed the harbours. The project was given up on account of some interference on the part of government; but it was very much relished at the time by the people of Scotland, who were then possessed with a sort of phrensied wish for commerce at whatever risk they were to enjoy it.

The promontory in question is called the Cruicks, and belongs to the burgh of Inverkeithing. It is further remarkable as the place where Oliver Cromwell first encamped on crossing the Forth, July 17, 1651. The bay between it and Rossyth Castle is called St Margaret's Hope, on account of Margaret, the Saxon Princess, afterwards consort to Malcolm Canmore, having here been driven ashore by a storm, in her flight from England, immediately after the Norman Conquest. The bay to the east of the Cruicks is much deeper, and serves as the harbour of the town of Inverkeithing. Upon the Cruicks there is also a Lazaretto, where all goods to be landed on this part of the coast of Scotland from tropical countries, have to pass quarantine.

Inverkeithing lies immediately behind the Cruicks. This burgh, though now reduced to a secondary or even lower rank, was once one of the most respectable in Scotland, being the place where the Convention of Royal Burghs was appointed to meet, before that honourable distinction was transferred to Edinburgh. It is a burgh of the very highest antiquity. Its first existing charter is one from William the Lion, confirming one of earlier but unknown date; this sovereign died in 1214. By its charter, the burgh was endowed with a jurisdiction over a very extensive tract of country.* It is said to

* "The jurisdiction of this ancient burgh extended to the water of Devon on the west, where it adjoined to the boundary

have been in those early times the residence of many noble families, and even of royalty itself. David the First is known for certain to have had a minor palace

of the jurisdiction of Stirling. The boundary line proceeded up the Devon, to Tullibole and Millnathert, and from thence through the centre of Lochleven, marking off the jurisdiction of the burgh of Perth. It then proceeded down the river Leven till it came to what is called the Great Stone of the water of Leven, where the jurisdiction of the burgh of Cupar meets that of Inverkeithing. Finally, it stretched into the Firth of Forth, and went along the middle of that estuary in a westerly direction, marking the limits of the burgh of Edinburgh. Throughout the whole of this district, which is at least twenty miles in extent every way, the magistrates of Inverkeithing had a power of pit and gallows, and a right to levy customs,—at all fairs and markets, upon goods and cattle,—at all harbours upon ships—and at all ferries upon whatever crossed over. It is not long since several of the last-erected burghs within this wide jurisdiction, bought up the burdens thus imposed upon them; but the burgh still receives customs at the Tullibole and Kinross markets, and from all that crosses at the North Queensferry. The government was and is still exercised by a Provost and High Sheriff, with an unlimited number of councillors, who, after being once elected, hold office for life. The ancient family of the Hendersons of Fordel (chiefs of the clan Henderson) hold, by a royal grant from Queen Mary and King Henry Darnley, the right to the office of hereditary Provost and Sheriff; but, though claimed by them, and particularly by the late Sir John Henderson, it was never exercised. The act for abolishing hereditary jurisdictions, passed in 1748, put an end to these arbitrary rights, and brought the power of all the local superiors within the general jurisdiction of the supreme courts of the country, as by law established.

"The history of Royal or King's Burghs is curious in itself, and seems to claim some notice in this work. They were distinguished from Barons' Burghs and Abbots' Burghs, called Burghs of Barony and Burghs of Regality, by the extensiveness and liberality of their privileges. For instance, if any man committed a crime or any criminal took refuge in a King's Burgh, he could only be tried by the Justice Aire or Circuit, according to law; whereas, if he was taken by the Barony or Regality officers, he was tried by the baron or abbot, who had the power of pit and gallows within their own jurisdiction—that is, starving to death in a dungeon or hanging upon a gallows, without trial or jury. It was in order to break down the excessive power of those dignitaries that the kings of Scotland, whose government was always

at Inverkeithing; and the people yet point out an antique tenement which they affirm to have been the abode of Queen Annabella Drummond, already mentioned as the consort of Robert the Third and mother of the illustrious James the First.

As the stranger may reasonably be supposed to have some interest in this ancient palace, we shall be at some pains to describe it. Situated on the east side of the main street of Inverkeithing, in a line with the rest of the houses, it is a building of three stories, the lowest of which, according to ancient fashion, is a series of vaults. It is of the strongest architecture of the fourteenth century, and seems to have been calculated for defence as well as convenience. The common people usually call it "the Inn," which seems to indicate that it was at one period of its existence used as a house of public entertainment. It confers upon the people who live in it, the privilege of being exempted from the restrictions imposed by the five incorporations of the town; and an *unfree* joiner at this moment exercises his trade in one of its apartments, to the great indignation of his fellow-citizens.

The common tradition regarding the Palace is, that it was built for a repudiated queen, who wished, in her

favourable to the people, established burghs under their own name, where they could administer justice by their own civil officers or deputies, with greater fairness and mildness. James the Fifth and James the Sixth had the merit of raising almost all the little towns of Fife into Royal Burghs, which they did evidently for good purposes, although in modern times it is generally acknowledged that their privileges rather interrupt than advance their interest. Many of the little burghs of Fife having been so poor before the Union, as to renounce the expensive privilege of sending a member to Parliament, *(they had to pay him half-a-crown a day, we believe, while upon duty,)* have not now an elective franchise. Fife, however, on account of the immense multiplicity of towns which still possess that privilege, yet sends no less than a ninth part of what Burns calls 'Scotland's chosen five-and-forty' to the British senate—an enormous over-proportion when its population is considered."—*Note by a Correspondent.*

Fifeshire.

place of banishment, still to see the towers of Edinburgh Castle, which contained the person of her cruel but beloved husband. This story, however, though justified by the circumstance that it is possible here to see the distant spires of the capital, and though it be by far the most pleasing version of the matter, is, we fear, not exactly true. Queen Annabella is affirmed upon better evidence to have adopted this place of residence during the periods when her consort was engaged in war, or when it was unsafe, on account of the Western Islanders, to reside at his favourite palace of Rothsay in Bute. If it was built for a repudiated queen, it must have been for Queen Jean Logie, the wife of King David II; for we can remember no other Scottish queen who was divorced. Queen Annabella died at Inverkeithing in 1403, and was buried at Dunfermline.

Connected with this homely palace, there is an extensive garden, stretching down towards the bay. It is said that the house was provided with one of those ancient conveniences which are now known by the appellation, *subterraneous passages*, and that it passed down below the garden and under the basin of the bay, over to the Ness or promontory on the other side—a distance of about a mile. There yet exists a series of vaults in the garden, resembling the cloisters of an ancient monastery, and it is not long since the foundations of a building called *the chapel* were eradicated from the adjacent ground. A portion of the garden surrounding the site of this building, is composed of blacker earth than the rest, and occasionally casts up fragments of human bones, having apparently been used as a burying-ground. It is altogether probable that the palace was only an appendage to one of the numerous religious buildings known to have existed in Inverkeithing before the Reformation.*

The neighbourhood of Inverkeithing was, in 1651,

* The palace of the pious David stood at the north end of Inverkeithing, where the people still point out the site of a building which was popularly called "King Dauvit's House."

the scene of a battle between the English Parliamentary army and that of the Scottish loyalists, in which the latter was defeated and almost cut off. About two thousand five hundred Scots encountered a superior force under General Lambert, upon a plain to the north of the town. One of the Scottish generals, Holborn, is supposed by historians to have betrayed his trust; and the people have a strange story about him standing on the East Ness, and inviting the English across the water by a trumpet. But the other general, whose name was Brown, displayed a high degree of fidelity and personal valour, and died, soon after, of grief for his defeat. A rill traversing the valley where the conflict took place, called the Pinkerton Burn, is said to have run red with blood for three days, in consequence of the slaughter, which, according to all accounts, was prodigious. In the picturesque language of the old people of Inverkeithing, the plain was "like a *hairst-field* with corpses"—that is, a field thickly strewed with newly cut sheaves of grain. M'Donald of Clanronald lost six sons, each of whom came up successively to defend him, and was successively cut down. Such memorabilia give a striking idea of the military character of the republican soldiery, and of the animosity which prevailed between them and the northern presbyterians.

Rossyth Castle, already mentioned, is by far the most striking object on this part of the coast. It is a huge square tower, situated close by the sea, the waves of which encompass it at high water. There is something impressive, and even august, in the appearance of this ancient fortalice, deserted as it is in these its days of ruin and decay by every thing but the wild sea-bird and the feeding sheep. It was, in its days of pride, the seat of that branch of the family of Stuart from which Oliver Cromwell was descended—the posterity, namely, of Sir James Stuart, uncle to King Robert II. There is a tradition that, as the Protector's grandmother was a daughter of the Laird of Rossyth, and had been born in the castle, he visited it when encamped in the neigh-

bourhood. It is also asserted that Queen Mary at one time resided in the castle; which is not improbable, since her arms and initials are still discernible over the gate giving entry to the court-yard. On a stone in the south side of the tower, near the ground, is the following quaint inscription:

> In deu tym draw yis cord ye bel to clink
> Quhais mery voic varnis to meat and drink.

The cord of the dinner-bell must have hung at this place; but it seems to have been a strange act of supererogation in the architect, thus to inform the servants that it was necessary to keep this particular part of their duty in due remembrance: Had it been a bell to make them rise in the morning, an inscription might have been more indispensable. The couplet ought certainly to be accepted as a specimen of the poetry of the fourteenth century.

From this part of the coast to the ancient and most interesting town of Dunfermline, the distance is about three miles. The traveller, in thus approaching Dunfermline, has the satisfaction of walking over the same ground which St Margaret traversed immediately after her shipwreck at the Hope which bears her name. This princess, laying aside her many noble virtues, is entitled to the respect of all Britons, on account of its being through her that his present Majesty may be said to add his descent from the Saxon dynasty to his other claims upon the British crown. She was the grandniece of Edward the Confessor, and fled from England with Edgar Atheling at the Conquest. Landing for refuge in Scotland, she was well received by Malcolm Canmore, and soon after became his Queen. By her piety and learning, she softened the ferocious character of her husband* and subjects; and such was the esti-

* Tradition tells that Malcolm could not read, but that, anxious to please his learned consort, he used to kiss her pious books by way of testifying his accordance with their doctrines and his sense of their value; not being able to express the same in words intelligible to her.

mation in which she was held, that her body was eventually transported to France and invested with the honours of canonization.

The impression made upon the public mind, by Margaret's numerous virtues and exalted character, seems to have been very strong, if we are to argue from the liveliness of the traditions preserved regarding her, or the faculty which she seems to have had, in common with other great personages, of giving her name to places and natural objects. Not only was Queensferry designated from her, and the bay where she disembarked, but there is a stone on the road towards Dunfermline which also bears her name. It appears that, in walking to Dunfermline, she complained of fatigue, and sat down upon this stone; which on that account was called St Margaret's Stone, and gives a name in its turn to the little farm on which it is situated. The stone thus honoured by the sacred sitting-part of the pious queen, is a large detached *saxum*, and may be seen jutting into the highway between the North Ferry and Dunfermline.

Dunfermline, at this early period, had recently become the seat of the Scottish Government. It continued to be a favourite residence of the successive monarchs down to the union of the Crowns, though long before that period the seat of empire had been transferred to Lothian. Previously to the Reformation, moreover, it derived importance from its wealthy abbey. It is now distinguished by its activity and success in certain branches of the linen manufacture.

The town lies upon a large elevated plain, extending gently upwards from the sea. It consists in one principal street, stretching from east to west, and a number of minor ones, crossing down hill at right angles. What with the spires and other eminent points in the external aspect of the town, it has altogether a noble appearance; so that a sentimental traveller is almost deluded into a belief, on first approaching it, that the king may yet be sitting "in Dunfermline toun, drinking the blude-red wine." To be sure, an enormous barn-like

meeting-house, raising its rectilinear ridge above all the houses, and almost above the abbey-church itself, works grievously against this process of the imagination.

The internal aspect of Dunfermline indicates as much comfort, if not elegance, as its exterior displays grandeur. Within the last thirty years its size has been greatly increased, not only by the extension of the cross-streets, but by the addition of a large suburb to the west. In this direction it was formerly prevented from extending, by a deep ravine, and by the ground beyond being private property; but both obstacles were simultaneously overcome by the proprietor, (Mr Chalmers of Pittencrieff,) filling up the ravine at a great expense and feuing out his grounds to people willing to build. The town possesses a good town-house, and two good inns, one new and very handsome, decorated with the singular appendage of a spire.

It is, however, on account of its remains of regal and ecclesiastical magnificence, that Dunfermline is chiefly remarkable. These, it is true, are shattered and decayed to the last degree of ruin. Yet, as it is more agreeable to traverse the forest when the sere leaves are rustling beneath the tread, than when the trees are arrayed in all their summer glory, so is there perhaps a more exquisite pleasure in the contemplation of these melancholy fragments, than there might be in the sight of the original buildings in all their perfect splendour.

On account of the irregularity of the ground, it is not easy to describe the ruins which confer so much pleasing interest upon Dunfermline. They may be in general described as occupying the edge of the bank or brae on which the town is mostly situated, and as being partly enclosed by the woody policy connected with the neighbouring villa of Pittencrieff. The vestiges of King Malcolm's castellated palace,* (the most ancient

* The memory of this building, which usually gets the name of "the Tower," is preserved by its being the coat-armorial of the town, the motto attached to which is also commemorative—"Esto inaccessa rupes."

of the antiquities of Dunfermline,) are shown upon a peninsular eminence jutting into the ravine already alluded to, surrounded with all kinds of horrid depths and dense shades, things which it is the peculiar quality of this *policy*, of all *policies* in the world, to afford in singular abundance. Upon the edge of another part of the ravine, and closely adjoining to the town, are the remains of the later palace, consisting merely in a tall massive wall, which seems to have been the south-side of the complete building. This wall is of most beautiful architecture, and full of fine windows; but the ivy and trees which have been permitted to overgrow it, exclude the possibility of judging very accurately. Connected with the palace, though a public street intervenes, is the Fratery, consisting of little more than a similar side-wall. The church rears its huge form close by the Fratery, having apparently been the north side of a square, in which that structure constituted the south division.

The Abbey of Dunfermline was founded by Malcolm; suffered greatly by the troops of Edward I, who wintered in it, and was desecrated at the Reformation. The founder, his queen, seven other monarchs, five queens, and many eminent men, were buried within its precincts. No part is now entire except the nave of the church, which is of heavy Saxon architecture. This, after serving for centuries as a parochial place of worship, has been recently abandoned, for the sake of an edifice in a style that may be termed the Modern Vulgar Gothic, which the heritors, with better intentions than taste, attached to the eastern extremity of the ancient fabric, by way of a new chancel, choir, and transepts. The union thus achieved is as incongruous as that of the dead and living bodies tied together by Magentius; and the bad taste evinced by it is noway obviated by a certain architectural eccentricity in the decoration in the steeple. The tomb of Robert Bruce having been discovered in clearing away the ruins of the ancient choir,—a circumstance that caused every heart in the kingdom to give a throb of joy,—the peo-

ple who managed the new building felt so proud of their church possessing the remains of that illustrious man, and were at the same time so much afraid of hiding their light under a bushel, that, on finishing the steeple, they judged it necessary to put up a *sign* intimating the circumstance. Accordingly, lest the memory of Bruce should ever perish, or the world forget that he lies beneath the new steeple of Dunfermline, the balustrade round the top contains the words, in massive stone letters, each word occupying a side, "King Robert the Bruce;" in which mode of designating the monarch there was, at least, as much learning displayed as there was good taste in the whole design.

In the church-yard there stood, till 1784, when it was blown down by a tempest, a thorn-tree of vast size and great apparent age, which was said by tradition to mark the grave of Wallace's mother. How that lady came to die here, is not known; but the tradition that this was her burying-place is positive and general. It is added, that on burying his mother here, the Scottish patriot desired to erect a monument to her memory, but had not time, being obliged to remove his quarters, either in pursuit of, or flight from his English enemies. As a *next best*, he planted this thorn, which continued to commemorate the event till its destruction, time and cause above-mentioned; when it was replaced by a stem from the old tree, which has now reached a considerable size, and promises to continue the memory of Wallace's filial affection unto all time.

The old church, though deserted, contains some objects of a certain degree of interest, in particular the tomb of Commendator Pitcairn. This man, who died in 1584, is termed, in his epitaph, "Patriae spes columenque, quem virtus, gravitas generoso pectori digne ornaverunt, et vera cum pietate fides." Whatever might be Pitcairn's gravity or piety, it does not appear that he possessed the gift of continence, since a house is pointed out in Maygate, near the church, where he is affirmed to have kept a mistress; nor is he said to have been a very lenient governor of the town, for he warn-

ed his subjects not to make too free with his character in the following minatory inscription over his door, still perfectly legible;

'Sen vord is thrall and thocht is fre,
'Keep veile thy tongé I coinsel the.

The stranger is also shown the place where the Repentance-stool was situated; the bottom; to wit, of the western window. It will be remembered that Burns, in visiting this church in the course of his northern tour, ascended the pulpit, and harangued a friend, (who at the same time mounted the stool,) in the style of a west-country clergyman, who had once, if not oftener, reproved himself for his youthful indiscretions. There is a capital print by David Allan, representing a real *occasion* of this sort, as it took place in this very church, during the ministry of one of the famous Erskines.*

* Ralph Erskine, clergyman of this parish, who, in the year 1739, along with some other ministers, seceded from the Church of Scotland, and gave rise to that sect which is now called the Associate Synod. It is recorded of this man by tradition, that, on the evenings of the days called Sacrament Sundays, after having exerted himself for eight or ten hours in *serving the tables*, he used to preach a sermon-extraordinary no less than six hours long, occupying the hours between six o'clock and twelve at night.—The congregation of seceders which he established at Dunfermline, out of anxiety to distinguish even the dust of their clergymen after their decease from that of less pure Christians, purchased a particular place of burying-ground in the churchyard of Dunfermline, where all the successive incumbents have been interred. Some years ago, the skull of Ralph Erskine, happening to be turned up by the grave-digger, was examined by a phrenological friend and discovered to be *extremely small and round*.—In the time of this singular clergyman, a style of language seems to have prevailed among the excessively pious, which would scarcely be deemed to betoken that quality now-a-days. For instance, it is remembered of Ralph Erskine, that on a servant coming to his door to inform him of the death of his brother the minister of Stirling, which he had for some time expected, he exclaimed, "Ah Yeben! Yeben! (Ebenezer was

It is worth while to ascend the old steeple, on account of the extensive view to be obtained from its battlements. Considering that the site of Dunfermline is not very elevated, and that there is no want of hilly ground in the neighbourhood, the stranger is here astonished to learn that, by looking round, he can see fourteen different counties. A few days after a party of the Highland army of 1745-6 had left Dunfermline, Lord Charles Hay, of the Tweeddale family, provost of the town, and an officer in the King's army, was taking a view of the surrounding country from this lofty station, when a Highlander, who had remained behind as a spy, aimed a pistol at his lordship, and, to the amazement of all who saw the action, shot away one of the ear curls of his military peruke.

The Fratery is so fortunate as still to have an entire western window, much admired for its complicated elegance. Beneath the Fratery there were six and twenty cells, many of which still remain, with the windows built up. The people have an idea that there are a great many subterraneous passages and cells under both the abbey and palace. One large *souterrain* is at this day accessible by a stair descending from the east end of the palace. It is commonly called "the Maga-

his brother's name,) ye've won to heaven before me; but I'll no be lang ahint ye, lad!" The influence of Erskine's long and energetic prelections seems to be not yet altogether dissipated in Dunfermline. The people of this town are remarkable for the extreme fastidiousness of their taste in sermons. Not long ago, one of their churches, the minister of which was of popular election, remained vacant for no less than seven years before the congregation could light upon a preacher to their mind. There still exists, moreover, in this town a tyrannical and absurd practice, formerly prevalent throughout the whole of this kingdom, and countenanced by acts of parliament—of sending men through the streets on Sunday, during the performance of divine service, and taking prisoner every person whom they find abroad. It is worthy of remark that this strange relic of the gross ecclesiastical tyranny of the seventeenth century, now exists in no other town in Scotland, except Stirling, where, as already mentioned, the brother of Erskine officiated as minister.

Fifeshire.

zine." A range of Gothic pillars supports the middle, and there is a passage up to the church, which James VI is said to have generally used, when he desired to go thither *incognito*. Some years ago, a man, whose circumstances were supposed to be embarrassed, suddenly disappeared from the town, and was generally thought to have gone abroad. On this passage, however, being accidentally intruded upon, his remains were found and recognised from his clothes. He had withdrawn, and here laid himself down to die, in the hope of never being again seen on earth, till the day when creditor and debtor shall alike be called to account. It is impossible to withhold respect from a suicide who displayed so remarkable a degree of firmness of mind and romantic feeling.

The tomb of Bruce is situated directly under the pulpit of the new church. The tomb-stone of Queen Margaret is shown at the east end of the church, in the shape of a large marble slab, broken into three pieces, and in which there are six hollow circles, said to have been the situations of as many candlesticks. King David I was also buried in Dunfermline Abbey, and it was at a visit to his grave that King James I* made his celebrated observation, that he had been "a sair saunt for the croun." There are half a dozen large marble slabs in the north transept of the new church, affirmed to mark the graves of as many monarchs. Several graves were dug up in the course of the reparations of 1818, supposed to have been those of monks, as the fragments of leather caps or cowls were found on the scalps; which habiliment, it seems, the pope permitted the religious of Dunfermline to wear instead of cloth cowls, on account of the alleged coldness of the climate. About seventy years ago, some labourers employed in removing part of the old walls, came upon a recess in which they found a human body in a state, apparently, of perfect preservation, but which immediately crumbled down into dust. It was the figure of a lady

* Not the Sixth, as is generally supposed.

splendidly attired, and standing upright. On making the discovery, the men called to their master, who was standing at no great distance; he instantly ran to the place; but, so rapid was the process of decomposition, that, when he came, there was nothing to be seen but a heap of dust. This, however, on account of the great proportion of gold in the clothes, absolutely shone, as he expressed it, like so much gold dust. As Dunfermline was not a nunnery, and this could not therefore be an unfaithful votaress, as in the similar case of Coldingham, it may be supposed that the figure was that of some lady of eminent rank, who had been thus buried by way of distinction.

Extensive as the ruins of the abbey now appear, it is generally asserted that they bear no proportion to the original buildings. It is not probable, from the palace being near the western extremity of the church, that they extended far in that direction; but in the opposite quarter, they are said to have stretched all the way down to the site of the present manse in the Newraw, no less than about a quarter of a mile from the ruins now visible. The streets in the immediate neighbourhood of the church are narrower and more antique in appearance than the rest.

The Palace is connected with the Fratery by a massive fabric, which, being arched or *pended* beneath, crosses over a street. In the ceiling, so to speak, of the embrasure of one of the upper windows of the Palace, and perfectly visible from below, there is a curious antique piece of sculpture, which might perhaps have figured somewhere else before being built into its present place. It is about eighteen inches square, and represents in low relief the passage of scripture termed the Annunciation. It bears three different inscriptions, which, from the thing not being exposed to the weather, are now as legible as on the day they were cut—as follows:

Ave gratiae plena dns tecum.

Ecce ancil la Dni	Fiat mihi S. V. J.	anno chi 1100.

This palace derives a melancholy interest from having been the birth-place of Charles I, a sovereign whose memory will be cherished with respect and affection, so long as virtue shall be admired or misfortune claim a tear. The bed in which he was born, after continuing many years in the public inn of Dunfermline, was not long ago transported to Broomhall, the seat of the Earl of Elgin, two miles from the town. It is a large four-posted bed, and was brought by the Queen from Denmark, along with a press or cupboard, which is at present to be seen at Pittencrief House, within half a mile of the town. The people of Dunfermline tell a curious anecdote of the infancy of King Charles, which we shall relate, as we heard it, without comment.

Charles was a very peevish child, and used to annoy his parents dreadfully by his cries during the night. He was one night puling in his cradle, which lay in an apartment opening from the bedroom of the King and Queen, when the nurse employed to tend him suddenly alarmed the royal pair by a loud scream, followed up with the exclamation, "Eh, my bairn!" The king started out of bed at hearing the noise, and ran into the room where the child lay, crying, "Hout tout, what's the matter wi' ye, Nursie?" "Oh!" exclaimed the woman, "there was like an auld man came into the room, and threw his cloak owre the prince's cradle; and syne drew it till him again, as if he had ta'en cradle, bairn, and a' away wi' him: I'm feared it was the thing that's no canny." "Fiend nor he had ta'en the girnin brat *clean* awa!" said King James, whose demonological learning made him at once see the truth of the nurse's observation; "gin he ever be king, there'll be nae gude i' his ring—the de'il has cussen his cloak owre him already." This story is generally told, and in the same manner, by the aged and more primitive portion of the inhabitants of Dunfermline; and the latter part of the king's observation is proverbial in the town—it being common to say to a *misleared* or ill-conditioned person, "I daur say the de'il has cussen his cloak owre ye!"

Fifeshire.

The last royal personage that occupied the palace of Dunfermline was Charles II, who spent some time in it, during his Scottish campaign of 1650–1.

Kinross, the chief town of the little county which bears its name, is situated about fifteen miles inland, on the west shore of Lochleven. The principal street now extends along the Great North Road; but the town formerly consisted alone in a few small narrow antique lanes, which may yet be seen between that street and the lake. It derives its name from an ancient strong-hold, which was called Kinross on account of being situated on a promontory here jutting into the lake, and of which the town was originally a dependance. This strong-hold, long the residence of the Earls of Morton, was removed upwards of a century ago, and and the promontory is now occupied by Kinross-House, an elegant structure built and inhabited by Sir William Bruce of Kinross, the architect of the modern part of Holyroodhouse, and many other mansions of the reign of Charles II.

Kinross has no independent manufactories, but contains more than four hundred weavers, who procure employment from Glasgow, and is enlivened by the transit of numerous coaches along the North Road. The church stands in the centre of the town, unconnected with the church-yard, which occupies a singular and most picturesque situation on the point of the promontory.

The main object of interest in the neighbourhood of Kinross is the beautiful lake on whose banks it is situated. Lochleven—a word which can never be heard in Scotland without interest—has, according to the people, the following remarkable peculiarities: it is eleven miles round, is encompassed by eleven hills, is fed by eleven streams, contains eleven kinds of fish, and is studded by eleven islands! It is, however, principally on account of its island-fortress, the prison of the unfortunate Mary, that it is worthy of attention.

The Castle of Lochleven is situated on an island of about two acres, near the north-west extremity of the

lake, and directly opposite to the point of the promontory already mentioned. It is needless to tell how this fortress belonged originally to Dongart, King of the Picts, was inhabited by Alexander III, besieged by Edward I, and latterly possessed by a branch of the Douglasses now represented by the Earl of Morton. It is sufficient to know that it was the residence, in 1567, of the most beautiful of Queens and the most hapless of women.

Lochleven Castle consists in one square tower, not very massive though five stories in height; a square barbican wall; and a minor tower at the south corner of the court-yard. It is now totally dismantled and partly ruined. There is a space without the circuit of the wall, which, from some trees and mounds, appears to have been a garden. The grass of the court-yard and this space affords pasture sufficient to maintain two cows.

Sir William Bruce is said to have attempted to repair Lochleven Castle, and, in particular, to have given a new roof to the minor tower.* Soon after his time, however, the main tower was unroofed, and reduced to its present desolate condition. There is now no proper access to this building; for the draw-bridge which originally communicated with a door in the third story by means of a structure raised in the eastern part of the court-yard, has shared the fate of the roof. It is, nevertheless, possible to clamber up through a window into the second flat. The Queen's apartments are affirmed by the people to have been on the fourth story, where a small recess or embrasure is shown, said to have constituted all her accommodations in the way of bed-room. As the whole internal space of the tower cannot be above twenty feet square, it is supposable that the unfortunate lady was not consoled for her captivity by many of the conveniences or elegances of life.†

* This is called the Glassin Tower, on account, it is said, of its having been employed as an observatory.

† "Yet, some persons remember to have heard an old man say, that, in his time, there were fifty-two beds, or perhaps only bed-steads, in the castle." *Stat. Acc.*

Kinross.

When the Queen escaped from the castle, her deliverers did not make for the ordinary landing-place on the shore at Kinross, or for the nearest point of land at the church-yard,* but landed at a place called Balbinny, on the south side of the lake, from whence she was conducted across the moors to the Ferry. She stopped a few hours during the night at Niddry Castle in West Lothian, and arrived next morning at Hamilton Palace, fifty miles from the place of her confinement.

Another of the islands in Lochleven is called the Reed Bouir, from its being overspread by reeds. The largest island in the loch is one at the east end called the Inch, and on which there are yet to be seen the slight remains of a religious building. Here Andrew Winton wrote his chronicle, so often referred to by historians. Instead of a body of learned monks, it now maintains a flock of sheep and a few cattle, for whose use the remaining part of the church is used as a sort of pen-fold.

At the eastern extremity of the loch are situated the remains of the monasteries of Portmoak and Scotland's Well. As there is nothing inviting in this part of the country, the ground being on the contrary very moorish, it may excite the astonishment of the traveller to see a cluster of religious foundations in a place so ill suited for their maintenance. What is perhaps still more wonderful, this desert gave birth to and nourished the poetical talent of Michael Bruce, a youth of considerable genius, but who died before it came to maturity.

Michael Bruce was born in Kinneswood, a little sequestered village, situated on the north-east shore of Lochleven, and overhung behind by hills of a peculiarly wild and precipitous character. The house in which he first saw the light—a thatched one of two stories—is pointed out on the left side of a wynd proceeding up

* Between this point and the Castle island, a causeway traverses the bottom, as in the similar case of Lochmaben and Forfar. When the water happens to be low, it is almost possible to wade into the isle upon this strange pavement, which is very narrow and formed of large stones, like a Roman way.

Kinross.

from the main street towards the hills. There is a garden behind, which once contained a bower formed by the youth's own hands, for purposes of study and poetical recreation. His verses in anticipation of his own death, his ballad of James the Ross, and his description of Lochlevén, have been much admired and often printed. After a very brief, but pure and blameless existence, he died of consumption, and was buried in the church-yard at Scotland Well.

If the low ground on which these localities are situated, have few charms, the view to be obtained from the hills above them, must be acknowleged a sufficient compensation. It is there possible to survey the whole of Lochleven and a vast tract of interesting country around and beyond it. If the lake be calm, and canopied by a clear sunny sky, it seems an inferior heaven, in which the castle has been, by some strange magic, suspended. Laying aside the charm of that delusion, the old grey turret, standing, as it does, so lone and silent amid the smooth waters—separated, it would appear, from both heaven and earth—is an object at once touching and sublime. If to these emotions be added that arising from its story, if we consider that this is the same scene which day after day wearied the eyes of the forlorn Mary, the effect is such as in some measure to transcend the power of words.

The hills which rise above this extremity of Lochleven, are continued in a range for a few miles eastward, and termed the Lomond Hills. The two principal eminences are called the Wester and Easter Lomonds; and there is an old song which begins in some such wild strain as this:

> On Easter Lomond I made my bed,
> On Wester Lomond I lay;
> I luikit down to bonnie Lochleven,
> And saw three perches play.

The Easter Lomond, which is so high as to be distinctly visible from Edinburgh, was gifted by one of the

Scottish monarchs to the burghers of Falkland, and continued their property till lately, when the conterminous heritors broke their right by an act of parliament and divided the hill among themselves, much after the manner in which the executioners of public justice, long ago, among the Jews, divided the garments of a condemned criminal.

Falkland lies immediately beneath the north side of this hill, in such a manner as to be concealed from the sun during the winter quarter of the year. This most primitive and curious old burgh, nestling in all its aboriginal thatch and irregularity at the bottom of a lofty green hill, with a plain stretching out on all the other sides, has an appearance at once pleasing and picturesque. It is a thing, at the same time, perfectly unique in its kind. Being remote from all great roads, and happily ignorant of manufactures, nothing has ever been done to improve—in other words, to destroy the town. It is, in these latter degenerate days, the same tissue of picturesque old cottages and unpaved streets it ever was—a complete and last-remaining specimen of the Scottish burgh of the sixteenth century.

People go to the Highlands to see mountains and to Lanark to see equally unideaed cotton-mills; and it "moves one," in the words of Junius, "from his natural moderation," to observe the foolishness which dictates and conducts such excursions. How much more rational would be a pilgrimage to Falkland, a place only thirty miles from Edinburgh, rich in delightful associations, and perhaps the most curious and amusing in its way to be found throughout Scotland!

Falkland consists in a small square market-place, from which diverge a vast number of intricate and incomprehensible wynds, up-hill and down-hill, and in all possible directions. With the exception of one or two in the market-place, all the houses are thatched, old, and little, each being provided with a stone in front, exhibiting the date, armorial bearings, and initials of the builder, and even in some cases an emblem indicative of the profession of the first proprietor. Upon one

there is the remote date of 1570, and on another there is carved in strong relief a boot, which, from the wide overhanging top, the height of the heel, and the squareness of the toes, seems to be at least as old as the time of Cromwell's Troopers. Almost every person in Falkland possesses his own house, and passes it down to his posterity.

The Palace overlooks the town. This was originally a strong-hold belonging to Macduff, Earl of Fife, but was appropriated as a hunting-seat by one of the Scottish monarchs. The present building, which is but one out of three sides which formerly existed, was erected by James V, who died in it. Falkland was the favourite palace of James VI, probably on account of that monarch's attachment to hunting, for which the adjacent forest afforded excellent opportunities. The last royal personage who occupied it, was Charles II, who, during his captivity among the presbyterians, resided here for ten days. Till the erection of the present manse about forty years ago, it was possessed by the minister. Being then left tenantless, it fell into utter decay, the roof was demolished, the floors destroyed, and almost every thing but the walls gave way. This was owing to the neglect of the keeper, who only held his office in connexion with the neighbouring estate. At length, the late Mr. Bruce, of the State Paper Office, (one of his Majesty's Printers,) having purchased that estate, resolved to rescue the palace from the fate which seemed about to overtake it. He commenced in the year 1823 a course of operations which ought rather to be called a restoration than a repair. He renewed the roof and the floors, caused the windows which had been built up to be opened, and the crevices in the wall to be plastered up with coloured cement, and finally decorated the environs with the appropriate charms of a flower-garden. Before the whole of these elaborate and expensive operations had been completed, he was removed by death; but the work has been perfected, according to his appointment, by his niece and heiress,

Kinross.

the present Miss Bruce of Nuthill. It is now, therefore, possible to contemplate this venerable monument of the taste and magnificence of one of our most beloved monarchs, with a feeling the reverse of the mortification which formerly accompanied the sight.

The front of Falkland Palace externally has a marked resemblance to that of Holyroodhouse, as existing before the conflagration of 1651—a double tower, namely, at one end, with a lower and uncastellated range of buildings running off towards the other. Underneath the double tower a vast arched way gives admission to the court-yard. At the top of the same edifice there is a stone, having engraved upon it the following most sagacious apothegm, which, as the present writer was told by his Ciceroné, *even ministers* had been unable to make out,—"Deus dat cui vult"—the gifts of fortune are bestowed upon those who anxiously endeavour to obtain them. Along the lower range of the building are three or four pilasters, or rather buttresses, each having a niche formerly adorned with a statue. A similar style of architecture obtains behind, with this remarkable addition, that the walls are relieved by large medallion-like stones, on which the remains of heads *en profile* are still discernible. The splendid ceiling of the large hall or audience-chamber, carved and painted in the most gorgeously beautiful style, is still happily entire. Besides this great northern quarter of the palace, there still also remain the interior wall of the east side, and a vast square building about two hundred yards off, supposed to have been a tennis-court, or place for the exercises of chivalry, the marks of galleries being visible on the walls.

It is unfortunate that the palace is situated quite close to the town, so as to preclude the possibility of enclosing it. The principal inn of the burgh actually adjoins to its gable, and its front composes one side of the public street. The house opposite to it was the residence, long ago, of the King's Huntsman; and some other houses in the neighbourhood are said to have been

occupied by others of the royal household. The original garden is now a corn-field, on the other side of a small rill, to the north-west of the palace. While the front is spoiled by its obtrusion on the town, it fortunately happens that the back is very differently circumstanced. Being situated on a gently rising terrace, it commands a view of the upper half of Stratheden, a country enriched by all the charms appropriate to the term *champaign*.

Falkland, having been principally used as a hunting-seat, ranks perhaps lowest in the splendid list which includes the palaces of Holyrood, Stirling, and Linlithgow. Its appearance, however, and the tradition of its original extent, are calculated to support the theory that the Scottish monarchs were as well lodged as any contemporary princes. Besides the death of King James V, it has been the scene of only two historical incidents of note. Robert Duke of Rothsay, brother to James I,* was starved to death by his uncle Albany, in a dungeon of the original castle of Falkland, which is supposed to have constituted the north side of the court-yard. This unhappy prince was obnoxious to the ambitious views of his cruel kinsman. There is a tradition in Falkland, that he was for a long time supported by two women, the wives of tradesmen in the town, one of whom purveyed bread to him through a chink in the wall of his dungeon, while the other conveyed the milk of her breast to his mouth by means of an oaten reed. Being at length discovered, his supplies were cut off, and he perished of hunger. The other incident of an historical nature connected with Falkland, occurred at a later period. In the year 1715, after the battle of Sheriffmuir, the famous Rob Roy garrisoned the palace with a party of Macgregors, and proceeded to lay the country under contribution for miles round. They con-

* It is supposed that this poetical king wrote an humorous poem entitled "Falkland on the Green," from his allusion to such a festivity in Christ's Kirk on the Green.

tinued their violent practices for a considerable time, quite unmolested, and at last retired with a great booty. That such a transaction should have taken place within thirty miles of Edinburgh, at a period so recent, is certainly astonishing. But it is this, or something like it, which constitutes the great charm of Scotland. People still live among us who have seen the days of romance,—as it is at this day possible, in Edinburgh, standing in the midst of splendid works of art, to discern the distant hills of the Highlands.

The people of Falkland are a simple and primitive race, mostly subsisting by the humble trade of weaving. They are a race, not of knitters, but of baskers in the sun,—it being quite customary, after their long summer day's work is over, for them to stretch themselves out with all their children around them on the unequal street, to enjoy the glories of the waning light. Far removed from the great sources of intelligence, from wealth, and from misery, they live contented in the houses of their fathers, practising the same trades, eating the same food, entertaining the same ideas, and at last content to share the same graves. Though the higher and more intelligent portion of society is certainly most to be admired, it is impossible to withhold a certain degree of respect from a community displaying so much humble tranquillity and virtue.

The last and former generations of the Falklanders were remarkable over the country-side for their good breeding. *Falkland manners* is to this day a proverbial expression,—as also, "ye're queer fouk not to be Falkland fouk," which is generally applied by the people of the surrounding country in allusion to the singularity of the said manners. Besides the influence of the court, this is partly attributed to the circumstance of Falkland having been, previous to the Jurisdiction act of 1748, the seat of a court which had a civil power over nearly the whole of Fife, and which caused the constant residence of eight or ten men of business, not to speak of the money which was thus caused to flow into the town. Allan Ramsay must have heard of the good manners of

the people of Falkland, from his allusion in Christ's Kirk on the Green,—

> Fouk said that he was Falkland bred,
> And dancit by the buke;"

though, to judge by the conclusion of the stanza, honest Allan seems to have set but little store by such extraordinary gifts.

It is worthy of commemoration, that the old people recently dead, besides this polish of manners, had in their common speech a great number of phrases indicating the intercourse of their ancestors with kings and courtiers. Most of these sayings were in the shape of quotations from the language of one of the King Jameses, probably the Sixth. They would say, for instance, to a friend going a journey, "I'll bid ye God speed, as King James bade his hawks." On unexpectedly meeting a person whom they had any reason not to wish to see, they would exclaim, "Ye're *there!* as King James said when he cam on the wild boar i' the wudd." And so forth,—in nine cases out of ten quoting King James.

One of their proverbial expressions referred to a curious traditionary piece of the royal family-history. James VI, walking one day in the garden at Falkland, came upon Mr Alexander Ruthven, brother of the Earl of Gowrie, lying fast asleep; and, having the curiosity to go up to him, observed in his breast a ribbon of a very rare description, which he had not long before given to his consort as a sort of love-token. Overwhelmed with jealousy and rage, he immediately made off to tax his queen with the infidelity which some historians assert he had but too much reason for suspecting. Before he could see her, however, a ready-witted attendant of the queen's, who had witnessed his surprise, and guessed the occasion, went up to the person of the incautious gallant, and, stripping the ribbon from his neck, took it to her mistress. She had scarcely time to tell her majesty that she might soon have occasion for it, when the king

came in and demanded to see his late love-token. The Queen, without expressing the least alarm, produced it; on which he observed, with reassured cheerfulness, that "*Like* was an ill mark," and inquired no further into the matter. This adage was always used by the old people of Falkland, with the addition of an allusion to this curious circumstance.

It is common in some parts of Scotland to say, in case of being annoyed by any trifling or mischievous person, "go to Fruchie!" As Fruchie is a little village about a mile from Falkland, it has been supposed with some plausibility that the phrase took its rise among the courtiers at the palace. There is a tradition that Fruchie was a place of exile for courtiers suffering under the royal displeasure; which being allowed, the expression will appear nothing more than a wish on the part of him who used it, that the other party might be disgraced and sent to that place of contempt.

Perhaps nothing could give the reader so distinct an idea of the simplicity of life which prevails at Falkland, as the fact that only two newspapers come to the burgh. These are the Courant and the Scotsman, both Edinburgh papers. The Courant was introduced into Falkland many years ago, and seemed fixed beyond the possibility of eradication, till the commencement of the Scotsman about ten years since, when a dreadful schism took place among its readers. Before that inauspicious period—that disruption of ancient ties and associations, there were about fifty readers for the Courant, from the town-clerk down to the grave-digger. When the Scotsman started, with its radicalism and its rancour, about twelve or fifteen readers revolted from their allegiance to the Courant—being chiefly shoemakers, who felt an anxiety to peep from the shop-doors of retreat upon the world of politics, and who had long suspected that they were kept very much in the dark by the Courant. They *got* the Scotsman, and have ever since continued to take it in, with a dissenter-like obstinacy, though it is supposed some of them look back to the halcyon days of the Courant, as the Caledonian may sigh from the wilds

Kinross.

of Canada for the sweet features of his deserted native land. Meanwhile, the Courant holds on the even tenor of its way, with universal approbation and not much less than forty readers. The proprietor of the neat villa at the end of the town gets it first, and takes care to see it properly circulated among about fifteen persons of his own rank, who pay him a share of its expense. It then descends to good Mr Drysdale, the watch-maker, who heads a lower class of readers in the same way; and, in general, about three weeks after publication, it is found to have dissipated its intelligence over the minds, as it has dispersed its person over the horny fingers, of the whole population of Falkland.

There was till lately in Falkland a class of people whose mode of life might have afforded scope for a whole wilderness of theory, as it gave occasion in its time to no small matter of scandal and vulgar conjecture. It is not perhaps known at court, however well the subject be understood in Connaught, that a human being can be supported by the exertions or natural bounty of a beast. This is, however, a certain fact. Before the year 1816, when the partition of the Lomond hill took place, a vast number of people lived in this town with no other visible means of livelihood than what was supplied by a single horse or a single cow. They were called *Scrapies*, for a reason which will appear. They used to employ themselves ostensibly in carrying salt, fish, &c. and in the intervals of work, turned their horses out upon the hill to graze. But they had better means of livelihood both for themselves and their cattle than that amounted to. They would take long mysterious excursions at night, for the avowed purpose of bringing home coals in the morning, though, in reality, with designs of a much darker complexion. They roamed with their little light carts through the whole country-side, picking up whatever liftable gear they could lay their hands on, or which they could transport home —chiefly food for their bestial, as clover, corn, &c. In harvest-time, they have been known, in passing fields of newly-cut grain, to clear the whole rig next the road

of its encumbering sheaves, in a single night. Like almost all men who live by driving carts, they conceived it no robbery to take meat for their beasts in this manner. Whenever any suspicious enquiries were made at a Scrapie, in regard to the way he supported his horse, the ready answer uniformly was, "Ou, he gangs up to the hill, ye ken." *The Hill* was thus found to be little better than a mere encouragement to theft and idleness. In their domestic circumstances, the Scrapies were the most wretched imaginable—scarcely better than beggars or gypsies. On the pretext of the horse's grass being taken away from them, they have applied themselves to more honourable and profitable pursuits.

The Howe o' Fife, at the head of which Falkland may be said to lie, is about ten miles broad and twenty long, the lower extremity being bounded by the sea in the neighbourhood of St Andrews. It is a rich and beautifully varied domain, full of seats* and villages, and thickly interspersed with ornamental wood. At a contracted part of the strath, midway between Falkland and St Andrews, lies Cupar, the county town of Fife.

Cupar is a town of highly respectable appearance, though not very large. It consists in one or two old streets, two or three new ones in the style of the New Town of Edinburgh, as many suburban rows of cottages, and a vast number of ancient lanes. Its situation is highly agreeable, upon a gently rising ground on the north bank of the Eden. The jail, the school, and the county buildings, are all modern and handsome structures. The church is a Presbyterian barn of the dark age of 1785; but the fine old spire of the former church, dated 1628, being situated within a few yards, relieves and almost compensates its deformity.

Cupar, being the capital of a productive and wealthy tract of country, is a decidedly prosperous town. It has long sent forth a weekly newspaper; and the edi-

* Of these Crawford Priory deserves particular attention, as by far the most tasteful and elegant, both in external appearance and internal decoration.

tions of the classics printed here by Mr George Tullis, under the care of the venerable and erudite Dr Hunter, are well known to the learned in other countries as well as this, for their beautiful and accurate typography.

Cupar was the scene of some important transactions connected with the Reformation. The eminent site of the present schools was formerly occupied by a castle, the esplanade in front of which was appropriated in 1555 for the performance *sub dio* of David Lindsay's Satire of the Three Estates, a witty drama, principally levelled at the clergy, and supposed to have had great influence in bringing about the religious revolution which soon after ensued. This very clever poet, the study of whose works formed for a long time part of the education of every Scotsman, lived at his patrimonial estate called the Mount, about four miles north-west from Cupar, where, instead of a deserved monument to himself, a pillar has lately been raised to the memory of the Earl of Hopetoun.

St Andrews, formerly the seat of the chief primate of Scotland, and now only remarkable as the seat of an university, lies on the eastern coast of Fife, at the bottom of the spacious vale so often alluded to. The country being quite open behind it, full effect is given everywhere around to the tall slender spires, which, rising above it, indicate to the most ignorant stranger its being a place of no ordinary or common-place character. On a near view, St Andrews is found to be but the ghost of a fine city. Its ground-plan is almost correctly regular, and the various houses which compose its two best streets have been at one time uniform in point of elegance. It is easy to see that its castle, its cathedral, its numerous colleges and religious houses, must have conspired to render it, previous to the Reformation, a much more impressive and beautiful town than Edinburgh; and, indeed, to place it near to the rank of some of the best cathedral towns of England. *Now*, like a rich brooch from which the prominent glories have been extracted, leaving only the shattered setting behind, it

presents to the eye but the carcass of its former self. There still pervades it an almost monastic quiet, and of all the seats of the former learned this is perhaps the least changed. Yet, in this point of view, what is it better than a damaged toy, converted, when of no further use to adults, into a play-thing for babes,—transferred from the withdrawing-room, which it has ornamented, to the nursery, which it may amuse?

The city abounds in antique tenements, almost all of which are known to have been once occupied by persons of rank, either in church or state. The turret-like stair-cases, the curious little windows, and the sculptured architraves of these edifices, together with the faded coats-armorial which many of them bear, constitute not the least charm of a visit to St Andrews. They have, moreover, the good property of being less ruinous than the public edifices.

The principal street of St Andrews, for length, straightness, and uniformity, may be reckoned as, even at this day, one of the best in Scotland. It is something, in the dearth of such pleasures, to pass into this noble way, through a dark portal, exhibiting all the massive strength and elegance of the fifteenth century, without any of the terrific accompaniments. It is to be hoped that the magistrates of St Andrews will be long in discovering, what so many other magistrates of curious old towns have discovered, the necessity of removing such an "incumbrance," (to use the proper phrase,) for the better ease of the few post-chaises and coal-carts which have occasion to pass under it in the course of a century.

Besides its sources as an university town, St Andrews possesses certain advantages as a sea-port. Its harbour, however, partaking of the dangerous character common to all the ports on this coast, boasts of little trade. In former and more prosperous times, the city could boast of sixty ships; and at the Great Fair, which lasted fifteen days, no fewer than three hundred vessels, many of them foreign, used to cast anchor in the bay.

Fifeshire.

St Andrews is justly supposed to be one of the earliest settlements, not only of religion, but of population, in Scotland. It was probably the seat of a church, as well as a town, in the sixth century; when, according to the common legend, it became the residence of St Regulus, and was hence, for several centuries, denominated Kilrule. The ruins of this holy person's chapel, with an entire tower of great height, are still to be seen near the Cathedral,—and are, without exception or doubt, the oldest relics of ecclesiastical architecture in Scotland. The name of the city was changed to St Andrews on the amalgamation of the Scottish and Pictish kingdoms, by Kenneth III. It was made a royal burgh by David I. At what time its church became metropolitan is not known with certainty, but it must have been at a very early period. The Cathedral was founded by Bishop Arnold in 1162, and finished by Bishop Lamberton in 1318. The magnificent fabric which thus took a hundred and fifty-nine years a-building, was, in 1559, to the everlasting disgrace of the Reformers, destroyed in a single afternoon by an idiot mob. It was an edifice of prodigious extent,—370 feet in length, 65 in breadth, and 170 across the transepts. Only the east end, a piece of the side wall of the nave, and part of the west end, (including the principal entrance, called the Golden Gate,) now remain.*

The public burying-ground of St Andrews surrounds the remains of the Cathedral. It contains some remarkable monuments, as those of Samuel Rutherford, Dr Adam Ferguson, &c. There is one, with a fine inscription, to the memory of an Episcopalian clergyman of the name of Sword, who died in the year 1657. This is pointed out particularly to strangers, on account of an ingenious trick practised upon Mr Sword's fame by some contemporary Presbyterian wit. One of the expres-

* The architrave of the gate of the boundary wall, under which the stranger passes to see the ruins of the Cathedral, is composed of a massive beam of oak, said to have been furnished by one of the vessels of the Spanish Armada, which was wrecked on this coast.

sions in the epitaph was "*vixerat Christo*,"—he lived in Christ. Now, it so happens that there is a dot or full stop betwixt all the words composing the inscription; and somebody has added one between the syllables of one of the above words, so as to make it read, "*vix erat Christo*;"—he scarcely was in Christ. At a late cleaning out of the floor of the Cathedral, a huge block of marble was discovered at a place where the altar had stood, supposed to have been its pedestal, and under which some cells were found containing bones. One of the persons buried at this highly sacred spot was Bishop Trail, the builder (in 1401,) of the castle, and who is said to have been honoured with the following singular epitaph:

Hic fuit ecclesiae directa columna, fenestra
Lucida, thuribulum redolens, campana sonora.

"He was the upright pillar of the church, its transparent window, sweet-smelling censer, and sonorous bell."

Besides the Cathedral, St Andrews possessed, before the Reformation, four other ecclesiastical foundations of great importance and wealth. There was a convent of Observantines, a convent of Dominicans, a collegiate church, and a priory.* These, with the three colleges, then in a flourishing condition, must have rendered St Andrews, it is easy to imagine, a place of no little distinction. But the ruins, and in some cases only the vestiges, of these buildings now exist, to attest the extinguished splendours of the place.

The University of St Andrews is the oldest complete establishment of that nature in Scotland. It dates from 1410—a miserable antiquity compared with the origin of Oxford, lost as it is in the mists of the fa-

* The Priory was the most important of those foundations. Slight vestiges of its ruins may be traced to the south of the cathedral. Its boundary wall is still nearly entire, and seems to enclose all the east quarter of the town. The gloomy old portal at the east end of South Street is part of that massive and fortified enclosure.

bulous ages. Even at that late era, Scotland could scarcely boast of a college, the establishment of Bishop Wardlaw in 1410, only laying claim to the title of a school. In the course, however, of the ensuing century, or little more, three colleges with distinct names had been founded—St Salvador's, St Leonard's, and St Mary's. These, by the alienation (1747) of St Leonard's, are now reduced to two. The number of students at St Andrews seldom exceeds a hundred and forty; wherefore, though the oldest, it is to be considered the least prosperous University in Scotland.

The buildings of St Salvador's College are distinguished by their antique magnificence. The chapel is worth visiting on account of the grand tomb of Bishop Kennedy, in which there were lately found six silver maces. The insignia of this college are also shown to strangers, consisting of maces, &c. together with a magnificent collection of medals, some of them as large as pancakes, commemorating the victories of an old-established society of archers.

The library, which is the common property of both colleges, is situated in South Street. The rooms are spacious and well lighted. This establishment has the privilege of getting a copy of every book entered at Stationers Hall.

The parish-church, also in South Street, contains a magnificent marble monument to the memory of Archbishop Sharpe.* This structure is at least thirty feet high, and comprehends, besides an elaborate Latin epitaph, a statue of the Archbishop in a kneeling posture, a delineation in bass-relief of his murder, and at top a small sculpture representing the chapel and tower of St Rule, with the deceased standing beside it in his robes as primate, with a crosier in his hand. His countenance, in the statue, is that of a thin, cunning-looking old man, with a cocked nose. In the large oblong plate of marble representing his death,

* This too celebrated personage lived in a house still existing—the second from the great priory gate already mentioned.

the murderers are all drawn in the costume of the time —flat blue bonnets, long cravats, wide-skirted coats, and boots or gamashes. He reclines on the ground, and while one is leaning forward to shoot him with a pistol, another is standing behind and fetching a dreadful back-stroke at his head. It is a shocking fact that these inhuman enthusiasts did not leave their butchered victim till they observed the contents of his stomach projected upon the ground. As they were almost all gentlemen of this county, the delineations given on the monument must be considered as correct records of the costume of the Scottish gentry during the reign of Charles II. In the background is the farm of Magus, with a tree which still adorns it, and also a representation of the scene preliminary to the murder, of the stopping of the Archbishop's carriage. The monument, which is altogether a superb and interesting object, is said to have been constructed in Holland.

The place where this unfortunate prelate met his fate, is about three miles westward from St Andrews, near the old road to Cupar. The ground, gradually swelling upwards from the shore, here forms a large piece of table land, which, from its former uncultivated character, was called Magus Muir. Magus is a farm near the upper extremity of the muir, looking down a gentle slope towards the city. The precise spot of the murder is now enclosed within a clump of planting, about half a mile east from the farm, and half as much more from the road just mentioned.[9] The road formerly came close past Magus, as well as this planting, but is now scarcely to be traced. The bishop was proceeding along that road in his carriage, when the enthusiasts, who had met at a house in the neighbourhood, resolved to pursue him. Being all mounted on the ordinary little horses then used by Scottish gentlemen, they found that the archbishop's carriage was gaining upon them, when Hackstoun of Rathillet, who happened to have a blood-mare, ordered his servant to mount, and if possible, cut the traces of the vehicle, so as to stop it. The man succeeded in overtaking the carriage, and, having with

his sword cut the traces on one side, caused it immediately to diverge from the road towards the left hand, and eventually to stop.* It is on this account that the precise spot of the murder is about fifty yards northward from the side of the old road. There was formerly a cairn at the place, but it is now only indicated by the tomb-stone of a Covenanter,† who, after being hanged for his rebellious practices at the Gallowlee of Edinburgh, was exposed on a pole and finally buried here. On this monument there is a doggerel epitaph, eulogizing and lamenting the deceased.‡

The ruins of the Castle of St Andrews merit parti-

* It is a general opinion that but for this animal the murder would not have happened, as the bishop could have reached St Andrews in less than half an hour. The blood shed at Bothwell would thus have been also saved. Horses descended from the mare were kept at Rathillet till within the last thirty years.

† It is very remarkable that though the gentlemen of this county were so much opposed to government during the reign of Charles II, as to get the name of the "Whig Lairds o' Fife," they were almost all Jacobites after the Revolution. The son of Hackstoun of Rathillet himself was out in 1715.

‡ It was remarked, as in the parallel case of Cardinal Beaton, that hardly any of the persons concerned in this murder came to a peaceable end. The fates of all the assassins are not known; but we shall relate a strange story of the death of one, which we received from the grandson of a person who witnessed it. Between ninety and a hundred years ago, an aged man of a forlorn and wretched appearance, applied for lodging at a small public house in the suburb of Edinburgh called Portsburgh. He seemed to have just terminated a long and painful journey, and, from his lodging at this part of the town, was supposed to be a west-country man. During the night, he alarmed and attracted the people of the house to his bed, by sounds which betokened great bodily pain. A light being brought forward to his wretched pallet, he was found to be in the *deid-thraws*, his body convulsed, his eye glazed, and teeth set. In a little time, collecting the remnants of his strength, he raised his right hand above his head, and exclaimed in a broken but terrific voice, "There's the hand that slaughtered Bishop Sharpe. Is there ony blude on't, think ye?" Having uttered this, he expired. The body was buried amidst the strangers in the Greyfriars church-yard.

Fifeshire.

cular attention. They are situated on a bold part of the shore, a little to the north of the Cathedral. Little remains of the original fortress in which James III was born and Cardinal Beaton was assassinated. The pile now shown to strangers was a late addition, in the style rather of a mansion-house than of a castle, by the unfortunate Archbishop Hamilton. Yet, such is the persevering obstinacy of professed Ciceroni, or their faithlessness, that a window in this ruin is shown as that over which the Cardinal's body was exhibited by his murderers;* though thirty years must have elapsed between that horrid incident and the erection of this fabric.

The place is here shown where George Wishart, the early reformer, was burnt by the command of Cardinal Beaton. We may mention that the popular impression regarding these dreadful events is such as to have occasioned a saying, that St Andrews will yet be entirely destroyed by the sea, in expiation of them.

St Andrews, besides the support which it derives from its literary establishments, has other resources as the cynosure of a considerable and wealthy tract of country. It is, more than any other town in Fife, a favourite retreat for persons with small fortunes and nothing to do. Such a class of people can here enjoy enlightened society, at the smallest possible expense. In another respect, it may be considered as a large jointure-house—a vast nunnery;—being resorted to by all the dotarial and old-maidenly part of the Fife gentry. Thus, it is altogether, to use a vulgar phrase, a highly genteel town. It has a clean, trim, pale, emaciated look; a cloistered seclusion and quiet; an appearance of decorous propriety; by which the mind of a stranger, on entering it, is absolutely oppressed with a kind of awe, as a rude boy is sobered down on coming into the solemn

* The traditionary account of this shocking affair adds a circumstance that never was printed—*Cardinalis per verenda suspensus est.*

presence of some awfully austere and clean-linened grand-aunt.

Ten miles south-east from St Andrews, lies Crail, the first of that range of towns which, stretching along the south shore of Fife, gives it a character so peculiarly distinct from all other parts of the Scottish coast. This venerable and decayed burgh formerly occupied a distinguished place amongst the towns of Scotland, under the name of Caryle or Caraile. It is said to have been a town of note so early as the ninth century. David I had a palace here, now entirely demolished, except a fragment of wall which helps to enclose a garden. The church was collegiate. It was in consequence of a sermon preached in it, that the populace destroyed the cathedral of St Andrews. Archbishop Sharpe was at one time its minister, and his hand-writing is shown in the session-records.

Crail, which, with great capabilities for the construction of a harbour, at present possesses no trade, is an irregularly built town, but not unpleasing in its appearance. Many of its houses are of that massive and antique description which indicate past splendour—generally adorned, at the same time, with curious inscriptions. The principal street is spacious and regular, but, in the utter dulness and decay of the town, is littered over with all kinds of filth and rubbish, as fractured cart-wheels, ruinous barrels, firewood, receptacles for poultry, &c., and is half-covered with rank grass and weeds. The town contains nearly two thousand inhabitants.

The East Neuk o' Fife, a spot which gives name to a popular Scottish air, is about a mile to the east of Crail. A cave is there shown in which Constantine II was beheaded by the Danes, who were in the frequent habit of invading this coast. It is perhaps worth mentioning that Mary of Lorraine, consort of James V, landed in this neighbourhood, from stress of weather, and found shelter in Balcomie House, a seat near the cave, recently demolished.

It would be improper to omit mentioning the peculiar

species of food, called *Crail Capons*, to which Drummond makes allusion in his ludicrous macaronic poem, "the Polemo-Midinia." They were haddocks, prepared by a singular mode of cookery, now disused and perhaps forgotten.

The next town to the west of Crail, with the unimportant exception of Kilrenny, is Anstruther. This is properly two, if not three towns—there being Easter and Wester Anstruther, both burghs, and a large fishing village to the eastward of both, called Cellardykes.

Easter and Wester Anstruther lie at the bottom of a small but snug bay, and are divided from each other by a harbour, said to be the best on this part of the coast. Easter Anstruther is the largest and most important of the two burghs. Indeed, the other is altogether a very insignificant place. The minister of Easter Anstruther used to say of the magistrates of Wester Anstruther, that, instead of their being "a terror to evil-doers," evil-doers were a terror to them. If the towns, however, are considered as one, their whole appearance is highly respectable. The principal street extending along the shore is composed of good houses regularly arranged. The rest of the streets are all so narrow and tortuous, that the road has to be carried, not as it ought to be through the town, but along its skirts behind. Most of the houses are old-fashioned and of the better order of domestic Scottish architecture.

The early glories of Anstruther, or, as it is here generally called, Anster, have long departed, like those of all the rest of this vast family of towns. It had once twenty-four ships belonging to it, and sent out thirty fishing-boats, all well manned. It was then much resorted to by vessels from foreign ports, particularly from Holland, which preferred landing their goods here and sending them up to Leith by lighters, to performing that perilous voyage themselves. Occasion was thus given to a system of warehousing; and accordingly, the site of a whole street of warehouses, which were washed away by the sea, is pointed out on the shore at West Anster. The population of East Anster is proved to have

been very considerable in 1641, when, in a levy of troops appointed by the Scottish Parliament, thirty-one men were required here, while only fifteen were exacted from Dunfermline. Other circumstances are mentioned by the inhabitants, in proof of the former prosperity of the town. When East Anster was part of the parish of Kilrenny, the magistrates proposed to have a deal shed erected all the way from the one town to the other, more than a mile, to protect them from the weather when they went to church. It is also said that there were no fewer than eighty brew-houses in the town. Supposing that these were only alehouses, on the principle that every hostel wife long ago brewed her own liquor, the thing, if true, must be accepted as a striking proof of the wealth, numbers, or drouth of the former inhabitants. The port has still a trade of imports from Holland and the Baltic, by no means despicable.

In East Anster, on the edge of a rock overhanging the harbour, and precisely opposite to the church of West Anster, formerly stood a curious old fortalice called the Castle of Dreel, said to have been the *prima sedes* of the ancient family, Anstruther of that Ilk, which still exists, the most respectable in this part of Fife. One of the early representatives of this family, if not its founder, was a Sir William Anstruther, who, perhaps on account of his concern in the herring-fishery, is remembered by tradition under the familiar designation of *Fisher Willie*. The laird of a neighbouring estate called Third-part, envying the well-rewarded industry of this personage, formed a resolution to murder him. His scheme was to invite him to dine at Third-part, and there, with the assistance of his servants, to dispatch the unsuspecting guest. It happened, however, that a beggar lodging at Third-part, on the night before the intended murder, overheard the consultations which the laird held with his servants, and immediately hastened to inform Sir William of the design formed against him. The sagacious laird of Anster immediately sent a message to excuse his attendance next day at the hospitable board of Third-part, desiring at the same time the favour, on the succeeding day, of the

laird's company at that of Dreel. Third-part came, accompanied with a retinue which seemed to betoken an intention of making up by open violence for his disappointment of the preceding day; but as he was going up the narrow turn-pike stair of the castle, Fisher Willie, who had stationed himself for the purpose, cut him down with a blow of his good pole-axe. Having thus taken the law at his own hands, he had next to consider how he might make peace with the king. For this purpose, he mortgaged a great part of his property, in order to clothe himself in a style proper for a court suitor, and, in particular, put on a most splendid coat. He then went into the presence of majesty. The king asked him in familiar style what had brought him to court; to which he answered, that he had come "wi' the hale lands of Anster on his back," to solicit permission to continue to wear them. The good-humoured monarch, accustomed to such strange demands, made no scruple in giving his word as a king that William should never be molested in his possessions. Sir William then thought proper to disclose his having slain the laird of Third-part, and begged as a slight favour in addition to what the king had already granted, that, provided the lands of Anster continued to stick to him, he might be permitted to stick to the lands of Anster. The royalty of those days was unable to keep either its resentment or its countenance at a request preferred with so much slyness; the king laughed heartily, and willing to believe that the laird had acted only in self-defence, dismissed him without any more ado. In consequence of this, the family of Anstruther assumed what they still bear, an arm bearing a pole-axe for their crest, with the motto, "*Periissem ni periissem.*" The coat which Fisher Willie wore at court, was preserved at Ely House, the more modern family mansion, till about the beginning of the present century, when it was cut down into shreds by a capricious lady, and destroyed. It is described by people who have seen it, as having been a most voluminous garment, with cuffs turned up almost

to the shoulder, and so stiff with lace as, in the words of Dumbiedykes, to be almost "able to stand its lane."

In the church of West Anster is shown a stone-coffin, said to have been that of St Adrian, a holy man who dwelt during the ninth century on the Isle of May, and was there killed by the Danes. It was brought to this place, many years since, from that solitary isle, which belongs to the parish of Wester Anstruther. The May is an island of about a mile in length, opposite to this part of the coast. Formerly inhabited by fourteen or fifteen families, and the seat of a considerable religious foundation, it is now only tenanted by the officials who attend a light-house, besides a vast population of sea-birds. The rock of which the May is composed, is so shattered and broken, that, externally, it looks like a pile of large bricks. There is a little lake on the island. The light-house was first built in the reign of Charles I. After completing it, the architect was drowned in coming back to the continent,—it was supposed, by the machinations of some witches, who were burnt on that account.

Anster is well known to every Scotsman from the allusion made to it in the popular song of "Maggie Lauder." In consequence of an enthusiasm upon such subjects, the writer of these pages did not neglect, on visiting Anster, "to spier for" that renowned dame. He was pleased to find that the inhabitants of the town have not only preserved the tradition of her existence, but even know the exact place of her residence. She lived, and practised (it seems) not the most reputable profession, in the East Green of Anster, a low street connecting the town with the contiguous fishing-village of Cellardykes. Her house was a cot of one story, and stood upon the north side of the street, at the west end of two more modern little cottages, almost opposite to a tannery. The spot is now occupied by a garden, which extends a good way back. The house itself has not existed within the memory of man;

Fifeshire.

but all the people concur in pointing out this spot as its site.*

Anster Fair, alluded to in the popular song, and the sports of which have been so successfully embodied in a modern Scottish poem by Mr Tennant, was in bygone times an occasion of great public concernment and vast provincial fame. It was held on a piece of ground called Anster Loan, to the north of the town, and close beside the present turn-pike road to St Andrews. The real sports were, it is averred, much the same as those described with so much liveliness and force by Mr Tennant. But for several years past, the whole festival has degenerated into a mere affair of gingerbread and toys, which annually takes place on the principal street of the burgh, and is scarcely observed, or even recognised to be a fair, by any but children.

The ingenious author of "Anster Fair" seems to be quite warranted in bringing James V to mix with the festivities of the Loan. That monarch is well known to have visited Anster in the course of a tour he made through the Fife burghs. In allusion to an adventure which he is said to have met in this neighbourhood, there has been instituted at Anster, a club or convivial association, under the name of "the Beggar's Bennison," from which a great number of lodges have been derived, much after the manner in which mason-lodges are derived from the parent establishment at Kilwinning.

The next town to Anstruther is Pittenweem, which joins with the four last mentioned in electing a member of parliament. The royal burgh of Pittenweem has this singular eccentricity of character—that it is very ill to please about its fraction of an M. P., and generally displays a turbulence and querulousness about that affair, totally different from the laudable decorum and resignation which mark the election matters of other Scot-

* In opposition to the popular legend regarding Maggie Lauder, the Anstruther family have a tradition that she was a person of condition, and connected with their ancient house.

Fifeshire.

tish burghs. Indeed, we believe, Pittenweem makes more noise about its fifth part of a member of parliament, than the good town of Edinburgh makes about its whole integer. It may perhaps be argued from this, that Pittenweem is a very thriving and wealthy place, as poverty can seldom afford to be eccentric. Whatever be its present prosperity, it certainly was once in a much more flourishing condition. Immediately after its erection into a royal burgh in 1537, it appears, from all accounts, to have had a very extensive trade. Between the years 1639 and 1645, it lost no fewer than thirteen sail of large vessels, which were either wrecked or taken by the enemy. It was also a great fishing station before the failure of that branch of employment on this coast. The present harbour is a modern and extensive work.

Pittenweem chiefly consists in a sort of oblong square, continued at both ends by streets stretching along the public road. The town-house is at one end, the church on one of the sides, and the ruins of an ancient priory at the other end of the square. The house in which Wilson and Robertson committed the robbery upon the Collector of Excise, which led to the famous Porteous Mob, is a thatched one of two stories, with an outside stair, immediately west of the Town-house, and on the south side of the street. The ruins of the priory are not unworthy of inspection. Besides some fragments of the religious buildings, there is entire, a quadrangular range of curious antique buildings, said to have been the residence of the Prior, and other superior officers of the establishment. This fine specimen of the domestic architecture of the ages which preceded the Reformation, stands upon a high bank overhanging the sea. The rock beneath it is hollowed out into a spacious cave, called a *weem*, and from which the town gets its name. Between the Prior's house and the cave below, there is a communication in the shape of a spiral stair, the orifice of which has been recently closed up. The celebrated St Fillan was originally superior of this religious

foundation,* but afterwards retired, for the sake of more perfect seclusion, to the wild vale near Tyndrum, in Perthshire, which still bears his name.

The ancient fishing village of St Monan's lies about a mile west from Pittenweem. The church of this parish is a little old Gothic edifice, entire in every part except the west wing, and at this day exhibiting the same internal furniture as in the reign of Charles I. It is visited as a curiosity, and is worthy of being visited. One of the galleries was appropriated to the use of the family of the great Covenanter-general Leslie, afterwards Lord Newark, and still displays a number of pious inscriptions, no doubt placed there in conformity with the taste of that singular personage.† The church is adorned by a square steeple, and is so near the sea as to be occasionally wet with its foam.

St Monan, to whom the structure was dedicated, was a saint of Scottish extraction, who lived in the ninth century. Camerarius, in his catalogue of Scottish saints, gives an account of him and the church, which we translate from the original, for the benefit of the unlettered part of *the Folk of Fife*. "St. Monan was a martyr, celebrated for the miracles which he wrought in Fife and the adjacent isle of the May. When advancing to manhood, he left his parents at the impulse of the divine being, and gave himself up entirely to the will of St Adrian, bishop of St Andrews, under whose guidance he made great progress in true virtue. He afterwards shed his blood, along with Adrian and other six thousand, for the name of Christ. To testify the esteem in which he was held by God, numerous miracles were wrought at his tomb; of which this may serve as

* While engaged in transcribing the scriptures, St Fillan's left hand was observed to send forth such a splendour as to afford light to that with which he wrote; a miracle which saved many candles to the priory, as the holy man used to spend whole nights in that exercise.

† This description only applies to the church as existing previously to the year 1827, when it was subjected to a thorough repair.

a specimen of all. When King David II, in fighting against the English, was grievously wounded by a barbed arrow, which his surgeons in no way could extract; placing his whole hope in God, and calling to mind the many miracles which had been manifested through St Monan, he went to Inverny, where was the tomb of that holy man, along with the nobles of his kingdom; when, proper oblations having been made to God and St Monan, the arrow dropped without more ado from the wound, and did not eventually leave so much as a scar behind it. For the everlasting commemoration of this event, the king caused a most superb chapel to be built in honour of St Monan, and assigned rents to its priests, for the celebration of the ordinances of religion."

In former times, the bell which rung the people of St Monan's to public worship hung upon a tree in the church-yard, and was removed every year during the herring season, because the fishermen had a superstitious notion that the fish were scared away from the coast by its noise.

Newark Castle, the seat of General Leslie, stands in a ruinous condition on a bold part of the shore, about a mile to the west of St Monan's. From the sea, its tall grey spectral form has a very striking effect. The common people record that it has been burnt thrice, adding, as a prediction by Thomas the Rhymer, that it is yet "to shine a third time upon the Bass." In order to fulfil this prophecy, however, the castle would require to be a third time refitted.

Two miles beyond Newark, is the Ely, a neat little town. The country, hitherto bleak from exposure to the German Ocean, here begins to assume a more luxuriant aspect.

Colinsburgh is a thriving village, with a handsome and conspicuous church, two miles inland from the Ely.

The next town of importance is Largo, consisting in two distinct villages, called Upper and Nether Largo. Upper Largo (which occupies a delightful situation at the bottom of Largo Law, while the other is placed close by the sea, at the distance of a mile) was the

birth-place of the celebrated Scottish Admiral, Sir Andrew Wood, who, in the reign of James IV, defeated the English fleet under Stephen Bull. It is a remarkably agreeable little village, and is much resorted to as summer-quarters.

Largo Law, rising out of a tract of beautiful country to the height of a thousand feet, is conspicuous from every part of Lothian. The broad sweeping sinus at the bottom of which it is situated, is called Largo Bay, well known to sailors for its usefulness as an anchoring station, and endearingly familiar to every admirer of our national anthology from the allusion to it in the fine old ditty, "Weel may the Boatie row."

Nether Largo is an extensive fishing village, and remarkable as the birth-place of Alexander Selkirk, the prototype of Robinson Crusoe. The real history of this man has been already often printed; but the following additional memorabilia respecting him, picked up at a late visit to the place, will perhaps be new to most readers.

Alexander Selkirk was born in the year 1676. His father, like almost all the rest of the people of Nether Largo, was a fisherman, and had another son, who carried on the line of the family. There are many people, in this village, of the rare name of Selkirk; but this particular family has now ended in a daughter, who, being a married woman, has lost the name. Alexander is remembered to have been a youth of a high spirit and incontrollable temper,—to which, in all probability, we are to attribute the circumstance which occasioned his being left at Juan Fernandez. To a trivial family quarrel, resulting from this bad quality on his part, the world is indebted for the admirable fiction which, for a century past, has charmed the romantic imaginations of all its youth. The following is the accredited family narrative of that event.

Alexander, coming home one evening, and feeling thirsty, raised a pipkin of water to his mouth, in order to take a drink. It turned out to be salt-water, and he immediately replaced the vessel on the ground with an

exclamation of disgust. This excited the humour of his brother, who was sitting by the fire, and with whom he had not lately been on good terms. The laugh and jibe were met on Alexander's part with a frown and a blow. Both brothers immediately closed in a struggle, in which Alexander had the advantage. Their father attempted to interpose; but the offended youth was not to be prevented by even paternal authority from taking his revenge. A general family combat then took place, some siding with the one brother, and some with the other; and peace was not restored till the whole town, alarmed by the noise, was gathered in scandalized wonderment to the spot. Matters such as this were then deemed fit for the attention of the kirk-session. Alexander Selkirk, as the prime cause of the quarrel, was accordingly summoned before that venerable body of old women, and commanded to expiate his offence by standing a certain number of Sundays in the church, as a penitent, to be rebuked by the clergyman. He at first utterly refused to submit to so degrading an exhibition of his person; but the entreaties of his friends, and the fear of excommunication, at length prevailed over his nobler nature. He submitted to the mortifying censure of the church, in all their contemptible details. No sooner, however, had the term of his punishment expired, than, overwhelmed with shame and disgust, he left his native town, and sought on the broad ocean the sea-room which had been denied to his restless spirit at home.

After an absence of several years, during which he had endured the solitude of Juan Fernandez, he returned to Largo. He brought with him the gun, sea-chest, and cup, which he had used on the uninhabited island. He spent nine months in the bosom of his family; then went away on another voyage, and was never more heard of.

The house in which this remarkable person was born still exists. It is an ordinary cottage of one story and a garret, and is situated on the north side of the principal street of Largo, near a pump called the Craig Well.

Fifeshire.

It has never been out of the possession of his family since his time. The present occupant is his great-grand-niece, Katherine Selkirk or Gillies, who inherited it from her father, the late John Selkirk, who was grandson to the brother with whom Alexander had the quarrel, and died so late as October 1825, at the age of 74. Mrs Gillies, who has very properly called one of her children after her celebrated kinsman, to prevent, as she says, the name from going out of the family, is very willing to show the chest and cup to strangers applying for a sight of them. The chest is a very strong one, of the ordinary size, but composed of peculiarly fine wood, jointed in a remarkably complicated manner, and convex at top. The cup is formed out of a cocoa-nut, the small segment cut from the mouth supplying a foot. It was recently mounted anew with silver, at the expense of the late Mr A. Constable, the celebrated bookseller. The gun, with which the adventurer killed his game, and which is said to be about seven feet long, has been alienated from the family, and is now in possession of Major Lumsdale, of Lethallan.

The parish of Largo, besides this singular mariner, has given birth to various other persons of note. First, Sir Andrew Wood, who, for his services at sea against the English, was invested by King James IV with the barony of Largo. This eminently brave and faithful man retired at a good old age from the service of the state, carrying with him, like Commodore Trunnion, many of his nautical ideas and manners. He had a canal cut between his house and the church, on which he used to sail in great state every Sunday to attend divine service. Second, James Durham, author of many well-known religious works. Third, Mr Leslie, professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh.

At a little distance westward from Largo, in the middle of a park on the north side of the road, is the celebrated curiosity called "the Standing Stanes o' Lundie." Three tall straight sharp stones, resembling whales jaws more than any thing else, rear themselves

at the distance of a few yards from each other, and, though several yards high, are supposed to pierce the ground to the same depth. According to the common people, they are monuments to the memory of three Danish generals slain here in battle; but it is more probable they are of Roman origin, it being the site of a Roman town.

Leven is the next town west from Largo. It is a thriving village, situated at the mouth of the river Leven, over which there is a new wire-bridge for foot-passengers. Almost the only thing about Leven worthy of note is, that the shops are more elegant and respectable in appearance than those of any other town of a similar size in Fife, and perhaps in Scotland.*

* Leven lies in the parish of Scoonie, and, though the church has been transferred to the village, the parochial burial-ground still continues in its original place, about half a mile to the eastward. The writer of these sheets will never forget the shock he got, when, on preparing to enter this little cemetery, he observed, on a tall pole overhanging the road, a board with this laconic and fearfully emphatic inscription,—"*Take notice,—any person entering this church-yard will be shot.*" As there was no exception specified in favour of either peripatetic authors or any other harmless class of mortals, he of course abstained from his intended meditations among the tombs, though not without resolving to make the unapproachability of the burial-ground of Scoonie a little more extensively known.

The reader will have no difficulty in referring this formidable advertisement to its proper cause,—the alarm which everywhere prevails regarding resurrection-men. This is a subject of some importance. The fear of nocturnal attempts upon the tombs of their friends may be said to have succeeded, in the minds of the common people, the old superstitions regarding ghosts and fairies. It is rife everywhere, but observably most so in sequestered parts of the country. If the people be in the habit of seeing "strange gentlemen" riding and racing from all parts past their doors to see some notorious curiosity, and that during all the summer months, they regard them as only "daft;" but, should the case be otherwise, and only one or two view-hunters come to their village in a twelvemonth, *these* are, as a matter of course, understood to have "an e'e to the kirk-yard." A young friend of ours having lately entered a church-yard in a secluded part of the country, with the view of whiling away an hour in perusing the epitaphs, a decent-looking villager came up and addressed

Formerly, like other Fife towns, it had a great trade with the Baltic, and a great many ships belonged to it. It now only boasts of six or seven.

him in something like the following style,—"I say, my man, if ye ha' na ony particular business to deteen ye i' the town, ye had just as gude gang awa. I've come to tell ye this as a freend; and, deed, I wad advise ye to pap aff as cannily as ye can. The fouk 'll be risin, and ye ken that wadna maybe be very agreeable." It was a good while before the intruder understood the man's drift, but, when he did perceive its meaning, he was fain to take the hint for the sake of his person.

This case, however, is nothing to one which occurred to myself, in the course of a tour undertaken for the sake of this work, at Torphichen, a village in West-Lothian, about five miles from a public road. I sought out this place for the purpose of seeing the remains of the Preceptory of the Knights of St John. The ruins lie in the church-yard, and I made no scruple at entering the little enclosure in order to inspect them. While engaged in a drawing, I was accosted by an old woman with a very civil observation upon the fineness of the day. I heartily agreed with her, that the day was very fine. She then hinted the supposition that I was a stranger in this country-side. I confessed the fact. "Hae ye nae freends here abouts?" she inquired.—"None." "Od," said she, "we dinna like to see fouk comin about our kirkyards, that ha'e nae business wi' them. May I speer what ye're come here for?" Before I could answer this question, another old lady came up, and, apparently resolved to treat me with less delicacy, cried with a loud screeching voice, "Faith, billy, ye needna think for to come here to play your pranks. We've as gude a watch here as they ha'e doun at Lithgow. There's the house they stay in. And they hae a gun. Lord, gin ye get a touch o' their gun, ye wad sune be a subjeck yoursell! Gae wa wi' ye. Try Bathgate. They'll maybe no be sae strick there."—"Hout, Katie," said the first speaker in a softer voice, "the lad's maybe no come wi' ony sic intention. He'll just ha' come to see the auld kirk."—"Fient a auld kirk is he come to see," resumed the other, "he's fonder o' kirk-yards than kirks, I'se warrant him. Od, woman, d'ye no see, he's just ane o' thae genteel kind o' chaps that gang after that tred?"—"Ay," said a third hag, "and div ye observe, he's sutten down stridelegs on auld John Watt's grave, as gin he were already making sure o' him. Oh, the blackguard!" Other old women were now gathering around me, alike alive to the horror of my supposed character, not knowing how soon it might be their fate to come under my hands. I could compare the scene of vituperation and

The river which here joins the sea, descends from the loch of the same name, with a course of about twelve miles. Considering its brevity, the Leven receives an astonishing number of tributary streams. Its principal tributary is the Orr, which joins it from the south, a little above the bridge of Cameron. The country-people express their acquaintance with these facts by a rhyme:—

Lochtie, Lothrie, Leven, and Orr,
Rin a' through Cameron Brig bore.

About two miles westward from Leven is Buckhaven, by far the most peculiar of all the Fife towns, in regard to both its site and its population. This curious antique fishing village consists in a promiscuous irregular troop of cottages, arranged on the face of a steep promontory, so as to appear as if all were hurrying pell-mell up the brae to escape the dash of the sea. Houses, gardens, middens; boats, nets, and crippled anchors, are all thrown together, in such a manner as to prevent the possibility of a road, much less a street, pervading the village. It is impossible to conceive a more exquisite specimen of "most admired disorder."

The inhabitants of Buckhaven are said to be distinguished by a peculiar rudeness of manners and speech from those of other fishing villages in Fife; and, as they seldom migrate or marry out of their own place, and rarely get a new settler among them, many years, it is expected, may pass ere a great change take place in their habits. They are supposed to be descended from the crew of a Brabant vessel, which was wrecked on this part of the coast in the reign of Philip II. Their ignorance was, a good deal more than a century ago, made the subject of a grossly ridiculous and satirical pamphlet, which is still known to stall-students under

disorder which ensued, to nothing but the gathering of the harpies round Æneas. Suffice it to say that I had at last to make a precipitate retreat from Torphichen, in order to avoid the death of St Stephen.

the specious title of "The History of Buckhaven, comprising the sayings of Wise Willie and Witty Eppie, and an account of their College." There is, moreover, preserved in the Advocates Library, a broadside of date 1718, in which Buckhaven is represented ironically as a great seminary of learning, and a place where the elegancies of life were carried to an unexampled pitch of perfection. The result of all this lampooning has been, that Buckhaven is looked upon as the most uncultivated place in the country,—as, in fact, the Gotham of Scotland." To do it justice, however, it must be declared, that the people, on inspection, appear precisely the same industrious, simple, primitive race, with the rest of the piscatory inhabitants of Fife.

The building represented as the College of Buckhaven is still pointed out to strangers,—a goodly old fashioned house of two stories, with two outside stairs, facing towards the shore, about the centre of the village.

The next of this infinitude of towns, whose frequent succession is such as to bewilder the passing traveller, is Easter Wemyss. This is perhaps somewhat cleaner and handsomer than the rest of the fishing villages, but is otherwise undistinguished. Wemyss seems to derive its name from the number of caves which penetrate the bold freestone rock overhanging this part of the coast. Some of these recesses are built up in front, with doors and windows, as if they had been at one period in use as either human habitations, work-houses, or receptacles for goods.* Between Easter and Wester Wemyss,

* One of them is called the King's Cave on the following account. James IV, in the course of one of his pedestrian and incognito journeys through Fife, happening to be benighted, was obliged, it is said, to enter a cave for shelter. He found it already in possession of a band of robbers; but, having gone too far to retreat, he was under the necessity of joining their company. After some time, supper having been served up, two of the banditti approached him, with a plate, upon which lay two daggers, a signal that he was to be sacrificed. He instantly snatched a weapon in each hand, laid the two robbers prostrate at his feet, and rushed through the rest towards the mouth of the

stand the ruins of Wemyss Castle, once a stronghold of great importance. A splendid modern mansion of the same name, crowns the top of a tall rock overhanging the sea, about a mile and a half farther west.

Wester Wemyss is a place of greater pretension than Easter Wemyss;—being a burgh of barony, and having many salt-pans, and a harbour much resorted to for the shipping of coal. It is perhaps owing to the first of these advantages that it is the most ruinous town in Fife, and to the latter that it is the most black-a-viced. Conceive a long street of dingy houses, overspread with smoke, and paved with dark oily mud. The town-house, a structure that in its time might have been rather handsome, is now in ruins, and, owing at once to its blackness, its rooflessness, and the attrition which the weather has wrought upon its friable walls, has altogether a most haggard and dismal appearance. It is a building apparently up to the knees in mud; its steeple is worn from a square almost into a circular turret; its clock has long struck work; and the weather-cock,—which, by the bye, represents a creature like a duck,—shakes and waddles in turning round, as if anxious to be in character. If there could be such a thing as a skeleton or raw-head-and-bloody-bones chimney-sweep, it would resemble the town-house of Wester Wemyss.

The next town is Dysart,—one not only of considerable size, but of more than ordinary handsomeness. It chiefly consists in three streets. The central street is full of antique substantial houses, the fronts of which are generally decorated with inscriptions and dates. Dysart, which now possesses only an expert trade in coal and salt, was formerly so prosperous and so busy a place, as to get the popular name of "Little Holland." The port had no fewer than thirty-six brigs belonging to it; and it was the custom to expose prodigious quantities of merchandise for sale, under the piazzas which

cave. Fortunately, he escaped, and next day, bringing a sufficient force to the place, took all the band prisoners.

then pervaded the central street. A square in the middle of the town, where the town-house stands, is represented by tradition as having been, in those days, what with goods, and what with the merchants who attended them, a sight of no ordinary splendour.

The people of some of the places last-mentioned, are thus characterised in an old song:

The canty carles o' Dysart,
The merry lads o' Buckhaven,
The saucy limmers o' Largo,
The bonnie lasses o' Leven.

The circumstance of salt having been long a principal article of manufacture here, and that indeed this was originally the chief place for that manufacture in Scotland, is indicated by a well-known proverbial expression,—"to carry saut to Dysart," equivalent to the well-known English proverb of "coals to Newcastle."

From Dysart to Kirkaldy the distance is only one mile. Andrew Fairservice asserts that this "the sel o't, is as lang as ony town in a' England;" and the "Lang Toun o' Kirkaldy" is a descriptive expression of the most extensive popular fame. Kirkaldy is, indeed, a town of peculiar longitude. At a moderate calculation, it may be stated to measure three miles from the eastern extremity of its adjunct Path-head to the termination of the houses to the west. It extends through three parishes. This measurement, however, refers to one line of street forming the public road. Only at one central part of the town are there any cross streets.

This interminable street is narrow and tortuous at the extremities, but in the middle expands to a noble breadth, and is almost perfectly straight. The houses in this central district are tall and elegant, resembling those of the second-rate streets of Edinburgh; and the shops are equally well-furnished and brilliant with the better sort of the metropolis. A stranger is, altogether, apt to be surprised at the appearance of high respecta-

bility and opulence presented by this burgh, which is beyond all dispute the best town in Fife.

The harbour of Kirkaldy, which lies at the bottom of a sort of bay, is not very good. It has, however, a considerable trade. About forty vessels belong to the port. It was a haven of some note so early as the fourteenth century, when David II made the town over to the Abbot of Dunfermline as a burgh of regality. It was afterwards erected into a free royal burgh, with considerable privileges and immunities. In the time of Charles I, it was a populous place, with about a hundred vessels belonging to it. By its exertions in behalf of the parliament during the Civil War, its prosperity was much reduced, so that in 1682 it was compelled to petition the Convention of Royal Burghs for relief. Its commerce eventually revived about the middle of the last century.

Dr Adam Smith, author of "the Wealth of Nations," was a native of Kirkaldy, and the house is still shown in which he wrote that immort l treatise. It was his habit to compose *standing*, and to dictate to an amanuensis. He usually stood with his back to the fire, and unconsciously, in the process of thought, used to make his head vibrate, or rather rub sidewise against the wall above the chimney-piece. His head being dressed in the ordinary style of that period with pomatum, he did not fail to make a mark on the wall. That mark remained till lately, when, the room being painted anew, it was unfortunately destroyed. The philosopher is said to have first conceived his notions about the division of labour from observing the process of nail-making at a large manufactory in Pathhead; where there is likewise an extensive and most savoury oil-manufactory.

The descriptive epithet of "the Lang Toun o' Kirkaldy" is said to have originated in a mispronunciation. On the original limits of the town being extended over the Links or Downs to the westward, that additional part was called the *Link Town*. From Link Town to

Fifeshire,

Lang Town, especially when the error was justifiable by circumstances, the change was very easy.

Ravenscraig Castle, perched on a rock overhanging the sea, to the east of the town, forms a conspicuous and most picturesque object. It was formerly a seat of the Sinclairs. The wooded hills of Raith and Dunnikier, behind the town, are also highly ornamental to this interesting part of the coast.

Kinghorn is the next in the series of towns. It is a very ancient town, though only erected into a royal burgh by Charles II. It was formerly a royal residence, and King Alexander III was killed by his horse going over a precipice called "the *King's Wood-end*," about half a mile west from the town,—an event most fatal to the repose of Scotland. Kinghorn has a harbour at the bottom of the town, composed of a ridge of rocks with the assistance of a pier. It possesses a small share of trade, with some manufactures. This has been from time immemorial the seat of a ferry from Fife to Mid-Lothian. The landing-point used of late years is Pettycur, about three quarters of a mile west, and place supposed to have got its name from the landing of a small body of French, *(petit corps,)* while Inchkeith was in possession of the troops of that nation, during the regency of Mary of Lorrain.

The island of Inchkeith belongs to the parish of Kinghorn. This rocky little isle, with its light-house, is conspicuous from every part of these shores, as also from Mid-Lothian. It received its name from the first of the family of Keith, who, in the eleventh century, was rewarded for his achievements with the barony of Keith in Lothian and this isle. It was taken possession of and fortified by the English in the reign of Edward VI, but soon after captured by the French. The fortifications were eventually demolished by order of the Scottish parliament, lest they might be turned to their disadvantage by the English. Only a fragment now remains. The light-house, which has been constructed since the beginning of the present century, is a work of matchless neatness; while the machinery by

which the lights are caused to revolve, is an object well calculated to repay the trouble of a visit to the island. A number of sheep, rabbits, &c. are maintained by the scanty herbage with which the rock is covered. The French called Inchkeith *L'Isle de chevaux*,* from its soon fattening horses.

Burntisland, the next town to Kinghorn, is a royal burgh and thriving sea-port, remarkable for having the best harbour in the Firth of Forth. The town stretches along a rocky and irregular shore, has a neat appearance, and is much resorted to as sea-bathing quarters. Behind it, a tall precipitous ridge of rocks stretches for several miles along the coast, leaving a narrow fertile tract declining towards the sea. Burntisland was besieged by Oliver Cromwell, and only capitulated on condition that he was to pave the streets and repair the harbour; which he faithfully performed. A place is shown in the neighbourhood as his camp. The burgh joins with Kinghorn, Kirkaldy, and Dysart, in electing a member of the British Senate.

The last of the towns is Aberdour,—an extremely pleasant little village, in the midst of a beautiful country. The principal ornament of the *environs* is the policy of Hillside, a seat of Mr Stuart of Dunearn. The Earl of Morton has also a seat in this neighbourhood. It is connected with some fine old woods which stretch along the shore. The Earl of Morton's earliest title, and that by which he is still known here, is "the Gudeman o' Aberdour." His lordship's original house, which was burnt about a century ago, now exists in a state of ruin near the church. Aberdour is an excellent sea-bathing retreat,—both on account of the delightful character of the surrounding scenery, and the singularly fine tract of firm white sand afforded by a neighbouring part of the shore.

The only object of interest intervening betwixt

* And Lord Hailes is reported by James Boswell to have remarked, that it would be a *safer stable* than most others at that time.

Aberdour and the North Ferry, where this tour was commenced, is Dunnibrissal House, the seat of the Earl of Moray,—a large old white building, close upon the shore. This was the scene of one of the most atrocious deeds that stain the history of Scotland,—the murder, namely, by the Earl of Huntly, of the youthful Earl of Moray, son-in-law to the Regent. Huntly attacked Dunnibrissal by night, with torch-light, and, on being refused admittance, proceeded to set fire to the house. A servant of Moray's then proposed to go forth as his master, and thus, while he was in the process of being dispatched, afford opportunity for the Earl making his escape. This scheme succeeded so far. Moray got clear through the body of his enemies, and reached a rocky part of the shore, where he sat down to wait for some means of farther conveyance. The murderers, however, soon learnt that he had escaped, and began to search about for him. It unfortunately happened that one of the strings of his lordship's tippet had caught fire as he rushed out of the house. The burning of this led them to the spot, where they immediately dispatched him.*

The island of Inch-Colm is situated near this part of the shore. It was the seat of a very wealthy and famous abbey, founded by Alexander III, in consequence of a vow, and some of the ruins of which are still visible. It is worthy of remark, that, in the portrait of the Regent Morton, given in Mr Lodge's beautiful work, the island of Inch-Colm, with the abbey entire, figures in the back-ground.

The line of survey laid down at the commencement of this article is now completed; and it only remains that we should advert to a particular place of interest which

* This unfortunate young nobleman was remarkable for his good looks, and is therefore termed in Scottish song and tradition, the *Bonny Earl of Moray*. He seems to have been vain of his person; for, on Gordon of Buckie wounding him in the face, he remarked, "you have spoilt a better face than your ain;" a fine trait of the ruling passion strong in death.

lies at a little distance from that track, before concluding the chapter.

Markinch, an inland parish, situated between Kirkaldy and Falkland, is worthy of attention for the following very curious reason. King James the Fifth, in one of his pedestrian tours, is said to have called at the village, and, going into the only change-house, desired to be furnished with some refreshment. The gudewife informed him that her only room was then engaged by the minister and schoolmaster, but that she believed they would have no objection to admit him into their company. He entered, was made very welcome, and began to drink with them. After a tough debauch of several hours, during which he succeeded in completely ingratiating himself with the two parochial dignitaries, the reckoning came to be paid, and James pulled out money to contribute his share. The schoolmaster, on this, proposed to the clergyman that they should pay the whole, as the other had only recently acceded to the company, and was, moreover, entitled to their hospitality as a stranger. "Na, na," quoth the minister, "I see nae reason in that.—This birkie maun just pay higgletypigglety wi' oursels.—That's aye the law in Markinch. Higglety-pigglety's the word." The schoolmaster attempted to repel this selfish and unjust reasoning; but the minister remained perfectly obdurate. King James at last exclaimed, in a pet, "Weel, weel, higglety-pigglety be't!" and he immediately made such arrangements as insured an equality of stipend to his two drinking companions, thus at once testifying his disgust at the meanness of the superior, and his admiration of the generosity of the inferior functionary. To this day the salaries of the minister and schoolmaster of Markinch are nearly equal,—a thing as singular as it may be surprising. Our authors for this story, as Pitscottie would say, are fifteen different clergymen, resident at different corners of the kingdom, all of whom told it in the same way, adding, as an attestation of their verity, that they heard it discussed in all its bearings,

Fifeshire.

times innumerable, at the breakfasts given by the Professor of Divinity; on which occasions, it seems, probationers are duly informed of the various stipends, glebes, &c. of the parishes of Scotland, as they are instructed, at another period of the day, in the more solemn mysteries of their profession.

The East Coast.

FORFARSHIRE, KINCARDINESHIRE, AND ABERDEENSHIRE.

The Bodies of Angus, the Men of the Mearns, and the Canny Folk of Aberdeen.

Old Saying.

UNDER this popular term are comprehended the three counties of Forfar, Kincardine, and Aberdeen—being that fertile and important part of Scotland, which, bounded at its extremities by the Firth of Tay and the Moray Firth, may be said to form a great oblong irregular plain, descending towards the sea from the Grampian Hills. The people of this district are in many respects different from the rest of the Scottish nation. Their country having been the chief part of the Pictish kingdom, it is probable that they retain the greatest share of the characteristics of that peculiar people. Having been less subject to the invasion of the English, but more frequently intruded upon by the adventurers of the North of Europe, than the population of the southern Lowlands, they are marked accordingly. It may, in general, be said, that the inhabitants of this district, with less intellectual culture, less bigotry and enthusiasm, display more constitutional activity and lively ingenuity, in the pursuits of commerce, and the desire of the substantial comforts of life.

Forfarshire.

The most eligible mode of surveying this large tract of country, is, to enter at Dundee and proceed northwards, zig-zagging and diverging towards all objects of particular interest, and finally terminating at the Moray Firth.

Dundee, in point of population, may be considered the fifth town in Scotland—the number of souls approaching to forty thousand. It has at all times occupied a high rank among the Scottish burghs, and the present age has seen it advance in the list rather than retreat.

Dundee occupies a most imposing site, on the north bank of the Tay, at a place where that river has assumed all the appearance of an arm of the sea. The ground on which the city is built, rises gradually from the shore, till it terminates in a picturesque eminence called "the Law." Externally, the town is extremely fine—quite sufficient to justify the old endearing appellation of "Bonny Dundee." Its massive steeple, its huge manufactories, its innumerable suburban villas, its crowded harbours, the majestic river in front, and the beautiful country beyond, form the materials of a splendid landscape. The interior of the town is no less striking, on account of the tallness and metropolitan character of the buildings, and the bustle which perpetually pervades the streets. Many of the houses are old, and resemble those of the High Street of Edinburgh—the architecture being in general more elaborately decorated, if not in all cases so stupendous.

Dundee is remarkable for the sieges it has undergone, and the misfortunes which it has derived from the chances of war. When General Monk took and pillaged it, such was the quantity of wealth which it contained, that each private soldier got L.60 of prize-money. Though this may be partly accounted for by the circumstance of its being then the residence of six or eight noblemen, besides numerous gentry, and by the number of vessels found in the port, it is nevertheless

understood that the burghers suffered a principal share of the loss.*

The first incident of importance in the history of Dundee, was the landing here, on his return from the third Crusade, of Henry Earl of Huntington, the hero of one of Sir Walter Scott's most chivalrous and animated tales, but the brother, and not the son, as there represented, of King William the Lion. In the spirit of the times, the king had vowed that he would bestow upon his gallant and beloved brother the spot of ground on which he should first land. The prince was driven by stress of weather to Dundee. William accordingly performed his promise, and Henry chose to mark his gratitude to God for his signal deliverance from the perils of the sea, by erecting the present church and steeple, or rather by thus extending a chapel which had previously existed, and which still forms what is called the Auld Kirk.

The Church, a large and curious, though irregular structure, now contains four distinct places of worship, and has lately undergone a thorough repair. The

* Dundee has suffered as much in its time from pestilence as from war. In 1544, a great proportion of the inhabitants being expelled on that account from the limits of the town, George Wishart, the reformer, ascended the top of the Cowgate Port, at the east end of the town, and preached to them from the text (Psalm. cix) "And the Lord shall send his word to heal them,"—the afflicted lying on pallets without the gate, and the uninfected standing within the street, so as to participate in the blessing of the sermon. When the preacher descended from his station, a Roman Catholic priest, or gentleman, made an ineffectual effort to stab him.

Not far to the eastward of this gate—which, out of veneration for Wishart, is still preserved—is a range of low houses called the Wallace Croft. The residence of Wallace of Craigie stood here; and it is supposed to have been at this place that the illustrious Wallace, who was nephew to the representative of that family, resided, when attending the grammar-school of Dundee—a section of his life which terminated in his killing Selby the English governor's son, and consequently flying the town.

steeple, or rather tower, cannot be spoken of in terms of sufficient praise. It is a massive square fabric, one hundred and fifty-six feet high; it is the great distinguishing feature of Dundee, and, without exception, the finest thing of the kind in Scotland. On the capture of the town by Monk, the governor (Lumsden) held out, with a party in the steeple; but was at last compelled to surrender at discretion. The reward of his unavailing bravery was immediate decapitation; and his head was stuck upon one of the corner ornaments, at the top of the tower. This ornament happening to fall down within the memory of the present generation, an iron spike was found fastened into it, on which one of the bones of the brave man's head was still sticking.*

Dundee has all the attributes of a large and flourishing capital. Its streets are crowded with busy people; it has the usual mixture of very respectable and very wretched inhabitants; it has whole ranges of elegant villas for the residence of the former, and no lack of dens for the retreat of the latter: it has goodly public buildings, including an elegant Town-House, and a variety of places of worship for almost all the ordinary sects; it has newspapers and lawyers, booksellers and confectioners, the four chief characteristics of a capital: to crown all, it has trade, and wealth the concomitant of trade; neither does it want some pretensions to literature; though it may, in general, be said that nobody can here be *very* much esteemed, whatever his learning or talent, unless he possess a competent knowledge of Riga P. D. R. and have the last quotations of cottons at the ends of his fingers.

Dundee is remarkable for the number of eminent persons, either born, or who have at some period resided in it. Besides those already mentioned, several others de-

* The sack of Dundee was attended with an indiscriminate massacre, which, after continuing several days, was only stopped in consequence of a child being seen sucking the breast of its murdered mother.

East Coast.

serve to be enumerated. Hector Boethius, who was born in the neighbouring parish of Barrie, received his education at Dundee. He was Principal of the University of Aberdeen, circa 1490, and wrote a History of Scotland which has been the subject of much ungenerous criticism.*—Sir George Mackenzie, the celebrated *Persecutor*, also received his education at Dundee.—Graham of Claverhouse became connected with the town, by marrying the heiress of Dudhope Castle, at the bottom of the Law,—the ancient possession of the family of Scrimgeour, in which the office of Standard-bearer to the Scottish king was hereditary. He afterwards took his title from this town.—Anne, Duchess of Buccleuch and Monmouth, was born at Dundee during the siege by Monk, in a house which is still shown in the High Street, and which was subsequently the residence of the Parliamentary General.—Fergusson, the Scottish poet, was educated at the grammar school of Dundee.

The harbour of Dundee is situated at the bottom of the town. Within the last few years a prodigious quantity of money has been spent in extending and improving it; and it is now one of the best ports in Scotland. The Tay, at this place, is more than two miles broad, affording an excellent road-stead for vessels of any bur-

* Boethius, no more than Buchanan, or any other writer of his time, was exempted *from* the credulity which disposed our ancestors to believe in venerable fables. He accordingly introduced into his work the whole rigmarole of the century of Scottish kings, besides a number of facts, which, from their transcending the laws of nature, could never have happened. In this, however, he was perfectly excusable, as the lights of his time taught him no better. Buchanan, who lived in a time which ought to have been more enlightened, copied the whole into his History; not scrupling, all the time he was borrowing honest Hector's matter, to decry his book, and impeach his fame. Nevertheless, and though Lord Hailes and Pinkerton have conspired to ruin its credit, it cannot be disputed that Boece's work is written in a style of Latinity inferior only to that of Buchanan, and is altogether, considering that he wrote it in the last twelvemonth of his life, a wonderful and most meritorious performance.

den. The Tay is supposed to discharge more water into the sea than any other river of Great Britain. Its mouth is unfortunately obstructed by sand-banks, so as to leave only a very narrow passage for vessels. The early maritime invaders of this country used to find it almost impossible to enter the Tay, and, for want of acquaintance with the coast, were generally beat to pieces on the banks, at every attempt. The merchants of Dundee, besides a great deal of intercourse with the Continent, have a constant and extensive trade with London. The people, it is observable, know more of London than they do of Edinburgh, though, from the latter city, they are distant only forty-two miles. This, though apparently strange, is easily accounted for. They are divided from Edinburgh by two firths, which add a certain degree of difficulty to a journey towards that city; but, having upwards of a dozen smacks sailing perpetually to and from London, they are often induced to visit that metropolis by the facility and cheapness of the voyage, and, indeed, in many cases, by the masters of these vessels taking them and their whole families on board gratis, in consideration of their patronage.

Among the objects of a public nature in Dundee, one of the most remarkable is the burying-ground, which is situated on the north side of the town, and goes by the strange popular name of *the Howff*.* Many of the old monuments in this cemetery are worthy of inspection, from the curious and quaint manner in which most of the epitaphs are composed.

Among the traditionary reminiscences of Dundee, one of the most striking refers to the incremation of a witch named Grizel Jeffrey. The period of the event cannot be very remote, for a gentlewoman who died a few years ago, remembered hearing her husband tell

* *Howff*, in the ordinary acceptation, a place of rendezvous, implying also a *habit* on the part of those who resort to it, and, at the same time, a purpose of festivity or enjoyment. Burns, for instance, had a tavern in Dumfries which he termed the Howff.

that he had heard his father relate the circumstance of being carried in the arms of one of his father's servants to see the burning. It took place in the Sea-gate, in the midst of a vast crowd of spectators; and the same person remembered, with horrible distinctness, the start which the unfortunate woman gave as the flames rose on her body, and the very appearance of the force of them on her skin. It is related that an only son, and sole relation of this poor woman, who had gone to sea, and rose to be a master of a vessel, happened to return to the mouth of the Tay, on the very day of his mother's execution. He had, no doubt, hoped to gladden her heart with the relation of his success in life, and to provide for the comfort of her declining years. Before he landed, some persons came on board, who, being asked the occasion of the unusual bustle which the town exhibited, gave an explanation which at once destroyed all these hopes. The unhappy mariner immediately caused his vessel to be put about; and he was never more heard of at Dundee.

Arbroath is an eminently neat and thriving little seaport town, situated at the place where the Firth of Tay may be said to terminate in the German Ocean, at the distance of seventeen miles east from Dundee. On being approached from the sea, the abbey is observed rising, a huge red ruin, at the back of the town. The harbour is neither safe nor spacious, but nevertheless possesses considerable trade. Arbroath deals largely with Russia, and manufactures a great quantity of sail-cloth, &c. The town is regularly built, of red soft sand-stone, and is kept in a state of exemplary cleanness. The most remarkable production of the place is a peculiar species of stone, which breaks off naturally in *liths* of five inches thick, and is known by the name of Arbroath pavement. The ruins of the abbey are very much dilapidated. It was founded in 1178, by William the Lion, and was considered, in its time, one of the most dignified and wealthy establishments of the kind in Scotland. At the Reformation, when it was burnt, the lead is said to have poured down from the

roof of the church, in such a manner, as absolutely to deluge the streets below. The demolition of the edifice, since that disaster, is perhaps to be ascribed partly to the friability of the stone, which is such, that the touch of the finger brings it away in the shape of sand. The site of the ruin, and its precincts, form a large burial-ground.

The monastery of Arbroath was the scene of one of the most remarkable incidents in the early history of Scotland. Edward II having endeavoured to procure the favour of the Pope to his claims upon the sovereignty of this country, the nobility met here, June 1320, and drew up a letter of remonstrance; in a style which, for spirited and exalted sentiment, is perhaps unequalled in the annals of diplomacy. It was dispatched to Rome, in the keeping of a monk of this abbey, no person of higher rank, or less sacred character, daring to carry such a document through England.

The coast beyond Arbroath is remarkable for its bold precipitous character, and for being penetrated by a great number of deep and dismal caves. One of these was, in the reign of James II, the haunt of a family of cannibal banditti, whose story is thus related by one of our old historians. "About this time there was apprehended and taken, for a most abominable and cruel abuse, a brigand, who haunted and dwelt, with his whole family and household, out of all men's company, in a place of Angus, called the Fiend's Den. This mischievous man had an execrable fashion to take all young men and children, that either he could steal quietly, or take away by any other moyen, without the knowledge of our people, and bring them home and eat them; and the more young they were, he held them the more tender and the greater delicate. For the which damnable abuse he was burnt, with his wife, bairns, and family, except a young lass of one year old, which was saved and brought to Dundee, where she was fostered and brought up: but, when she came to woman's years, she was condemned and burnt quick, for the same crime her father and mother were convicted of.

East Coast.

It is said that, when this young woman was coming forth to the place of execution, there gathered a great multitude of people about her, and specially of women, cursing and warying that she was so unhappy to commit so damnable deeds. To whom she turned about with a wood and furious countenance, saying, 'Wherefore chide ye me, as I had committed an unworthy crime? Give me credit and trow me, if ye had experience of eating man's and woman's flesh, ye would think the same so delicious, that ye would never forbear it again.' And so, with an obstinate mind, this unhappy creature, without sign or outward token of repentance, died in the sight of the whole people."—*Pitscottie, 3d edit. p.* 104.

Fifteen miles north-west of Arbroath, and fourteen north from Dundee, lies Forfar, the county-town; a small inland burgh, subsisting chiefly by its political consequence, with the help of a little weaving. It is a town of pleasant appearance, situated in the lowest part of a country declining towards it on all sides; adorned by a spire of singular height, and having its environs enlivened with a considerable lake. It is a burgh of great antiquity, and was a royal residence in the time of Malcolm Canmore.

Though Forfar be now a neat and clean-looking town, it is not long since it might have merited a very different description. At the beginning of the present century, its streets were chiefly composed of old thatched houses, its church was old and ruinous, and at least one street was kept in a state of constant and indescribable filthiness. The latter circumstance was the occasion, about a century ago, of a remarkable murder. A party of gentlemen, including the Earl of Strathmore of that time, were returning from attendance upon what is called a dredgie, or funeral entertainment, when one of them, Mr Carnegie of Finhaven, being tossed by another into a puddle which then pervaded *Spout Street*, rose, black and blinded with mire, drew his sword, and, making for the offender, ran the Earl of Strathmore through the body; for which he was

tried, and, with difficulty, was rescued from the gallows.

The town has been, within the last few years, ornamented by a handsome suite of County Buildings, and by a new church and steeple.*

The residence of King Malcolm was a castle situated on a mount to the north of the town; and he is said to have here held the parliament in which titles and surnames were first conferred upon the Scottish nobility. His illustrious queen had a separate establishment, in the shape of a nunnery, upon a small artificial island near the north side of the loch, which is still called the Inch, though said by tradition to have been connected with the land by means of a passage capable of giving access only to one person. Here the inhabitants of Forfar have an annual *fete* in honour of Queen Margaret. From this isle, to the other side of the loch, a causeway runs under the water, similar to that already mentioned as pervading the Castle Loch at Lochmaben. The loch was drained sixty years ago, for the sake of the marl, when some instruments and weapons were found at the bottom, supposed, with great plausibility, to have belonged to the murderers of King Malcolm II, who, it has always been reported, in attempting to cross over the loch upon the ice, went down and were drowned.

It is very remarkable, that almost all the traditionary

* A pleasant anecdote is told about the steeple. On its being finished, the architect happened to express his apprehension that the work was scarcely stout enough at top to bear the cross bars, in shape of cardinal points, which he had then to plant upon the spire, immediately under the vane. One of the magistrates, being consulted upon this puzzling point, asked how the builder came to demur about the bars, when to him it appeared that the vane, a much larger object, would be equally, or more liable to produce the disaster he anticipated. The man represented that the griffin (for such was the device for the vane) would be so accommodating as turn round in conformity to the wishes of the wind, and therefore present no resistance to it whatever. "Weel, weel, man," suggested the magistrate, "canna ye mak the cardinal points *turn round too?*"

East Coast.

anecdotes of Forfar which we have been able to collect among its natives, refer to drinking or to public houses. The town may thus be said to resemble in some measure a certain Edinburgh lawyer of the last age, of whom it was said that, whenever or wheresoever met or seen, he was always either going to a tavern, or in a tavern, or coming from a tavern, or thinking of going to a tavern, or had been at a tavern—was something, in short, of or belonging to a tavern.

The following pleasant joke of the witty King James has, we believe, never been in print. In his first journey to London, his Majesty was treated with a splendid entertainment by the mayor of an English town, whose liberality was such that he kept open house, in honour of the new sovereign, for several days. Some of the English courtiers took occasion from this to hint, that such examples of munificence must be very rare among the civic dignitaries of a certain other kingdom. "Fient a' bit o' that are they," cried King James. "The provost o' my bergh of Forfar, whilk is by nae means the largest town in Scotland, keeps open house a' the year round, and aye the mae that comes the welcomer!" The secret was, that the chief magistrate of Forfar kept an ale-house.

The following anecdote is of a much more intensely ludicrous complexion. A brewster-wife in Forfar, previous to the Restoration, having one day "brewed a peck o' maut," which she expected a large company of topers that night to consume, set the same out to cool at the door. A neighbour's cow, soon after coming past, scented the savoury caldron, and, turning to, began to solace herself with a draught. The liquor was balmy and good; and the animal, loath to lose so sweet an opportunity, was in no haste to "take her loving lips away." No one observing her proceedings, she continued to swill without interruption; in other words,—those of the Wife of Auchtermuchty,—"aye she winkit, and aye she drank," till she at length completely finished the browst. Just as she made an end, out came the unhappy proprietrix of the liquor, and, to

her horror and dismay, saw an empty caldron where she had left a full one, over which Luckie ———'s cow was hanging with an air of pensive satisfaction that but too plainly betrayed the facts of the case. Had sticks or stones been of any use, or could cries of vexation and rage have recalled the liquor that was gone, the caldron would have soon been replenished; but, alas, they were of no such avail. The only recourse left for the injured ale-wife, was to try what the law could do for her. She accordingly laid the case in regular style before the magistrates; they decided; but an appeal was preferred to the sheriff, he in his turn decided; and it then came, a full-blown plea, before "The Fyfeteen." While in the progress of discussion in that ultimate court, a happy joke, on the part of the advocate for the proprietrix of the cow turned the day against the complainant. He allowed that the cow had drunk the liquor, and thereby satisfied her natural appetite. But, he observed, as by the immemorial custom of this land, nothing is ever charged for a standing drink, otherwise called a *doch-an-dorras*, or stirrup-dram, the defendant ought, beyond a question, to be absolved from the charge in dependence, seeing that she swallowed the browst in place and manner according. This story is developed at much greater length in a curious volume, of date 1656, entitled "Frank's Northern Memoirs."

In the steeple of Forfar is preserved a curiosity well worth the attention of tourists. It is called "the Witches' Bridle." The form of the object is very simple,—a small circle of iron, sufficient to enclose the head, divided into four sections, which are connected with hinges, and having a short chain attached. In the front, but pointing inwards, is a prong, like the rowel of an old-fashioned spur, which entered the mouth, and, by depressing the tongue, acted as a gag. The use of the thing was exactly what its name portends. By it, as with a bridle, the unfortunate old women formerly burnt at Forfar for the imaginary crime of witchcraft, were led out of town to the place of execu-

East Coast.

tion. Its further and more important purposes were, to bind the culprit to the stake, and prevent her cries during the dreadful process of death. When all was over, the Bridle used to be found among the ashes of the victim. The present writer beheld this strange memorial of the cruelty of a former age, with a tumult of agitating feeling not easily to be described.

The place where the witches of Forfar used to be burnt, is a little to the northward of the town,—a small hollow, called "the Witches' Howe," surrounded by a number of little eminences, on which the people stood to see the horrible process. The last person that suffered for this imaginary crime, was the bedral of the parish, about the year 1682. The facts of this case, as preserved in the process-verbal, are shocking to such a degree as to be almost unfit for commemoration. After a long course of torture by the witches' bridle and otherwise, and having been solicited in vain by clergymen to confess his misdeeds, he was, as a last resource, subjected to a species of torture which is acknowledged in various countries to be unfailing in its object. This had the effect of bringing a slow and incoherent confession from his lips; and the wretched old man was then led to the fatal "howe," to receive the award of the law for his acknowledged guilt.

The steeple of Forfar contains another object not unworthy of observation—namely, a large and fine bell, the sound of which can be heard on a calm evening at the distance of fifteen miles. It was presented to the town, about the middle of the sixteenth century, by a man of the name of Strang, who, having left Forfar in his earlier years, settled at Stockholm, and acquired a handsome fortune. He tendered this gift with the condition, that all persons of the name of Strang, dying in the town, should be honoured with a funeral knell, similar to that which announces the descent of royalty to the grave. There is a tradition connected with its arrival in Scotland, which displays in a striking manner the opinion of the neighbouring towns in regard to the additional importance which Forfar might

derive from the possession of it, or perhaps which rather only indicates the long standing of the pique at present in full force between the county-town and some of the more prosperous burghs of the coast. On the bell landing at Dundee, the magistrates of that city claimed it as their own, alleging that it must have been intended for their use, and not for that of so miserable a town as Forfar, which in reality could not boast so much as a place where it might be disposed. The people of Forfar resisted their specious reasoning with all their might, and proceeded to assert their right by laying hold of the bell. A scuffle ensued, in which the *tongue*, said to have been of silver, was wrenched out by the offending party, and tossed beyond redemption into the sea. Even after the Forfarians had succeeded in proving it their lawful property, the magistrates of Dundee made another desperate effort to withhold it. They said they would not permit its owners to transport it out of the town, till they should purchase the ground over which it would require to be carried. The magistrates of Forfar were obliged to comply with this hard condition, by paying, from the funds of their town, an enormous sum for a road between the shore, where the bell lay, and the extremity of the liberties of Dundee; and this road still passes by the name of the Forfar Loan. Such was the joy of the inhabitants on at length obtaining possession of their townsman's highly esteemed gift, that they went out in a body in their holiday clothes, headed by the magistrates, to meet it, as it approached the town. The people of Dundee had, however, the satisfaction of seeing it lie useless for more than a century, on account of the deficiency with which they had taunted the poor Forfarians. It is now hung to great advantage, and has a very fine sound; though the modern tongue is supposed to be quite unfit, from smallness, to bring out its full tones.

Forfar, it would appear, has had to contend against the malice of other neighbours besides Dundee—not so powerful, perhaps, but fully as pestilent. From time

immemorial, the manufacture of *brogues* has engaged the principal part of the inhabitants; insomuch that the term, "the Sutors of Forfar," is held in common parlance, just as expressive of the whole population, as that of "the Sutors of Selkirk," in the famous capital of the Forest. At Kirriemuir, a thriving minor town about five miles to the north, another phrase obtains—"the weavers of Kirriemuir;" and the people of the two towns have had a feud of several centuries continuance. This, in former times, displayed itself in the substantial shape of blows; but its expression is now confined to proverbial phrases of reciprocal vituperation. In illustration of their animosity, as it used to be exhibited two centuries ago, a curious anecdote of Drummond of Hawthornden, the subject of which is alluded to in his works, (Edin. 1716, folio,) may here be introduced.

Happening, in the summer of 1648, to be on an excursion through this part of the country, Drummond arrived, in the dusk of the evening, at Forfar, where it was his intention to pass the night. The inhabitants of Forfar were at that time a race of strict Presbyterians, and of course looked upon all persons connected with "the profane art of poesie" as antichristian and utterly abominable. They had heard of Drummond's approach to the town, and resolved, before he appeared, to give him no countenance. The unfortunate poet, on entering the town, was therefore astonished to find every door shut against him, and that even the accommodating portals of the inns had in his case forgot their cunning. Overwhelmed with vexation, and pursued by the revilings of the multitude, he found it necessary to go onwards to Kirriemuir—a bad road, rendered additionally painful by the darkness. At Kirriemuir, he was consoled for his rejection at Forfar, by the inhabitants vying with each other who should show him most kindness and respect. They were not perhaps much more able than their neighbours to appreciate their guest's poetical character; but they were resolved to do every thing that the others would not

do; and poets are too glad at receiving flattery, to scruple much about its motives. Next morning, on taking leave of them, Drummond gratified their prejudices by presenting to them a poetical distich, in allusion to a dispute which had recently taken place between the rival towns. It must certainly be acknowledged, that, whatever was the pride of the Kirriemuirians on the occasion, the merit of the verses was by no means such as to make the Forfarians burst with envy.

The Kirriemuirians met the Forfarians at the Muirmoss,
The Kirriemuirians beat the Forfarians back to the cross;
Sutors ye are, and sutors will be—
Fye upon Forfar!—Kirriemuir bears the gree!

About a mile to the east of Forfar stand the ruins of the ancient Priory of Restennet. This religious establishment was one of the three churches founded in Scotland, by Boniface, at the beginning of the seventh century; and it was hither that the ancient muniments of the kingdom were brought from Iona, to be preserved, immediately before their being seized by Edward I. It was a cell of the Abbey of Jedburgh, and the depository of all the valuable movables and records belonging to that magnificent foundation. Hence the name is supposed to be a compound of "res tenet." Its ruins are picturesquely situated upon an eminence, which was formerly an island in the centre of a lake. The church, which was the parochial place of worship to Forfar till the beginning of the last century, is still almost entire, and forms a cemetery to two neighbouring proprietors. At no great distance from the ruins, stands the house of Pitskanly, where may be seen one of the boats or currachs used by the early inhabitants of this country, which was dug some years ago out of the neighbouring moss.

Forfar lies in the district popularly termed Strathmore, of which some notice may here be taken. Strathmore, literally the great strath or valley, is one of those unaccountable hollows in the general face of the coun-

try, of which the Great Glen of Albyn, through which the Caledonian Canal has been drawn, is the only other specimen in Scotland. The great wonder in these peculiar pieces of country is, that the hollow is not occasioned, like ordinary hollows, by the course of a river, though quite as distinct, and a great deal more extensive; but that they are simply long, straight depressions, running throughout a mountainous country, without any visible or supposable reason whatever. The Great Glen extends, as is well known, from Inverness on the Murray Firth, to the western coast of the island. Strathmore runs, in a parallel direction, from Strathaven in the Mearns to Cowal in Argyle. To the eye of a fanciful observer, they look as if God, after fashioning the world, had laid his arm along the still plastic surface, and left upon it the impression of that mighty limb. The former of the two is pervaded by a chain of lakes; but Strathmore is only here and there visited by the wandering tributaries of the Tay. The Great Glen is narrow and profound, and marked with the wild character of the neighbouring scenery. Strathmore, on the other hand, is spacious and fertile, partaking of the soft and rich nature of the lowland vales to which it adjoins. Perhaps no part of the Highlands presents such a tract of sublime mountain scenery as the Great Glen, and no part of the Lowlands so much of the beautiful and luxuriant as Strathmore.

This noble piece of country gives title to the ancient family of Lyon, which formerly mingled its blood with the royal family, and still holds a high rank in the glittering ring of Scotia's nobles. The seat of this family, the celebrated castle of Glammis, is situated in one of the most beautiful spots throughout the whole territory, about six miles to the north-west of Forfar. As it is one of the principal show-houses, as they are called, in Scotland, a more than ordinarily extensive notice of it may be necessary.

Glammis Castle is situated near the delightful little village of the same name, in the midst of a park comprising one hundred and sixty acres. It is an edifice of

a princely and antique appearance, consisting in an irregular congregation of tall towers; some of which are of remoter date than others, but which all conspire to form an harmonious whole. When the head of the exiled house of Stuart visited it in 1715—on which occasion eighty-eight beds were made for him and his followers—he declared that "he had not seen a finer chateau any where in Europe." The walls in some places are fifteen feet thick, and the height of the building is such that there are 148 steps in the stair which leads directly from the bottom to the top.*

Anciently a royal residence, Glammis was the scene of the murder, or at least the death, of Malcolm II. That monarch is said to have been attacked by assassins on the Hunter's Hill, which overhangs Glammis, and latterly at a spot now included by the minister's garden; at both of which places there are antique obelisks, carved with hieroglyphical or emblematical figures of animals, &c. supposed to commemorate the circumstances. According to the popular narrative, Malcolm died of his wounds, in the castle, three days after the attack. A room is shown as that in which he expired; and the housekeeper never fails to point out that the floor still bears the stains of his blood. On further inquiry regarding these dark spots, the stranger is surprised to learn that the floor has been thrice renewed since the murder, but that the blood always reappeared, with conscientious punctuality, at the precise part of the floor where it had been originally spilt.

Glammis became the property of Macbeth, in a way well known to all who have read Shakspeare. On the

* This stair is spiral, and a curiosity in its way. The steps are laid regularly round a hollow pillar, and occupy a huge tower, which was built on purpose to receive them. A boy, once playing at the top of the pillar, fell down, feet foremost, through the whole of the profound cylinder to the bottom. He was not in the least hurt; which seems to prove, what has been affirmed, that if a person falling from a height, can continue to descend with his body in a straight perpendicular direction, he will, like the cats, fall on his feet, and suffer no injury.

East Coast.

death of that prince, it again became the property of the crown. During the reign of David II, it was given to John Logie of that ilk, a gentleman of Angus, who was father-in-law to the king. In the succeeding reign, it was granted by Robert II to his favourite John Lyon, who, marrying the king's second daughter by Elizabeth More, became the founder of the present noble family of Strathmore.

Glammis was once more forfeited, on the conviction, in 1537, of the young and beautiful Lady Glammis of witchcraft.* While in the possession of the crown, James V resided in it, and met the following adventure in its neighbourhood. In one of his amorous rambles, as he was journeying from the northward towards Glammis, he fell in with a butcher of the name of Couttie, a citizen of Dundee, and a very hearty fellow. Just as the two were passing the mouth of Glenogle, they were overtaken by a band of Highland robbers, who instantly attacked them. Couttie, at seeing such odds, was for surrendering; but the king encouraged him to draw his bilbo and fall on, by exclaiming, as he at the same time struck down a man, "The face of a king is terrible, and his name is a tower of strength!" The robbers, dismayed at the ferocity of their repulse,

* She was burnt on the Castle-Hill of Edinburgh, in the midst of a vast crowd, who scarcely knew whether most to pity her youth and beauty, or admire the firmness, and even loftiness, of demeanour with which she met a barbarous and undeserved fate.

The great-grand-daughter of this lady, wife of the Earl of Angus, had intercourse with witches, for the strange purpose of being cured of a practice she had of vomiting while "breiding her bairnes."—*Fountainhall's MS.* Lady Angus had been married first to Douglas, younger of Lochleven, and she also survived the earl, to marry a third, Alexander Lindsay, a youthful favourite of James VI, afterwards created Lord Spynie. There is a letter extant, which that facetious monarch addressed to Lindsay from Denmark:—"Deir Sandie,—Wee are going on here in the auld way, and verrie merrie. I'll not forget yow when I come hame; you sall be a lord. But mynd Jean Lyon, for her auld tout will mack yow a new horne."

and awed by the king's exclamation, gave way and fled. James rewarded his faithful *compagnon de voyage* by a grant of lands in or near Dundee; where a place called Couttie's Wynd is still shown, in attestation of the popular tale.

There is no house in Scotland, nor is there any institution, possessed of so extensive and valuable a museum of curiosities, as Glammis. This may be accounted for on the principle by which we have already illustrated the peculiar features of the character of this northern nation,—that the house has been exempted by situation from the ravages of the English. It is partly owing also to the taste of one or two members of the family of Strathmore, and to the good sense of all the rest.

The room into which the visitor is first ushered, contains a large trunk filled with the state dresses of the former lords and ladies of Strathmore. These chiefly consist in coats, vests, breeches, and ladies' high-heeled shoes,—all richly adorned with gold and silver lace, and in a state of perfect preservation. Among those of other earls, may be seen the clothes of the amiable and unfortunate Earl Charles, who, as already mentioned, was stabbed accidentally by Carnegie of Finhaven, in a drunken broil at Forfar, anno 1728. Along with those of his betters, there are also shown the habiliments of the Fool of Glammis. It is not perhaps known that the noble family of Strathmore was the last in Scotland that abandoned the practice of keeping a professed jester. It is yet only about forty years since the last official died. His coat and hat are all that has been preserved of his attire. The former happens to be in a very dilapidated condition; but the cap, though the bells are gone, is still adorned with the tassels which partly indicated his office.

The apartment termed the armoury contains a vast assortment of ancient pieces of armour,—as helmets, shields, halberds, coats of mail, &c. with a still more voluminous collection of weapons,—as guns, swords, spears, rapiers, bows, quivers, and arrows. There are

also a number of the adjuncts to warlike implements, —as saddles, boots, buff-gloves, and spurs. A sword, called that of Macbeth, is shown, as also the shirt of rings which he wore at the termination of his guilty career. After such relics, it is scarcely worth while to mention the more modern, though perhaps less apocryphal antiques, which are exhibited as the arms worn by the Earl of Strathmore when he fell fighting for the Chevalier at Sheriff-Muir. Among other curiosities are shown the things taken out of the Loch of Forfar sixty years ago, and supposed to be those which were carried by Malcolm's murderers in their flight. Besides warlike implements, there are some brass vessels which antiquaries usually mention as part of the spoil they carried off from Glammis; from which it would appear that the villains had an eye to the king's pots and pans as well as to his life. Perhaps there is no other instance of stolen goods having been restored to the place from which they had been abstracted, after an interval of eight hundred years.

The portraits with which the rooms of Glammis are hung, amount to about a hundred in number, and to a great value. They chiefly refer to the era of Charles II, comprising all the distinguished characters of that reign, as Lauderdale, Middleton, Dundee, Ormond, &c. Patrick Earl of Strathmore married a daughter of the Earl of Middleton; and it is recorded by tradition, as a striking mark of the simplicity of former times, that he brought his bride to Glammis, seated behind him on horseback, with no other retinue than a servant on foot running by their side. The lady was daughter to the representative of majesty in parliament! Besides the personages mentioned, there is a portrait of Thomson the poet; also one of the Countess of Cassillis and Johnnie Faa, both in the gipsy habit.

Adjoining to the hall is the chapel, a small room erected at the beginning of the sixteenth century, and which still exhibits the original furniture in a state almost entire. This is usually esteemed a great curiosity; and certainly, when it is considered what the zeal

of religion, latterly assisted by rapacity, mischief, and indifference, has done in this country, no one can easily deny its pretensions to that character. The walls and ceiling are still covered with the pictures appropriate to its original character of a Catholic place of worship; and the chaplain's rochet still remains in the pulpit. Unfortunately, the cushions were all sacked a few years ago by an unthinking chambermaid, in order to supply the material of a feather-bed.

As in all other old Scottish castles, there is a room in Glammis, supposed to be haunted, and therefore shut up. But in the intricacies of the castle, it is supposed that there is also one, which, if discovered, would be found to present a scene far beyond the simple horrors of a haunted chamber. Alexander, the Earl of Crawford so notorious in Scottish history for his rebellion against James II, is popularly known in Fife and Angus by the descriptive appellation of Earl Beardie, and is moreover invested with all the terrible attributes understood by the term "a wicked laird." Certes, he was, according to Bishop Lesley, "a verrey awful and rigorus man to all baronnes and gentlemen of the cuntry, and keist down mony of their houses in Angus quha wald nocht assist him, quhairof sindrey remanis yit unbiggit again in this our dayis." It is the tradition of Glammis, that he was playing at cards in the castle, when, being warned to desist, as he was losing, he swore in a transport of fury, that he would "play till the day of judgment." On this the devil appeared in the company, and they, room and all, disappeared. It is not known in what part of the house this room is situated, but it is well enough understood that, if ever discovered, Earl Beardie will be found, with all his party, still playing, and to play till the end of time. Some go the length of affirming that, on windy nights, the doomed gamesters are heard, stamping their feet at one another, and mingling their impious exclamations with the passing blast.

The view to be obtained from the *leads* of Glammis Castle, is at once splendid and extensive. On the north

are the Grampians, with all their glens and openings, from which pour the Esk, the Ericht, the Melgum, and the Isla, all of them abounding in beautiful and romantic scenery, and traversing, in different directions, the magnificent valley of Strathmore—for it can be characterised by no other epithet. These streams, when increased by the mountain torrents, rush down with a copiousness and impetuosity which nothing can withstand; often carrying away, besides the natural productions of the ground, massive bridges formerly esteemed secure. On the north-east is the towering summit of Catterthun, whose bale-fire was wont to warn all Angus at once of the approach of an enemy. On the south, the prospect is bounded by the adjacent Sidlaw Hills; but on the west, the eye is said to reach over dale and down as far as the towers of Stirling; while the blue hills of Athole mingle with the far sky in nearly the same direction. Immediately beneath, the eye rests with pleasure on the castle park, so finely variegated with wood and glade, and the endless plantations scattered everywhere around.

One of the principal, among many curiosities, in the neighbourhood of Glammis, is the Castle of Denoon, about two miles to the south-west, on one of the Sidlaws, surrounded and rendered almost inaccessible by stupendous rocks. The external wall of this ancient fortress is composed of stones and earth, and is 27 feet high, 30 thick, and 1000 in circumference. Within this there are still the vestiges of buildings, and it is said that there was once a spring in the centre. Denoon is supposed to have been a fortress of defence raised by the early inhabitants of this country against the Romans. There is a similar fortress, in a state of complete dilapidation, on the top of Catterthun; and it is well known that the battle of the Grampians is most plausibly supposed to have been fought on the plain below that mountain. There are three different Roman camps within a little distance of this range of hills—one at Keithie near Brechin, a second near Caerboddo between Forfar and Panmure, and a third

near Kirriemuir, called Battle-dykes. Pennant is of opinion that the Caledonians left their wives and children in these hill fortresses, and descended to attack the invaders of their liberties who had stationed themselves below. At the Roman station of Castletown, there exists, in a ruinous state, a well, said to have been dug by the invaders, and called by the country people "Agricola's Well."

Finhaven Castle, the once magnificent residence of the powerful family of Lindsay, and a common object of interest with tourists, is distant, in a north-easterly direction, and on the new road to Brechin, about six miles from Forfar. It rises over the steep bank of the small river Lemno, near the place where that stream joins the South Esk. The ruins now consist in little more than a square tower, from the top of which a view is obtained of the whole surrounding country. The Esk, which is the largest river in Angus, runs almost under its walls through a lovely vale, formerly celebrated for a breed of sheep with wool of peculiar fineness, now extinct. On one part of the castle may still be seen some iron spikes jutting out from the wall, on which tradition relates that Earl Beardie, quondam proprietor of the castle, was wont to hang his prisoners. In 1445, a feud broke out between this hero and the neighbouring family of Inverquharity, concerning the sheriffship of Aberbrothick; and a battle took place, in which Ogilvy of Inverquharity was mortally wounded, while the Earl of Huntly, who happened to be on a visit to that gentleman, narrowly escaped by flight. Huntly had no personal concern in the cause for which this battle was fought; but was obliged to take part with Ogilvy, in obedience to an old Scottish law of hospitality, which bound a guest to be the ally of his host, so long as his last meal was not digested in his stomach. Earl Beardie afterwards joined in the celebrated league with the Earls of Douglas and Ross, and fought what is called the battle of Brechin, (May 18, 1452,) in which he was defeated with disgrace. His intention, in this affair, was to oppose Huntly, the com-

mander of the royal army, in his passage across the *Mouth*; and the cause of his defeat was the desertion of the laird of Balnamoon to the enemy, in the hottest of the fight, with three hundred battle-axes. He was pursued to the castle of Finhaven, and there gave vent to his rage in the most passionate language, exclaiming, that "he would willingly live seven years in hell, to acquire the glory which had that day fallen to Huntly." He was soon after reconciled to the king, (James II.,) whom he feasted here in the most magnificent style.*

The name of Cardinal Beaton is associated, in a way not very flattering to his memory, with many of the old towers in Angus. He is well known to have had six natural daughters, besides sons, almost all by different mothers; but the number of his mistresses would appear to have been perfectly enormous, if we could trust the peasantry, who point out almost half the castles in the county,—as for instance, Melgum, Hennington, Claypots, and Vane,—as the residences of these various gentlewomen. It would appear that the Cardinal, according, no doubt, to the spirit of the times, concerned himself very little about the concealment of these breaches of decorum; since, in 1645, he passed to Finhaven, and there, in a style of the most ostentatious magnificence, married one of his daughters to the Master of Crawford. The dower of this young lady was 4000 merks—a sum which must have made her one of the best-tochered brides in Scotland.

The Castle of Melgund is in the neighbourhood of Aberlemno. Part of the house is in good repair; and a room is still shown entire, in which the family papers were kept, and which was therefore fire-proof. The reader will remember the dispute between Monkbarns and Sir Arthur Wardour regarding Sir Harry Maule

* About two miles from Finhaven, on the old road from Forfar to Brechin, is the little parish hamlet of Aberlemno, celebrated for its monuments of some early victory over the Danes. These fine relics of antiquity are three in number; two upon the way-side, and one in the church-yard, supposed to mark the grave of the Danish king.

Forfarshire.

of Melgund, who, whatever might be his faults as an historical antiquary, was at least, as Sir Arthur triumphantly represents him, a gentleman. Sir Harry writes a history of the Picts, and some other treatises with better titles than contents. It was perhaps for the sake of his precious papers that the charter-room was so well fortified.

Melgund was the residence, or perhaps rather the prison, of one of Beaton's mistresses. Her name is said to have been Mary Ogilvie, in proof of which the initials, M. O., are still visible, in ancient characters, above one of the landing-places of the stair, which leads to what is called her tower. If we are to believe tradition, she was the daughter of one of the best houses in Angus, and came to a violent end.

The common people have a legend, accounting for the singularly low situation of Melgund. An attempt was at first made to build it on the neighbouring hill; but every night, the walls which had been raised by the workmen during the day, were regularly demolished by invisible hands. A watch being set, one night, for the purpose of detecting the spoliators, an unearthly voice was heard to exclaim,

> Big it in a bog,
> Whare 'twill neither shake nor shog.

In obedience to this oracle, the workmen removed the scene of operations to the morass below, and there found no further interruption.

At the bottom of one of the towers of Melgund, there is a deep hole, supposed to communicate with a subterraneous passage, leading from the castle. This passage, which was closed up a few years ago, on a cow having fallen into it, is a subject of infinite wonderment and speculation among the people, who report it to be the depository of prodigious treasures, and have a thousand stories concerning it. One of their legends is so utterly horrible, as almost to make the flesh creep. They tell that the last laird of Melgund, having spent all his

fortune, in one night, at cards, left the room in which he had been playing, and, deliberately went, with his whole family, into this awful pit, and was never more heard of! The popular idea of its containing treasure once induced a young man, in spite of the dissuasive arguments of his friends, to explore its mysterious recesses. Great expectations were formed of the tidings which he was to bring back, regarding its wonders; but grievously were they disappointed. On coming again upon the upper world, he was found to be "an altered man." Formerly of a wild and gay disposition, he was now abstracted and melancholy, constantly shunning, as much as he could, the company of his neighbours. The only information he could ever be brought to give, was, that he had gone a great way under ground, and had seen such sights, as, he blessed God, he could never expect to see on earth again. The terrible gulf is now carefully closed up; yet, though there is now no longer any danger in this quarter, it is impossible to traverse the lonely and roofless halls of Melgund, even in daylight, without a sensation of fear. This is, of course, much increased, if the time of a stranger's visit be verging towards night, when, in addition to the simple horrors of desolation and grim antiquity, his ears are startled by the cry of the bat, and the screech-owl, as they flit and nestle within the moss-grown towers.

The ancient royal burgh of Brechin, formerly the county-town, and the seat of a bishopric, is romantically situated on some high ground, overhanging the north bank of the South Esk. It consists in several streets, some of which are modern, and exempt from the jurisdiction of the burgh. The bishopric was established here by King David I, in 1150, and liberally endowed. The Cathedral was a stately Gothic fabric, on the edge of a precipitous bank, descending towards the river; 166 feet in length, and 61 broad,—the roof supported by twelve pillars. Within the last few years, it has been almost all destroyed, by a repair to which its western extremity was subjected, as the parish church. The tower, a square edifice, of 120 feet in height, still re-

mains, at one of the corners of this edifice, which is by no means deficient in elegance, though of an incongruous character. Brechin, long before its elevation to the rank of a cathedral town, was one of the seats of the Culdees; and it is supposed that the site of their establishment was adopted as that of the Cathedral. Within a few yards of that edifice, there still remains one of those tall, slender, circular, tapering towers, of which there is only one other specimen, that of Abernethy, in Scotland, and whose purpose has puzzled so many antiquaries. The tower of Brechin is a handsome, and not at all decayed-looking structure, of smooth ashlar work, composed of eighty-four regular courses of stones, and having a spire at the top, of modern erection, rendering it altogether 103 feet high. There is a door at the bottom, the side-ways of which are adorned with sundry figures, in an antique style of carving. The interior is perfectly empty. At top are four windows, corresponding with the cardinal points; from which the edifice is conjectured to have been a watch-tower.

Brechin has given birth to various men of genius and literary distinction,—as Maitland, the laborious historian of Edinburgh and London; Dr Gillies, the historian of Greece; and James Tytler, an eccentric and unfortunate person, well known for his contributions to the first edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica. Brechin Castle, the seat of Mr Maule of Panmure, is in the immediate neighbourhood of the town, to which it proves, with its rich woods and park, a great ornament. It stood a siege of twenty days, from Edward I, in 1303, and only surrendered, on its brave governor, Sir Thomas Maule, being killed by a stone thrown from an engine.

Montrose, eight miles from Brechin, and twelve north from Arbroath, is situated on the north side of the mouth of the South Esk. Its site rises gently upwards from the river, and is flanked, on the side most remote from the sea, by a spacious basin, into which the tide flows, and which forms a sort of road-stead to

the port. Montrose is one of the most beautiful little towns in Scotland, both externally, and in regard to the neatness of the individual houses. It contains 7000 inhabitants, is a royal burgh, a thriving sea-port, a town of great activity in the manufacture of sail-cloth, &c. and possessed of many of the liberal institutions which distinguish large and prosperous towns. It has lately received a great improvement, in the formation of a timber bridge, 800 feet long, over the river; by which the communication with the country to the south is greatly facilitated. It is a seat of wealth and amusement, as much as that of industry and commerce; and is remarkable for the politeness of its society.

The Chevalier St George slept at Montrose, on the 13th of February, 1716, the night before he left the shores on which he had so inauspiciously landed, less than two months before. He next morning went on board a frigate, lying in the river, by which he was safely transported to France.

The illustrious Montrose was born at this town, in the mansion of his family, which, *lachrymabile dictu*, was destroyed about three years ago.

The only other place in Forfarshire which we shall mention, is Strickathro, a little parish village, situated on the North Esk,* about ten miles north-west from

* The people of the vale of Northesk are popularly reprobated for the inequality of their visages. It is common for the natives of other places in the neighbourhood, to say, "We may ken ye're a Glenesk man by your scraggy face." This conveys an additional taunt, on the following account. A great many years ago, a Glenesk man, having wandered to Stonehaven, was in an inn, taking his dinner, when, happening to look up, he saw his countenance reflected in a mirror which hung opposite. Ignorant of this optical illusion, from having never seen such a thing as a looking-glass in his own country, he thought he saw a neighbour of his own, and exclaimed, "We may ken ye're a Glenesk man by your scraggy face." To his consternation, he soon found he had complimented his own face; and the joke being reported, was not suffered to fall to the ground, so far as the efforts of his neighbours could keep it up.

Montrose. In the church-yard of this place, King John (Baliol) is said to have resigned his sovereignty into the hands of Edward I,—an act of meanness and servility, which has been visited by the vehement indignation of all the posterity of his people. The banks of the North Esk are extremely beautiful, especially at Gannachy Bridge, a few miles above Strickathro. That fabric is, moreover, considered a curiosity in its way, stretching, in one arch, across a profound chasm, through which the river rushes with precipitate violence, and resting on the solid rock, on both sides.

The county of Kincardine, forming the central part of the subject of this article, may be described as the termination of the great vale of Stratlmore, backed with the range of the Grampians, and, over and above, extending a few miles northward, along the coast, to the mouth of the Dee. It is otherwise called the Mearns, from having been, at an early period, the property of Mernia, the brother of King Kenneth II, whose other brother, Angus, at the same time, gave his name, for the same reason, to Forfarshire. The central and more level part of the country is called "the Howe o' the Mearns." The descents of the Grampians into that vale, on the north side, are, in popular language equally descriptive, designated "the Braes of Fordoun," being chiefly comprised by that parish. There is little of the country worthy of a traveller's attention. The coast-road is especially desolate,—leading from Montrose, by John's Haven, Bervie, and Stonehaven. It would be more gratifying to a stranger to traverse the fine inland plain or *Howe* of the Mearns, entering by Gannachy Bridge, and descending upon Stonehaven.*

The first remarkable object that occurs on this pre-

* John's Haven was formerly one of the greatest fishing villages on the East Coast, but now exhibits more of the character of a manufacturing town, being a sort of colony for the manufacturers of Dundee.

Bervie is a royal burgh, and the only one in the county. It acquired that privilege from David II, who, being driven ashore

ferable route, is Fettercairn, a neat little village, deriving its name from a stupendous cairn in the neighbourhood,—a mountain monument to the heroes who died in some unrecorded battle. About a mile farther on, there is a small congregation of little tenements, like the out-houses of an old farm; the miserable remains of the former county-town. This hamlet, which is still called Kincardine, and boasts of having given its name to the county, contains only about sixty or seventy inhabitants. It ceased to be the chief town in the reign of James VI, when Stonehaven, as a more convenient situation for the county-courts, was honoured with that distinction.

Immediately adjacent to Kincardine, the remains, or vestiges of the castle of the same name, formerly a royal residence, may be traced on the ground by the foundations of the walls. This seems to have been a vast quadrangular edifice, fronting the east. One room, probably the state apartment or hall, measures no less than sixty feet in length. It was the principal palace of Kenneth III; and John Baliol was residing in it, when he made the shameful rendition to Edward already mentioned.*

Kenneth III was assassinated in a castle among the hills, a little way to the west of Kincardine. The common story of his death, in such writers as Fordun and Boethius, is this: Having excited the implacable hatred of a powerful lady, named Fenella, by killing her son in a rebellion, she put on a courteous face, and invited him to her castle, where she had prepared a sin-

here, at a place called Craig David, on his return from France, was kindly treated by the inhabitants, and took this method of expressing his gratitude to them. On account of the inconvenience of the harbour, the fishermen have now almost all removed to a more commodious place called Gourdon, about two miles to the south.

* This affair is mentioned in all the Scottish histories to have taken place "at Kincardine." That it happened at Strickathro, is only affirmed by tradition.

gular engine, for the purpose of putting him to death. Under pretence of amusing him with the architectural elegance of her mansion, she conducted him to the upper apartment of a tall tower, where, in the midst of splendid drapery and curious sculptures, she had planted a statue of brass, holding a golden apple. This apple, she told him, was designed as a present for his majesty, and she courteously invited him to take it from the hand of the image. No sooner had the king done this, than some machinery was set in motion, which, acting upon an ambuscade of cross-bows behind the arras, caused a number of arrows to traverse the apartment, by one of which the king was killed. When she saw her project successful, Fenella descended the stair, left the castle, and soon secured herself from the vengeance of the king's attendants, who, as Bellenden says, "having brak the dure, fand him bullerand in his blude."*

The situation of Kincardine, though not highly elevated, is yet commanding; for, from its low mound-like ruins, a view can be obtained of nearly the whole district of the Mearns, as well as a considerable part of Angus. The late Sir William Forbes, its proprietor, caused the ruins to be cleared out, for the discovery of relics; but, though it was thus found that the palace had been destroyed by fire, no other light was cast upon its early history.

At the distance of a few miles across the country, to the right, lies the village of Lawrencekirk. This village was formerly a mere hamlet, surrounded by a

* The popular reminiscences regarding this event, though it happened above eight hundred years ago, have all the distinctness generally observable in the traditions of Angus and the Mearns. It is said, that, after the king's death, the murderess made for another castle, which she had at a wild place on the coast, called Den-Fenella. Being immediately pursued by the king's retinue, she concealed herself among the branches of the trees, which then pervaded the whole space between the two castles, and which were so thick, that she was able to swing herself along from one to another, and thus pass over the very heads of her bewildered pursuers.

moorish and uncultivated tract of country. It was, in 1772, taken under the care of Lord Gardenstone, a judge of the Court of Session, known, but scarcely so well as he should be, for his successful cultivation of the belles lettres, and distinguished in his own day, for his eccentric manners, and speculative turn of mind. His lordship, having formed the resolution of creating a town, here laid out a plan for buildings, and soon succeeded in attracting settlers. In 1779, he procured for the place the privileges of a burgh of barony, empowering the inhabitants, every three years, to choose a bailie and four councillors, to regulate the police, &c. with the privilege of holding weekly markets, and an annual fair. Before he died, he had the satisfaction of seeing Lawrencekirk a thriving little town, and the people enjoying many comforts which are denied to older settlements.

The parish of Lawrencekirk had for its schoolmaster, at the beginning of the last century, the illustrious Ruddiman, who might have there wasted his fine talents and profound learning in hopeless obscurity, but for a singular fortuitous circumstance. The celebrated Dr Pitcairne, being once benighted at the little inn of the former village, found it very difficult to while away the hours which preceded bed-time; his hotel not being, like the present, furnished with a library. As a last resource, he sent for the schoolmaster; and the youthful Ruddiman was soon ushered into his presence. A conversation ensued, in the course of which, to his infinite surprise, he discovered the modest young man to be a most excellent scholar; a qualification of which no man in Scotland was better able to judge. Before the conversation was concluded, he promised to become his patron; and soon after procured an appointment at Edinburgh; by which his valuable talents were secured for the use of a more extended circle than the parish-school of Lawrencekirk.

Lawrencekirk, little and thinly peopled as it formerly was, had the merit of giving birth to Dr Beat-

tle, who was first brought into notice by the influence of Lord Gardenstone, while acting as schoolmaster of the adjacent parish of Fordoun.

The small village called the Kirktown of Fordoun, supposed to be the birth-place of the early Scottish historian of the same name, is situated upon a lofty terrace overlooking the romantic ravine formed by the Luther water; the church-yard occupying the extremity or most advanced point. On the other side of the rivulet, there is a larger village called Auchenblae. The whole is embowered in fine hanging woods, and all the other pleasing characteristics of sequestered river scenery.

According to tradition, derived from monkish authority, Fordoun was the place where Palladius—on being sent to Scotland, in the fifth century, to oppose the Pelagian heresy—established his head quarters. It is now the general opinion of the more rigorous antiquaries, that Palladius never was in Scotland, and that the claims of Fordoun to have been his resting-place, arose at first from a misapprehension, either wilful or through ignorance, on the part of the monks. Palladius, according to the only proper authority, was sent "in Scotiam," that is, to Ireland; for such was the designation of the sister isle at that period: but the monks, supposing this to mean the Scotland of their later day, and being anxious to establish as many sanctified spots in that country as possible, planted a shrine of Palladius at Fordoun, and invested it with all the pomp and circumstance appropriate to what they were pleased to consider it, the residence of a saint, and earliest settlement of Christian worship in the kingdom.

It is curious to observe the people at Fordoun still as thoroughly convinced of the sanctity of the place, as ever they could have been under the influence of the Romish superstition. They point out, with pride, the very chapel in which Palladius officiated, the hermitage in which he lived, the well from which he obtained water, and tell that they have a fair called from

him Paudy Fair; as if these circumstances were irrefragable proofs of the saint's having flourished at Fordoun; unweetting that their ancestors were imposed upon, some centuries back, by a set of designing old gentlemen with cowls on their heads and very authoritative-looking black gowns.

Though great doubt be thus thrown on the original sanctity of Fordoun, the place is yet worthy of being held, as Bellenden would say, "in gret admiration of pepill," on account even of those relics of superstition. "Paudy's Chapel" is a building like a barn, standing in the church-yard, about twenty yards from the parish church. It is now used as a joiner's workshop. In the east end there is a recess, where, according to tradition, incense used to be offered up, and candles lighted in honour of the saint, who was buried, it seems, immediately below. There is a sepulchral vault underneath the floor, belonging to the Kintore family. "Paudy's Well" is a fine cool spring, about fifty yards from the chapel, contributing a slender rill to the passing Luther. A small hovel of unhewn stones, projecting into the church-yard, but entered from the street of the village, is pointed out as having been either the hermitage of the saint, or the manse of the priests who attended his shrine—a detachment from the Abbey of Aberbrothock.

The present parish-church is a modern edifice, but substituted for one of great antiquity which occupied the same site. A ridiculous legend, similar to that of Melgund Castle, is told regarding the foundation of the former structure. It was at first designed to build the church on the top of the Knock Hill, about a mile or more north-east from the village,—a most inconvenient, and the reverse of a central, situation; and there the work was actually commenced. As usual, whatever was erected during the day by the masons, was destroyed at night by some supernatural beings, who took this method of testifying their aversion to the undertaking. After some time, when both builders and de-

stroyers had perhaps become alike weary of their respective labours, a voice was heard to cry,

Gang farther down
To Fordoun's town.

This hint was taken; and, in order to determine the proper site of the church, a mason was desired to throw his hammer at random. The hammer judiciously alighted on the beautiful mound where Paudy's Chapel was already pitched; and there the work was carried into effect without further interruption. It must certainly be acknowledged to have displayed a better taste than its master or his employers; for a more admirable situation for a place of worship could nowhere be found; nor is the good sense of the author of the rhyme less remarkable, in choosing a spot so near the centre of the parish.*

Stonehaven is a large town, though not a royal burgh, situated at the mouth of a stream called the Carron, in the bottom of a bay, and flanked on both sides by lofty hills. The oldest part of the town is irregularly and not very well built; but on the north bank of the rivulet, there is a New Town, composed of neat and regular streets. The population is by no means very active, but of that moderately genteel sort which is almost invariably found in small county towns. The harbour is at present undergoing a course of improvements, principally by the erection of a pier on the south side.

About a mile and a half to the south of Stonehaven, that magnificent curiosity, Dunnottar Castle, arrests

* On the demolition of the old church, a large flat stone, covered over with figures, was discovered under the pulpit. It has been made the subject of a paper in the second volume of the Transactions of the Antiquarian Society, and is in the possession of the present minister, Dr Leslie, to whom I feel indebted for the politeness with which he pointed out to my attention the curiosities of Fordoun.

the attention of the passing traveller. Upon the top of a stupendous insulated plumb-pudding rock, in shape like an inverted tub, and standing half in and half out of the sea, imagine a vast congregation of stately towers, rather resembling a deserted city than a dismantled fortress. The superficies of the castle measures three acres, half the space of Edinburgh Castle, the rock of which otherwise strongly resembles this. It is approached by a steep path winding round the body of the rock, not by any connexion with the land, which is in fact divided from it by a wide chasm. The shore is very bold, rising to an equal height with the castle, and bending round it like a horse-shoe.*

Dunnottar was built by an ancestor of the Marischal family during the contest between Bruce and Baliol. Sir William Wallace took it in 1298, and, according to Blind Harry, consigned four thousand English within its walls to the flames. It was again fortified by Edward III, in 1336, but soon after taken by Sir Andrew Murray. Tradition reports that Montrose made an attempt upon it, and, finding it impossible to reduce the proprietor by fair means, resorted to his customary expedient of burning all the lands: Andrew Cant was present on this occasion, and seeing the Earl Marischal somewhat moved at the sight of his ruined property, exhorted him "to be of good cheer, as the burning house and corn would be a sweet-smelling savour in the nostrils of the Lord!" At the approach of the English parliamentary army in 1650, Dunnottar, being considered the strongest place in the kingdom, was chosen as the depository of the regalia. It was subsequently besieged and taken by Cromwell's troops; but those precious and time-honoured relics had previously been smuggled out of the castle, and placed for security under the pulpit of Kinneff Church, where they remained till the Restoration. During the reign of

* Dunnottar Castle is inaccessible, except by application to a man who lives at Stonehaven.

Charles II, Dunnottar was used as a state prison, for the confinement of the Covenanters.

Dunnottar Castle, though dismantled, is but slightly dilapidated, having been kept in a state of repair till the civil war of 1715. The battlements with their narrow embrasures, the strong towers and airy turrets, full of loop-holes for the archer and masketeer, the hall for the banquet, and the cell for the captive, are all alike entire and distinct. Even the iron rings and bolts that held the culprits for security or for torture, still remain, to attest the different state of things which once prevailed in this country. Many a sigh has been sent from the profound bosom of this vast rock; many a despairing glance has wandered thence over the boundless wave; and many a weary heart has there sunk rejoicing into eternal sleep.

There is not, perhaps, in all Scotland a tract more sterile, and, at the same time, so thickly inhabited, as that over which the road passes between Stonehaven and Aberdeen. This bleak region, celebrated by the author of Waverley under the name of Drumthwacket, presents only barren eminences, destitute even of heath, and cold swampy moorlands, which nature seems to have specially set aside for the snipe and lapwing. Cottages, however, and small farm-steadings, substantially built, are thickly scattered over this melancholy waste; and such as are situated near the road, have all showy sign-boards, inviting the weary traveller to rest and refresh.* It is evidently the proprietor's object to get tenants located here on any terms; and no doubt he

* There is one comfortable exception to this frightful picture of sterility,—the fishing village of Finnan, remarkable for its dried fish called *speldings*. These are prepared by smoking. The process is so expeditious, that the fish is sometimes presented at table in Aberdeen only twelve hours after it has been taken out of the water. As it soon after loses its flavour, there is no possibility of exporting, or even of transporting, this delicious species of food, which every stranger who visits Aberdeen should therefore endeavour to enjoy as he may, at the spot where it is to be had in perfection.

does much, and promises more, in order to inspirit them; but nature has evidently cursed the soil with irremediable barrenness. These moorlands lie on the summit of certain black hills, which form the termination in this quarter of the great chain of the Grampians, —the iron girdle of the north. On one of the seaward peaks there is a lonely cairn, well known to the home-bound mariner.

On crossing over the river Dee, at the northern extremity of this barren tract, the traveller finds himself in Aberdeenshire; and the first object of importance which meets his eye, is the city of Aberdeen.

This fine city,*—the third in Scotland, and which has been appropriately styled the capital of the north, —a city at once distinguished, and that in the highest degree, as a sea-port and place of manufactures,—formerly the seat of a bishopric, and still that of a university,—is situated upon a range of slight eminences, between the rivers Dee and Don, which, after traversing the mountainous district of Mar, here approach each other and fall into the sea. Aberdeen has all the appearance, and is furnished with most of the attributes, of a wealthy metropolis. It has all the public buildings which distinguish a capital. The streets possess the proper degree of regularity and elegance. It has busy crowds, in which the stranger soon loses himself; and its inhabitants, when inspected individually, are found to possess the dignity, the wealth, and the enlightened views, which are never to be found but in "towered cities."

Aberdeen is sanctified by the most remote antiquity.

* The epithet *fine* is not only deserved by Aberdeen in its present extended and improved state, but seems to have been so eighty years ago, if we are to trust to the tourist, who says, (*Tour through Great Britain*, 4 *vols.*, 1748,) "The market-place is very beautiful and spacious, and the streets adjoining to it are very handsome; most of the houses are built of stone, four stories high, with handsome sash-windows, and are very well furnished within, the citizens here being as gay, as genteel, and perhaps as rich, as any in Scotland."

It has certainly been the habitation of a collection of people since the third century,* and a privileged burgh since the ninth. It is the place where commerce first took its rise in Scotland, or rather where commerce may be said to have disembarked from other countries into this. Long before Edinburgh was any thing but the insignificant hamlet attached to a fortress, and while the germ of the mercantile character as yet slept at Glasgow in the matrix of an episcopal city, Aberdeen was a flourishing port, and the seat of a set of active and prosperous merchants. Having thus got the start by many centuries of every other commercial city it has maintained all along to the present time a certain degree of advance; for, though not at present the chief port in Scotland, it is certain that in no other place is the mercantile science so thoroughly understood, or the commercial character carried to a pitch of such exquisite perfection.

Aberdeen has been as much distinguished in history by the gallantry as by the industry of its inhabitants; insomuch as to prove that the pursuits of trade are by no means, as generally supposed, incompatible with elevation of sentiment or generosity of character. So early as the time of Bruce, they had performed some doughty deeds of arms. At a later period, the provost, with his little band of citizens, is allowed to have turned the fate of the day at Harlaw, though at the expense of his own life† and those of the most of his troops. On various other occasions, the people of Aberdeen have displayed both courage and good conduct. In a word, there perhaps never was a popular epithet so deserved as that of "The Brave Town of Aberdeen."

The stranger who travels from the south, approaches Aberdeen by a fine bridge over the Dee,‡ more than a

* Supposing it to be the *Devana* of the *Itinerarium Antonini.*

† This noble person, by name Henry Davidson, lies buried at the west end of St Nicolas' Church, where his monument, with a statue, is still to be seen.

‡ This is a river of great note in Aberdeenshire. It has its

mile west from the centre of the town. He enters the city by a long, spacious, straight, and regular way, denominated Union Street,—which, when completed to the utmost of its designed extent as in all probability it soon will be, must turn out decidedly the finest thing of the kind in the kingdom. Previously to the opening of this way in 1811, the town was entered by a series of narrow tortuous streets, running nearly parallel, but which are now rendered in a great measure desolate. Union Street crosses over a deep ravine, with a stream called the Den Burn, by a bridge of one arch, the span of which, 132 feet, with a very slight rise, has only one equal in the island.*

The most remarkable thing about Aberdeen in the eye of a traveller, is the stone with which it is built. This is a grey granite, of great hardness, found in inexhaustible profusion in the neighbourhood, and of which vast quantities, fashioned into small blocks, are annually exported to London, for the paving of streets.

source in Gaibh-chor-Dhe in Lord Fife's forest, in the parish of Crathy, and runs altogether ninety-seven miles. In its course, it receives many small rivers, and forms several waterfalls, which are noted for their striking magnificence. Its banks are frequently bold and rocky, but in other places so level that it sometimes inundates whole farms. The whole is skirted with fine natural forests and extensive plantations. At proper seasons, large rafts of trees are constructed and floated to the sea. It abounds with salmon; and perhaps the most valuable salmon-fishings in Scotland (the Tay scarcely excepted) are on this river, the produce being estimated at L.8000 sterling per annum. In making a comparison of the soil of the banks of the Dee and Don, the two principal rivers in Aberdeenshire, the latter has manifestly the advantage,—hence the old rhyme:—

A rood o' Don's worth twa o' Dee,
Unless it be for fish and tree.

* "The most extraordinary and astonishing arch in Europe, that of Pont-y-Prydd in Glamorganshire, which was designed and conducted by an uneducated architect, William Edwards, and extends 140 feet in span, with an altitude of thirty-five feet."—*Britton's Architectural Antiquities*, i. 7.

Though not polished, but merely hewn into moderate smoothness, this forms a beautiful wall, of a somewhat sombre colour it is true, but yet strikingly elegant, and at the same time imposing on account of the accuracy and durability to which it is conducive.

In passing along Union Street, the eye is attracted, first by the Bridewell, a large edifice in the castellated style, and then by a splendid Grecian building, (not unlike the Hall of the Royal Institution at Edinburgh,) comprising a series of public rooms for the counties of Aberdeen and Banff. After crossing over the bridge just mentioned, the ancient church of St Nicolas, comprehending two places of worship, is observed, with its extensive cemetery, on the left. At the termination of the street, is a fine oblong square, denominated Castle Street, with a beautiful old market-cross at one end, and various public buildings around; this being the centre and cynosure of the city.

Castle Street is the pride,—the glory,—the boast,—the apple of the eye of Aberdeen. It is, indeed, a very fine *place*. The houses which compose it are old, and tall, and impressive; the town-house on the north side, with its adjuncts of court-house, &c. and its fine spire, is a dignified city-like object; the cross, with its stone entablatures, containing portraits of ten Scottish sovereigns, and its graceful column pointing to the sky, is an admirable thing, and not less valuable for its rarity than its beauty. Add to all these considerations that of its being the central point of half a dozen capital streets, and the merits of Castle Street will be complete and acknowledged.

This fine square derives its name from a fortification erected at its eastern extremity, by Oliver Cromwell, where there is now a barrack. Descending to the river-side, the tourist finds the port of Aberdeen, formed by the mouth of the Dee, and thronged with shipping. The harbour has been recently improved by a series of expensive works, and by a pier, running out into the sea, to the amazing length of 1206 feet. This pier is constructed of enormous blocks of granite, bound toge-

ther by strong bars of iron, which are yet found scarcely capable of sustaining the violence of the waves. A canal leaves the harbour, and, extending along the north side of the town, penetrates a considerable way into the interior of the country.

While the new streets and public edifices of Aberdeen claim the attention of most tourists, it must be confessed that equal pleasure is perhaps to be experienced by the antiquarian enthusiast, in roaming through the more ancient streets and wynds,—treading, with pride, the fine old place called Broad Street, diving into all the lanes between that and Nicolas Lane, or losing his way amidst the perplexing intricacies of Carmelite Street and the Ship-raw. In some of these streets, and especially in one called the Gallowgate, there are some fine sturdy specimens of the ancient substantial style of building, and one or two houses, exhibiting wooden fronts, decorated in a very antique and peculiar manner. Lord Byron resided in Broad Street, when a boy, under the protection of his mother; the house is the second to the south of the entry to Marischal College, and it was the second flat which the youthful poet occupied. Dr Beattie, moreover, lived a considerable time, and died, in a *self-contained* house, behind one of these antique streets, now occupied by Mr Lewis Nicol, advocate.*

There are twenty-six places of worship in Aberdeen, including three chapels for Episcopalian congregations, and one Roman Catholic establishment.

The chief object of attention in what is called New Aberdeen, is Marischal College.† This institution was founded by the noble family whose name it bears, in 1593; and is now attended by nine professors. The buildings assume the shape of a square, entering from

* The legal practitioners, or writers, a numerous and highly respectable body, incorporated by Royal Charter, have been designated by this title for upwards of two hundred years.

† The Grammar School, and various hospitals, are other public buildings worthy of attention.

Broad Street; and, at present, exhibit an humiliating degree of decay and dilapidation, for which the legislature is alone to be blamed. In the principal hall there is an extensive museum of curiosities, comprising an excellent mummy, and having attached to it a splendid set of instruments, machinery, &c. for the use of certain classes. The walls are hung with portraits, some of them by a native artist of great reputation,—George Jameson, the fellow-pupil, with Vandyk, of Rubens, and distinguished, in his time, by the attention of King Charles I and his court. The portraits of Dr Arthur Johnston, the eminent Latin poet; of Andrew Cant; Gordon of Straloch, the ingenious chorographer; and Sir Paul Menzies, provost of Aberdeen, are by him: the rest, by various, and in general more recent artists, are of Bishop Burnet, the last Earl Marischal, Marshal Keith, Queen Mary, James VI, Charles I, and a number of undistinguished local worthies.

Among the most remarkable alumni of this college, may be mentioned Dr Arthur Johnston, Bishop Burnet, Dr Gregory, inventor of the reflecting telescope,* Dr Arbuthnot, the friend of Pope and Swift, Colin Maclaurin, Dr Campbell, Dr Beattie, Dr Gerard, and the late Dr Reid of Glasgow. At the time when Dr Johnson visited Aberdeen, he found, as at Edinburgh, a constellation of men in possession of the chairs, almost all of whom had distinguished themselves by their publications. The tourist of the present day will look in vain for professors of similar eminence. Yet, let him not put this down as a conclusive proof of degeneracy. It may perhaps be thus simply explained. Seventy years ago, from the recent revival of learning, there was room for brilliant exhibition, and that was taken advantage of; but, the market being now, as it were, supplied, there is no demand for, and consequently no offering of any such commodity.

* It is worthy of remark, that the telescope has recently received its *next greatest* improvement from another inhabitant of Aberdeen, Mr John Ramage.

The ancient city of Aberdeen,—now denominated Old Aberdeen, though quite distinct in point of municipal government,—is about a mile north from the modern city, with which, however, it is connected by several long streets. This is the seat of the Cathedral and of King's College. It has no peculiarity of situation, except that of its being near the river Don. It is quite evident that the new town took its name from this, and not from the Dee; seeing that the people constantly pronounce the vowel *o* as *ee*,* and that, in the other etymology, the final *n* is left unaccounted for. Old Aberdeen, subsisting chiefly by its college and a few trifling manufactures, is as dull and miserable in appearance, as its neighbour is prosperous and beautiful.

The seat of this see was transferred from Mortlach, in Banffshire, to this place, in 1137. It is remarkable, throughout history, for the singular learning, piety, and public spirit of its bishops. Out of the whole catalogue, it is enough to mention the names of Cheyne and Elphinstone, so honourably associated with the public works of Aberdeen.

The only relic of the cathedral and its precincts, is a church, with two steeples at the west end, usually called the church of St Machar. There is more of the massive than the elegant about this fine relic of Gothic architecture; yet it possesses a noble western window, and is decorated within, in a style which cannot fail to command admiration. The ceiling is of that sort which came into fashion in England about the time of Henry VII; and, of which Holyroodhouse, Pinkie House, and Falkland Palace, with this church, exhibit the only specimens remaining in this country. Composed of oak,

* The provincial accent and pronunciation of Aberdeen are highly peculiar and ridiculous. The following sentence is supposed to comprehend a specimen of all their deviations from propriety:—"There's as gweed beets and sheen made in the auld toun o' Aberdeen, as in a' bread Skwytland;" that is, There are as good boots and shoes made in the Old Town of Aberdeen, as in all broad Scotland.

it is cut out into forty-eight compartments, each displaying, in strong colours, which were recently renewed, the armorial bearings of some eminent person, whose name is given below, in the Latin language, and in the old Gothic character. The whole bears a strong resemblance to the drawings of the arms of the same persons, left by Sir David Lindsay of the Mount, and lately published. They were the work of James Winton of Angus, who, according to tradition, was rewarded by Bishop Dunbar, with eight pounds, Scots money; a sum equivalent to thirteen shillings and four pence sterling. The coats are arranged in three columns, the first containing kings, the second ecclesiastical dignitaries, and the third noble laymen. The whole has an appearance not less beautiful than curious. The church contains some very fine old ornaments,—one, in particular, of the fifteenth century, bearing the following strange sentence: "They say,—what say they?—let them say!" Near the door is the monument of Dr Patrick Scougal, the father of Henry Scougal, who wrote a well-known treatise, called "the Life of God in the soul of Man." Henry Scougal was a young divine of great piety, and of singular purity of life. It is related, that, finding himself distracted by the charms of a beautiful lady, he retired to a cell in the steeple of the cathedral, and lived there like a monk for several years, in order to avoid temptation. He took well, it seems, with his solitude; for it is recorded that on his death (in the twenty-eighth year of his age) his body was found to have accumulated so much fat, that it was necessary to carry it out by a window instead of the door.

The college of Old Aberdeen was founded in 1494, by Bishop Elphinstone, who, for that purpose, procured a bull from Pope Nicolas V. The institution was subsequently taken under the protection of royalty, and therefore denominated King's College. Its buildings consist in a large quadrangle and a church, all of great age, but recently repaired. The top of the steeple of the church is formed into the shape of a crown, and has a striking appearance. This college possesses a capital

library, which has the privilege of getting a copy of every new publication. At both colleges there are usually about five hundred students, chiefly of theology. The medical school of Aberdeen is one of the *five* acknowledged by the College of Surgeons at London.

The principal curiosity in the neighbourhood of Old Aberdeen, is the bridge over the Don, about a mile from the city. This consists in one spacious Gothic arch, stretching from the rock on one side to the rock on the other, so that the top is removed to a prodigious height above the dark salmon stream below. It was built in the time of Robert Bruce, by Bishop Cheyne, nephew to Cumming the Competitor; who, having opposed the interests of Bruce, and fled to England on that monarch becoming successful, came back, "after long years," and, out of his accumulated revenues, erected this stately old fabric. It is adduced, as a proof of the substantiality of old buildings, that this bridge has never required any repair, whilst that over the Don, built two centuries later, had to be sustained by an extensive repair, upwards of a hundred years ago. The bridge of Don is usually called the "Brig o' Balgownie," from a little village at its southern extremity; and almost all our *male* readers, at least, are aware that it is celebrated under this name in "Don Juan." Byron records the following prophetic stanza, as popular in his early days:

> Brig o' Balgownie, though wight be your wa',
> Wi' a wife's ae son, and a meare's ae foal, down ye shall fa'.

This superstitious belief is not confined to children. The late Earl of Aberdeen, who was his mother's only son, and who rode a favourite horse which stood in a similar relation in regard to its dam, always dismounted, on approaching the bridge, and, walking over, had his horse led after him, so that they might not both cumber its fatal arch at once.

In whatever direction the traveller leaves Aberdeen, he immediately finds himself traversing a bare and

barren soil. If he go directly northward, by the sea-coast, he finds a desolate plain, bleached into sterility by the cold breath of the ocean, with a few huts scattered throughout, whose mud walls and utter destitution of every conveniency and ornament, for the first time tell him that he has reached the Highlands. Should he walk in the direction of Banff or Fochabers,* he finds intermittent desolation, with no object of interest, natural or artificial. The only route by which the eye can be charmed, is that which conducts him along the banks of the Dee, to those awful wildernesses which pervade the central Highlands.

The most eligible route by which the tourist can reach the north, is the circuitous one which conducts him by the Buller of Buchan, Peterhead, Fraserburgh, Banff, &c.—that is to say, if he be not over-anxious about modes of conveyance, or the number of miles which he has to traverse.

The natural wonder called the Buller of Buchan, is situated about eight and twenty miles northward from Aberdeen, and six south from the town of Peterhead. It may be thus simply described. Imagine a bold rocky coast, at least two hundred feet high, against which the "long wave that at the pole began" never ceases to dash. In one of the most prominent headlands, there is a spacious pit—resembling a well, but fifty feet across—on inspecting which, you see the sea coming in at the bottom, through an opening in the wall of rock which forms that side. To see the water rushing tumultuously in, and boiling up around the sides of the pit, is a sight of the most impressive nature. But it is said to be preferable to come in a boat, sail in at the hole, and then inspect the pit from the bottom. The sides of the Buller are then found to be perforated by large holes or caves. A visit to the Buller of Buchan is a common *fête* with the people of Peterhead, or rather,

* The road to Fochabers is that which the mail coach pursues, in its northern course, passing by Inverurie and Huntly.

perhaps, the valetudinarians who flock to that town for the benefit of its famous mineral well.

In the neighbourhood of this singular curiosity stands Slains Castle, the seat of the Earl of Errol; a huge quadrangular edifice, pitched on the edge of a crag as wild as that of the Buller. So near does the house approach the sea on one side, that, it is believed, a jug of liquor might be handed from a window to the yard-arm of a passing man-of-war without spilling a drop. Lord Errol's next neighbour on the north-east is the king of Denmark; and Buchan-ness, in the near vicinity, is the most easterly point of Scotland. The desolating influence of the sea-breeze prevents Slains Castle from being adorned by so much as a single tree; a characteristic in which, as the residence of a Scottish nobleman, it is happily singular.

Peterhead, the fifth sea-port in Scotland, the second whale-fishing station in the United Kingdom, (being inferior only to Hull,) and by far the most flourishing little town in this part of the country, lies upon a narrow promontory which juts out into the sea, a little to the north of Buchan-ness. The town itself, which is a burgh of barony, is irregularly built, but contains several tolerable streets of recent erection. It is in the harbour and shipping, and in the singularly active genius of the inhabitants, that the glory of Peterhead principally lies. Little more than a century ago, there was but a small quay, sufficient for the accommodation only of the smallest craft; and in the time of Cromwell, it appears that only twenty tons of shipping belonged to the port. It now possesses, in addition to this small harbour, which has become exclusively devoted to fishing-boats, two spacious harbours, one of them only as yet ten years old, but already found to be highly accessible, safe, and commodious. The extensive structures in the shape of quays, break-water, &c. connected with this admirable haven, were erected partly at the expense of government, which was moved to the measure by consideration of the great general utility of such a place of refuge at this point—the first that is reached by vessels which

may be distressed in the German Ocean, and which, moreover, possessed singular capabilities for the construction of such a harbour. It fortunately happened, at the same time, that Peterhead possessed inhabitants of sufficient public spirit and commercial genius to further and take advantage of this truly splendid and useful public work. It may be said that the commercial genius which has been already noticed as so peculiarly characterising the East Coast, is here carried to a pitch of sublimation; and scarcely any thing can be more gratifying to an intelligent traveller, than to observe the wonderful activity and acuteness which the people of Peterhead carry into every detail of trade.

The district of Buchan, a low domain, of which this may be denominated the capital, has long been remarkable for the production of butter, which is here salted and exported in vast quantities. "Peterhead Butter" is an article well and favourably known, and may accordingly be seen flourishing in all the grocers' shop windows at Edinburgh, amidst Lasswade Meal, Dalkeith Candles, and Lochfine Herrings. One merchant of Peterhead lately bought up a hundred tons of butter in Buchan for the purpose of exportation.

Among the *observables* of Peterhead, to use a phrase of old Fuller, may be mentioned a museum of curiosities, chiefly in natural history, collected by and belonging to a private individual, Adam Arbuthnot, Esq. and which that gentleman, with an urbanity which cannot be too highly praised, is at all times most willing to exhibit to strangers.

Peterhead, like all other places in this part of the country, contains a large proportion of Scottish Episcopalians; and not many years ago, such was the prevalence of this persuasion, that none but the lowest working people professed a different mode of worship. At present, on account of the intrusion of strangers, there is a considerable number of genteel Presbyterians. But the Episcopal chapel is still attended by about eight hundred of the flower of the town. Nearly the same proportion obtains throughout the whole of Aberdeen.

shire and Angus, evidently on account of the remoteness of the district from the south-west province of Scotland, where the principles of the present established Church were first promulgated.

The Chevalier St George very appropriately landed at Peterhead on his fruitless expedition to Scotland in 1715. He appeared in the disguise of a sailor, and did not declare his real character till two days journey from the town. The site of the house in which he lodged on the night of his disembarkation, is pointed out in a back street.

Fraserburgh is a considerable town and burgh of regality, eighteen miles north from Peterhead, being situated at the extreme north-east angle of this part of Scotland. Having a small harbour, this is a thriving fishing-station. The town, however, from its remote situation, surrounded on three sides by the sea, is somewhat dull in point of ordinary trade. Lord Saltoun, the superior, and chief proprietor, attempted to make it the site of a university, about the end of the sixteenth century, from a desire to emulate the Marischal family; but ultimately abandoned the speculation. The students of Aberdeen were taught here and at Peterhead, during one season (1647,) when that city was infected with the plague. About a mile north from the town is Kinnaird's Head, a bold promontory with a light-house, serving to guide the mariners of these lonely seas, who observe it before any other land, in approaching this part of the coast.

The road from Fraserburgh to Banff, a distance of twenty-one miles, passing along the coast, is, from the inequalities of the ground, one of the most romantic and difficult in Scotland. It is said to have been the fashion long ago, in road-making, for the surveyors, on coming to the top of one hill, to look forward to the top of the next, and make directly for it, and so on till the line was completed; it being necessary, in those eldern days, for a traveller to have the means of looking pretty widely around him, lest he might meet with disagreeable obstructions. It seems to have been upon this

principle that the road referred to was constructed; though, to tell the truth, it would perhaps be difficult to lead a line more generally on a level over a tract of country so frequently intersected by deep ravines opening upon the sea. Painful as it is, it is enlivened by an excellent inn at Troup, (the patrimonial property of Lord Gardenstone;) and there are many romantic sights to console even him who cares not for such gross comforts. Here are to be seen for the first time, over the wide expanse of the Moray Firth, the far hills and headlands of Sutherland and Caithness, lying in dark, undefinable masses, on the blue waves. The nearer view of the coast on either hand is not deficient in interest. Innumerable capes frown out upon the waste of waters, with here and there a grim old eyry-like fortress, and in some places a recess of yellow beach, where perhaps some fleet of Norsemen had formerly landed and found a sandy grave.

Moray.

BANFFSHIRE, ELGINSHIRE, AND NAIRNSHIRE.

Murrayland—where every man takes his prey.
Old Highland Saying.

THE province of Moray comprehends the three small counties of Banff, Elgin, and Nairn, and may be described as forming the southern shore of the Moray Firth. On the east, it is separated from Aberdeenshire by the Deveron; on the west, it is bounded by Inverness-shire. Unlike all the districts which encompass it, it is remarkable for equality of surface, fertility of soil, and amenity of climate. Buchanan says that "for pleasantness, and the profit arising from fruit trees, Moray surpasses all the other counties of Scotland:" and there is an old popular saying, that it enjoys forty days more of fair weather than any other portion of the kingdom. It was anciently, indeed, considered and designated "the Granary of Scotland." In addition to more respectable authorities, that of William Lithgow may be adduced. "The third most beautiful soil," says that sage traveller, after enumerating Clydesdale and the Carse of Gowrie, "is the delectable plain of Moray, thirty miles long, and six in breadth, whose comely gardens, enriched with cornes, plantings, pasturage, stately dwellings, over-faced with a generous Octavian gentry, and topped with a noble earl, its chief patron, it may be called a second Lombardy, or pleasant

Province of

meadow of the north." Now, although William is a notorious specimen of the leg-of-mutton school of travellers, and confesses the gratification of having been feasted a whole week by the noble earl whom he mentions, it would really appear that the opinion formed by his head was not, in this case, affected by the prejudices of his stomach.

The facility and bounty of their soil seem to have had the effect, in former times, of rendering the people of Moray less apt in the use of arms than their neighbours of the more sterile districts of Badenoch and Lochaber. So late as the time of Charles I, the Highlanders considered Moray as a sort of neutral land, where every man was at liberty to take his prey; and we hear wonderfully little of any resistance ever made to this pernicious theory. The Moravians, it may be conceived, resembled the quiet comfortable Dutch settlers of North America, who, on being plundered by the wild Indians, considered nothing but how they might best repair the losses they had sustained, being generally too fat either to resist or pursue. Moray, thus unprotected, and destitute of alliances, must have been a peculiarly convenient storehouse for the mountain men; all of whom were too poor to have any thing to spare, and, moreover, too much engaged among themselves by confederacies, and so forth, to allow of mutual spoliation. Pennant seems to be of opinion that the theory took its rise in the circumstance of Moray having been chiefly peopled by aliens, first by Picts, and finally by Danes, who kept up a continual warfare with the Highlanders, the last of whom, long after a change of circumstances, never exactly comprehended that it was any crime to rob "the Murray-men."

The province of Moray suffered more perhaps than any other district of Scotland by the civil wars. The people were then generally attached to the covenant; and, as Montrose chose to make it one of his principal scenes of action, it is easy to conceive that its peaceable farmers were not permitted to enjoy both their opinions

and their goods undisturbed. There is an old couplet expressive of the different advantages derived from serving under Montrose and his ally Lord Lewis Gordon, and corroborating the character which these chiefs have obtained in history:—

If ye wi' Montrose gae, ye'll get sick and wae eneuch;
If ye wi' Lord Lewis gae, ye'll get rob and reive eneuch.

And there is still another old rhyme, testifying to the evil genius of the last leader, by classing his name with two of the most destructive things known in an agricultural territory:—

The gule,* the Gordon, and the hoodie craw,
Are the three warst things that Moray ever saw.

Montrose, in his descent upon Moray in 1645, destroyed all the houses of such as did not join his standard, and gave up the towns of Banff, Cullen, and Elgin, to indiscriminate pillage.

Though Moray possesses such natural advantages as above described, it must be acknowledged that, for want of the liberal and intelligent system of farming which has, within the last generation, prevailed in the southern provinces, the country is now inferior in productiveness to many other places of less famous fertility. It must however be stated, that the last ten years have seen the foundations laid of a complete reformation in this point. Leases have been extended for the encouragement of the farmer; draining, planting, and enclosing, have been carried on to a prodigious extent; and the province is now assuming an appearance of comfort and beauty more appropriate to its ancient character for amenity and productiveness.

The principal route through Moray is that which traverses its most fertile and interesting part, the plain upon the coast, leading by Banff, Portsoy, Cullen, Foch-

* A weed that infests corn.

abers, Elgin, Forres, Nairn, and Campbelltown, towards Inverness. The banks of the Deveron and Spey are traversed by roads opening up much romantic and beautiful scenery. But, as the other is the mail-coach road, and that by which tourists chiefly travel, the following survey of the district is confined to the points of interest connected with that tract.

Banff, an ancient royal burgh, and capital of the county which bears its name, is situated on the side of a hill overlooking the west bank of the Deveron, at its confluence with the sea. It is exactly such a town as might be expected from such a situation, and from the capital of a small county; drawing some additional support from a bad harbour and the herring fishery. It is old-fashioned, but remarkably clean and neat; may contain three thousand souls; and seems to possess all the attributes of other such royal burghs,—a town-house, namely, a jail, a church, and three or four tolerable streets. The better sort of houses have generally stones in front, whereon are carved inscriptions indicating the builders and date of erection.

On the opposite bank of the Deveron, at the distance of a mile, lies the modern village and sea-port of Macduff, owing its existence and prosperity to the Earls of Fife. The harbour of this place, being better than that of Banff, has much more trade, possessing upwards of a dozen vessels which trade with London and the Baltic, besides innumerable fishing-boats. The town, which contains about fourteen hundred inhabitants, is situated on the side of a hill descending towards the shore. The church occupies a conspicuous situation on the eminence, and Lord Fife has ornamented its precincts with a cross, which has a fine effect at a little distance on either side, being relieved conspicuously against the sky.

The two towns are accessible to each other by a fine bridge across the Deveron, from which, looking up the water, a splendid view is obtained; having in the foreground Duff House, the seat of the Earl of Fife, rising sheer and erect out of a beautiful green park, and sur-

rounded and backed by an interminable wilderness of trees.* The front of this elegant mansion is elaborately decorated with sculptures, and in the interior there are some excellent pictures, which no traveller of taste ought to pass without seeing.†

Banff was, about a century ago, the scene of the execution of a noted robber, named Macpherson, who had long "held the country-side in fear," but was at length taken by an intrepid ancestor of the present Lord Fife. When this man was brought out to the place of execution, he carried with him his fiddle, on which instrument he was a great proficient. He played his own funeral march, which had been previously composed by himself, and then held out the instrument, offering it to any person who dared to accept such a present. No one presumed to come forward and take it; whereupon he broke it on his knee, and with an indignant countenance submitted to his fate. A ballad was soon after published, commemorating his exploits and noble character, and sung to the tune which he had played in going to the gallows. This Burns has subjected to a happy revisal, under the title of "Macpherson's Farewell."

The celebrated Archbishop Sharpe was a native of Banff, being the son of the sheriff-clerk of the county, and having been born in the castle of Banff, which his father had acquired by purchase.

Portsoy, a small irregularly built town, with a thriv-

* Before the present plantation, it is believed that a close and extensive forest overspread all this district. This is, in some measure, confirmed by an ancient simple distich:

Frae Culbirnie to the sea,
Ye may step frae tree to tree.

Culbirnie is a farm three miles from the sea. Lord Fife's park is fourteen miles in circumference.

† In Boyce's History of the Rebellion of 1745, it is mentioned that the Lord Braco who built this house, having lost a lawsuit with the architect about some flaw in the building, would never reside in it, though it had cost him L.50,000.

ing port, is situated at the head of one of those little bays, by which this part of the coast is repeatedly indented. It carries on some trade in linen, thread, &c. and registers a few coasting sloops; but is chiefly remarkable on account of the marble, and some other mineralogical wonders, found in its vicinity. Cullen, a few miles farther on, is the only other royal burgh or considerable town in Banffshire. It consists in three various and distinct towns,—the New Town, a tolerably well built place near the sea, with a harbour,—the Auld Town, more inland and adjoining to the park of Cullen House,—and the Fish Town, a low village, exclusively inhabited by fishermen. In the midst of them all, is an eminence called the Castle Hill, having formerly been the site of a fortress, in which Elizabeth, wife of Robert Bruce, breathed her last. Cullen House, the seat of the Earl of Seafield, which lies imbedded in an umbrageous forest behind the town, is considered one of the most princely mansions in the north of Scotland, and, from containing a great number of interesting pictures, is well worthy of a visit.

Fochabers, twelve miles from Cullen, is a neat modern village, but only remarkable as the appendage of Gordon Castle, the seat of the Duke of Gordon;—which is by far the most magnificent structure, and finest house, north of the Firth of Forth.

Castle Gordon, as it is more generally termed, was originally a gloomy tower, in the centre of a morass called the Bog an Gicht, and accessible only by a narrow causeway and a drawbridge. It is now a vast quadrangular edifice; the front stretching to the goodly length of 568 feet; surrounded by a beautiful park and equally beautiful country. The change has been naturally commensurate with that of the fortunes of the noble race, who, for centuries past, have owned it; and we believe the most ancient title of the Duke of Gordon, and that by which the old Highlanders still know him, is the humble one of "the Gudeman o' the Bog."

The splendid gate-way, giving access to the park, is

at the west end of the village. Within this, the approach is by a broad solid turnpike, sweeping between wide-spreading borders of verdant sward, fringed with sweetly-scented shrubs. Many tall waving and wide-spreading trees rise beyond. The road runs at last, in a wanton curl, across the green lawn, at a little distance before the front; and returning by the great door, completes an oval under the west end of the castle. The front commands a long extensive view of the whole plain with all its wood, and a variety of sheets of the river Spey, glittering onward to the sea; comprehending also the town and harbour of Garmouth, where King Charles II landed in 1650, and a showy edifice over against it on the beach, the hall and stores of the salmon fishery, and many a snug smoking farm-stead appearing, without arrangement, through the trees.

The front is uniformly regular. The body of the castle rises to the height of four lofty stories, and on each end a pavilion of two stories, connected each by a gallery of two lower stories. If the impression of august magnificence be in any measure weakened by the modern uniformity of the northern front, it is more deeply stamped by the bulky, gothic, irregular grandeur of the other, in which the original tower of the eleventh century, rising to the height of nearly ninety feet, overlooks the whole structure with its various and widely-smoking roof.

The vestibule of the castle is embellished by copies of the Apollo Belvidere and the Venus de Medici, in statuary marble, by Harwood. There is also a bust, a peculiarly striking likeness, of Mr Pitt. There are busts also of Homer, piteously blind and bald, Aurelius and Faustina in their unfading laurels, a Vestal Virgin in her plain attire, Cæsar also and Caracalla, each raised on a handsome pedestal of Sienna marble. At the bottom of the great stair, are busts of Seneca and Cicero, and of a grand Duke of Tuscany, a relation of the family of Gordon. On the first landing-place of the grand stair, attention is for a little arrested by a gigantic wooden head of some ancient divinity of the sea,

which formed a part of the decoration of the prow of the French ship *Ca Ira*, captured in the Gulf of Genoa, and afterwards accidentally burnt on the coast of Corsica.

At the next turn of the stair, a plank, cut out from a fir tree of his Grace's forest of Glenmore, nearly six feet in breadth, is preserved as an evidence that Mr Osborne must have felled many trees there of the circumference of nearly eighteen feet, which the inscription on a small brass plate, inserted into the wood, particularly explains.

The great dining-room is of the most just proportions and strikingly magnificent. A handsome sideboard stands in a recess within lofty Corinthian columns of scagliola, in imitation of verd-antique marble. Among the pictures are, Abraham turning off Hagar and her son, Joseph resisting the solicitation of his master's wife, Venus and Adonis, Dido, and St Cecilia.

In the breakfast-room is the celebrated St Peter and Paul, a copy, by Miss Kauffman, from the master-piece of G. Rheim, for which, it is said, ten thousand sequins had been offered, and which was esteemed the most valuable of the paintings in the Lampieri palace at Bologna. In this room is also Ulysses and Calypso, Bacchus and Ariadne, with several portraits, including a large one of the late Duke. There are many other pictures; but we shall content ourselves with only pointing out one other,—a portrait of the second Countess of Huntly, daughter to James I, and the lady through whom Lord Byron boasted of having a share of the royal blood of Scotland in his veins. In the third story are, a small theatre, a music-room, and the library, containing thousands of volumes, as well as some ancient manuscripts, with geographical and astronomical instruments.

The park, comprehending ten or twelve square miles, extends over a great variety of surface, whereof a large extent is ornamented ground, walks, and ridings, along neatly-winding brooks, and thick shady groves, or by the sides of broad-spreading meadows, occupied in different quarters by sheep and cattle, and troops of mottled

showy steeds. A forest, almost immeasurable, spreads over the mountain-side, through which the highway from London is for several miles conducted; and in its close recess an ample enclosure accommodates a colony of deer and roe.

A little to the west of Fochabers, the road crosses the Spey by a handsome modern bridge. This river is remarkable above all the rivers of Scotland for the rapidity of its course. In summer, it rushes swiftly along one side of its spacious channel, with tame and innocuous violence; but, being a decidedly mountain stream, it has a different aspect in winter or in rainy weather. It then comes down rather like a broad tumultuous estuary than a river. Rising in the wilds of Badenoch, and extending chiefly through the wildest mountain scenery, the banks of the Spey are well worth the attention of him who travels for the sake of seeing *scenery*. It traverses the great forests of Glenmore and Strathspey; the wood of which is sent down in vast floats to the sea. The district of its course is famous for producing excellent soldiers, and for a popular species of dancing and music which bears its name. The river produces capital trout and salmon, the fishing of which is rented at L.2000.

The Spey divides Banffshire from the county of Moray; and Elgin, the capital of the latter, is situated a few miles farther on. Elgin is a delightful old-fashioned city, about five miles from the sea, situated on a level piece of ground to the west of the glorious Cathedral which bears the same name. The main street extends from east to west about a mile, and has numerous lanes diverging from it on both sides, as well as a few minor streets, one of which contains a few handsome modern villas and a neat Episcopalian chapel. With a few exceptions, all the houses in the main street are old, and have a peculiarly dignified appearance. Of all Scottish towns, Elgin most resembles St Andrews. This is doubtless owing to the circumstance of its having been, like that venerable metropolis, a cathedral city, besides being a place of residence for the gentry of the pro-

vince, many of whose houses are still pointed out. At no distant period, as in Edinburgh, Dysart, and many other towns, the main street presented a double line of piazzas for the exposure of merchandise; but the whole of these, with only one or two exceptions, are now built up. The houses of Elgin are each adorned with an inscription, denoting the first proprietors and the date of erection. In the centre of the main street stand both the parish church and town-house, occupying a situation similar to that of the Tolbooth and what was called Creech's Land, in the High Street of Edinburgh. The buildings are neither of them beautiful; but such is the effect of their massive and antique aspect, that the town would evidently suffer greatly by their being taken away. The interior of the church is worthy of inspection, on account of its extremely venerable furniture.

The remains of the cathedral form the chief object of attraction in the city. This great religious foundation, the seat of the see of Moray, owes its origin to the earlier part of the thirteenth century; the bishop having before that period transferred his chair from one church to another, as suited his convenience. In June 1390, Alexander, son of Robert II, commonly called *the Wolf of Badenoch*, from resentment against Bishop Barr, burnt the city, the parish church, another religious house, called Maison Dieu, eighteen houses of the canons, and the cathedral. For this offence, he was punished by only doing penance before the High Altar of the Blackfriars Church at Perth. It took many painful years to repair this disaster of a day; but, by the exertions of the bishops, who successively devoted a third of their revenues to the purpose, it was at length completely rebuilt. The height of the great central tower and spire was then 198 feet. The fabric continued in its complete state, till ten years after the Reformation, when (1568) by an order of the Privy Council at Edinburgh, the Earl of Huntly, sheriff of Aberdeen, with some other persons, was appointed "to take the lead from the cathedral churches of Aberdeen

and Elgin, and sell the same," for the maintenance of the Regent Murray's soldiers. Providence seemed to mark its displeasure at a base deed done for so base a purpose; for the ships employed to transport the metal to Holland for sale, had scarcely left the harbour of Aberdeen, when it sunk with all its infamous cargo. Since that time, the cathedral of Elgin, unprotected from the weather, has been gradually verging to decay. The great tower fell in 1711.

It is an allowed fact, which the ruins seem still to attest, that this was by far the most splendid specimen of ecclesiastical architecture in Scotland, the abbey-church of Melrose not excepted. It must be acknowledged that the edifice last mentioned is a wonderful instance of symmetry and elaborate decoration; yet, in extent, in loftiness, in impressive magnificence, and even in minute decoration, Elgin has manifestly been superior. Enough still remains to impress the solitary traveller with a sense of admiration mixed with astonishment. The parts still tolerably entire are, the east end, parts of the transepts, the chapter-house, and the west gate flanked by two stupendous towers; all of which display workmanship of the most exquisite and intricate beauty. The chapter-house is a particularly elegant room, supported by one slender central pillar, and lighted all round. The west door is also very fine. There are many monuments; including some which represent the deceased lying in complete armour, as also one or two colossal bishops, evidently intended to have been seen at a distance. John Shanks, the present exhibiter of the ruins, having recently employed himself to great advantage in clearing away the rubbish which for centuries had overspread the area of the cathedral, has discovered a great quantity of detached ornaments, which he displays in the chapter-house. He has at the same time exposed the pavement, and thus rendered the outline of the whole building more distinctly perceptible. The ruins are guarded by a high wall, enclosing the area of the parochial burying-ground which encompasses them.

Elginshire.

On a slight but spacious eminence at the west end of Elgin, stands Grey's Hospital; a recent foundation, comprehending the purposes of an infirmary and dispensary. The building, which was designed by Gillespie, is very handsome, while the situation is singularly happy. Near it, is the Lady's Hill, an eminence still exhibiting upon its summit the remnants of what was once a royal fortress, called the Castle of Elgin. The ground immediately below and around this eminence, is said to have been the original site of the town, which was shifted a little eastward on being rebuilt after its conflagration.

The schools of Elgin have long been celebrated for their successful instructions. The County Buildings, the Episcopalian Chapel, and many other modern structures of a private nature, are worthy of remark, on account of the neatness of their architecture, and the beauty and purity of the pale sandstone, with which they are built; a stone superior to all others found in Scotland, (except perhaps that of Craigleith, near Edinburgh,) and of which a considerable quantity was lately exported for the building of the new London Bridge. Elgin has no manufactures, but possesses a distinguished brewery. Its charitable institutions are numerous and useful; and, in addition to what already exist, there will soon be established another of a truly useful nature—namely, a freeschool for children, with a provision for clothing and maintaining such of the pupils as cannot be supported by their parents. This hospital, like Grey's, owes its origin to a native of Elgin, who, having made a fortune abroad, devoted his honourable earnings to this honourable purpose. His name was Andrew Anderson, a major-general in the H. E. I. C's. Service, and there is something singular in his history. He contrived to raise himself from the condition of a private soldier to that honourable rank, entirely by his own merits. He had no patrimony but genius and ambition; there was something even below poverty in his origin. A small apartment is shown amidst the ruins of the cathedral where his mother, an indigent and in-

firm old widow who could afford no better lodging, lived for many years while he was a boy; and this we humbly conceive to be, in one sense, the greatest curiosity about Elgin. In a crib, not more than five feet square, surrounded by melancholy ruins, and the dread-inspiring precincts of a church-yard, Anderson spent all his early years; the boy, who was on this account perhaps the most wretched and despised of all the boys in the town, being all the time destined to reach superior honours, and make provision for numbers of such outcasts as himself. Let the stranger inquire for, enter, and ponder upon, this humble cradle of genius and greatness.

Within a few miles of Elgin are two objects of attraction,—Spynie Castle, formerly the seat of the bishop of Moray, and the ruins of the Priory of Pluscardine, the architecture of which is distinguished by peculiar elegance. Elgin is situated on the river Lossie, which is supposed to be the *Loxia* of Ptolemy.

From Elgin to Forres the distance is eleven miles. About a mile to the north-east side of the latter town, are the ruins of the Abbey of Kinloss, where Edward I, intimidated by the wild hills of Ross and Inverness which he saw before him, stopped in his career of conquest. He remained twenty days at the abbey, and then retraced his steps.

At the east end of Forres, stands the celebrated antique monument, supposed to commemorate a pacification here concluded, between Malcolm II and Swino a Danish invader, about the beginning of the eleventh century. It is an enormous slab of grey stone, upwards of twenty feet in height, supported by a socket which hides at least three feet more, and it is believed to reach fourteen feet into the ground. The shape resembles that of a very long wedge, or, as some more fancifully suppose, of a highland broad-sword; though the attrition produced by the weather upon the upper end may have been the cause of this peculiarity of form. The figures upon the obelisk, which are interpreted to represent the circumstances of a battle and subsequent treaty, are still wonderfully distinct, considering that they

must have stood the brunt of every wind that has blown during the last eight centuries.

Forres is a neat and clean town, consisting in one long straight street, with a town-house and steeple in the middle. At the western extremity, and what seems to have been the nucleus and cause of the town, is the Castle, or rather the eminence on which such an edifice once stood. This is an object of some curiosity, for here King Duffus was killed by Donwald, governor of the Castle, under circumstances which Shakspeare has certainly made use of in his dramatic version of the murder of King Duncan by Macbeth. In consequence of this atrocious act, Forres Castle, which had long been a royal fortress, was demolished; but at a period much later, that of the civil war, another was founded on the same site; of which second erection the vaulted or lower story still exists. From the esplanade surrounding the ruin, a fine view of the surrounding country is obtained. The river Findhorn runs immediately behind the eminence; at the mouth of which is the little port of the same name.

The genius of Shakspeare has immortalized the town of Forres. It is the scene of a great part of the tragedy of Macbeth; and it was in a waste in the neighbourhood that that singular hero, along with Banquo, according to all the old historians, (whom Shakspeare copied,) met the weird sisters that gave him so many fatal promises. The exact spot where that event is asserted by the country people to have taken place, is marked by a small clump of trees, about two hundred yards north from the post-road between Forres and Nairn, near a toll-bar, five miles from the former of these places, and nearly upon the confines of the two counties of Moray and Nairn. The extensive heath still surrounding this place is visibly worthy of the epithet "blasted," being one of the most desolate and hopeless tracts of waste land anywhere to be seen. It is called the Hard Moor, and great part of it belongs to the ancient race of Brodie of that Ilk, whose patrimonial seat is situated in the neighbourhood. Beyond it, on the right, it is possible, from the road, to distinguish a bright yellow line, sin-

gularly opposed to the purple hue of the heath. This is a vast tract of sand lying on the shore of the Firth, at the distance of a few miles. Formerly, that broad desert was a fertile estate, named Culbin. It was overspread by sand at the same time with the estate of Earl Goodwin in England; about the commencement, namely, of the eleventh century.

No tourist should pass this part of the country without seeing Tarnaway Castle, the seat of the Earl of Moray, which lies about four miles to the north of Forres. This is an irregular edifice, built at different times. Thomas Randolph, the nephew of Bruce, and his successor as Regent, built the great hall, which is said to be capable of containing a thousand armed men.* The side walls of this vast apartment were originally from 40 to 50 feet in height; but James, Earl of Moray, son of him who was killed at Dunnibrissle, erected vaults for domestic accommodation in the low part, from 10 to 12 feet high. This shut up the original entrance to the hall, and at the east end he erected a staircase for a new one. The floor is laid with freestone slabs; and at some distance from the chimney at the west end, is a moulding within which the floor is raised several inches. On this elevated space, the Comes, or Earl, sat with the great feudal barons; while their vassals and retainers occupied the lower part of the hall, agreeably to their rank and consequence. At that early period, the floor was strewed with rushes, on which the Regent, with his military attendants, made no scruple to repose themselves by night. The original roof remains, and is either of oak or Spanish chesnut, which, though now neglected, was once a common species of wood in Scotland, and often employed for roofing in private and public buildings throughout the kingdom. The structure of the roof is pure Norman; by which, with great ingenuity, a roof is thrown over a wide building, without employing great logs of wood, or any above ten feet long, and six inches square. Altogether the hall of Tarna-

* It measures 78 feet by 40.

way Castle is one of the most remarkable objects of the kind in Scotland.

Nairn is a small town, with narrow streets and no public buildings of any importance. The pavement appears to be the oldest, and is *(pedibus meis testibus)* the most uneasy of any in this kingdom. The river Nairn, over which there is a good bridge, giving access to the town, here forms a small harbour.

Cawdor Castle, once the property of Macbeth, and now that of Lord Cawdor, is the only curiosity in the neighbourhood of Nairn. The legend of the foundation of this edifice is curious. It is said that the original proprietor was directed by a dream to load an ass with gold, turn it loose, and, following its footsteps, build a castle wherever the ass rested. After strolling from one thistle to another, the animal arrived, at last, beneath the branches of a hawthorn tree, where, fatigued with the weight upon its back, it knelt down to rest. The space around the tree was immediately cleared for building, the foundation laid, and a tower erected. The tree, however, was preserved, and is still shown, divested of its branches, in a vaulted apartment, at the bottom of the principal tower. Its roots branch out beneath the floor, and its top penetrates through the vaulted arch of stone, in such a manner as to make it appear, beyond dispute, that the tree stood as it now does, before the tower was erected. Great reverence is paid to it; and it is customary, on drinking to the prosperity of the house of Cawdor, to use the phrase "Success to the hawthorn." All houses have what is called a *roof*-tree; but it is certainly a rarity to find one with what may be called a *foundation*-tree. Cawdor is surrounded by some very fine and venerable trees, of equal age, perhaps, and more animation, than this singular thorn.

Nairn may be considered the termination of the Lowlands in this direction, as the ear of the stranger is there first startled by the deep gutturals of the Gaelic tongue, and he now prepares to enter into those scenes of wildness and sublimity of which he may have heard so much in prose and rhyme.

Moray.

The North Highlands.

SHIRES OF INVERNESS, ROSS, SUTHERLAND, AND CAITHNESS.

All hail to the Highlands! all hail to the north!
The birth-place of valour, the country of worth!
The land of the mountains, high covered with snow,
Of long winding straths and green vallies below;
The land of the forests and wild hanging woods,
The land of the torrents and loud-pouring floods!
Altered from BURNS.

THE North Highlands may be said, in a general sense, to comprehend the counties of Inverness, Ross, Sutherland, and Caithness, or all that vast tract of country which lies beyond the Caledonian Canal. In superficies, this district approaches to a third of the kingdom of Scotland. In value and population, it bears but a small proportion to the rest of the country. Generally mountainous and uncultivated, it presents no charm to any class of travellers, except to those who are willing to traverse long dreary roads, and eat bad dinners, for the sake of seeing nature in her most primitive and extravagant attitudes.

The western shore of Scotland, at this point, and for many miles southward, is serrated to such a degree with arms of the sea, and is, moreover, so wild and bold, that it cannot, and apparently never will, be traversed longitudinally by a road. It is, however, approached, at various points, by roads which respec-

tively leave Inverness, Dingwall, and other towns along the eastern shore, and which thus assume a latidudinal direction. These, though not remarkable for uniformity of level, are well constructed, and present surfaces strikingly devoid of inequalities. They are, however, provided with such indifferent inns, that few tourists ever traverse them, except those who journey towards the Western Islands. The only mail-coach or post road in the whole district, is that which leads along the east coast, between Inverness and Thurso; on which line the country, unlike the west coast, descends towards the sea in spacious fertile plains, giving scope for the united efforts of men, and allowing room for towns, good inns, civilization, and plain English.

With the exception of the eastern shore, the North Highlands form little else than a vast inaccessible waste. Considering how little of the ground is susceptible of cultivation, and that the profits of commerce have never been known as a substitute, it would astonish a stranger to know how populous the district has hitherto been, notwithstanding the miserable mode of life led by its natives. Attached, from sentiment, to the residences of their fathers, and content with the humblest means of sustaining life, they preferred, like Sancho Panza, the coarsest fare, enjoyed in their own rude way, to feasting in public. They lived, in short, very much after the manner of the wretched Irish. Of late years, however, the landlords have very properly done all they could to substitute a population of sheep for the innumerable hordes of useless human beings who formerly vegetated upon a soil that seemed barren of every thing else.

Every thing about the Highlands is big and extensive, vast and vague. The country, in this respect, resembles the land of the Giants, in Gulliver. A single Highland county is as large as the whole of the South of Scotland together; a parish is as long as a southern county; a farm as large as a southern parish; and every thing else in proportion. You travel a whole day and see two houses,—that from which you set out

The North Highlands.

in the morning, and that where you arrive at night. Parishes in the north are sometimes sixty miles long, and the people think little of walking half as far to their parish church. It was once agitated in the General Assembly, that every clergyman of the church of Scotland should enclose his glebe; when up rose the minister of Loch Carron, a parish in the west of Ross-shire, and, with great apparent reason, asked how he should be able to fence a tract of ground no less than eleven miles long!

In the following account of the North Highlands, little more can be promised than a survey of the east coast, as traversed by the great post-road, notwithstanding that there is everywhere abundance of fine and grand scenery, which may be approached by inferior roads.

Inverness is certainly the great cynosure of all the roads of the North Highlands. It is a royal burgh, a thriving sea-port, the chief town of the county, and, in fact, the capital of the Highlands. Situated chiefly upon the south-east bank of the river Ness, near the place where that river falls into the Moray Firth, it is a tolerably handsome town,—that is to say, has two or three well-built streets, and a few public buildings of respectable architecture; but displays no striking points of beauty. The Ness, here a river of very respectable breadth, and the scenery around, supply, in their unqualified beauty and grandeur, what may be called the personal deficiency of Inverness in such recommendations. From the eminence denominated the Castle Hill, a view is obtained of both the town and that delightful intermixture of mountain, vale, sea, and river, with which it is surrounded. Circumstanced with so much of the ornamental, the town then becomes more than tolerable; it is acknowledged to be one of the finest of the size in all Scotland.

On arriving at Inverness, the southern stranger finds himself all at once transplanted into a population quite different, in appeaarnce and language, from any thing to which he has been hitherto accustomed. The women of

the lower ranks walk the streets, and even to church, the wives without bonnets, and the maidens without caps; while the extreme simplicity of the rest of their attire is quite consistent with this strange and primeval fashion. The men of the same condition, at least the peasantry, wear garments of the coarsest material, as homespun blue short coats, rig-and-fur stockings, and small blue bonnets; some have plaids, but all of their garments display more or less of the Celtic fashion. Few of the neighbouring peasantry, when addressed, are found to speak any thing but Erse. It is a sight of no little interest, to see the streets of Inverness, on a Sunday forenoon, thronged with multitudes of these poor people flocking to the various churches.

In point of language, the people of Inverness, laying the lower orders out of the question, may almost be said to transcend those of all other Scottish towns, the capital not excepted. The common solution of this mystery is, that they received a correct English pronunciation from the soldiers of Oliver Cromwell; but it seems rather attributable to the simple circumstance, that the people here do not learn English in their infancy through the medium of broad Scotch, but make a direct transition from Gaelic into pure English, when sent to school. If the other be the true explanation, why are not the people of Ayr, of Leith, and Aberdeen, where Cromwell had also forts, purified in a similar manner?*

The church of Inverness is a very plain structure, but gives its name to the principal street. The tolbooth is a more modern and handsome fabric, with a good spire, the top of which received a severe twist at the earthquake of 1816. The town-house is a perfectly

* It is customary to attribute all our improvements to Cromwell's soldiers; and Dr Johnson indulges in an inane period about what the people could have had before they had kail from that source. It appears, however, that the scene of a witch-meeting, as related in a publication of the time, was laid in a *kail*-yard at Lanark, anno 1650,—the very year when Cromwell invaded this country.

plain building, nearly opposite to the head of Church Street. There are two subscription reading-rooms in the same neighbourhood, to which strangers are politely welcomed. The academy of Inverness has long been a distinguished seminary for the Highland youth, and is conducted upon a very liberal and splendid scale.*

The Castle Hill, already mentioned, was the site of an ancient fortress, said to have been built by Malcolm Canmore, after the destruction, by him, of another stronghold, which stood on a corresponding eminence at the east end of the town, and which Shakspeare is popularly supposed to have had in view as his scene of King Duncan's murder by Macbeth.

The former was used as a royal residence by all the kings, on their visiting this part of the kingdom, and lastly by Queen Mary, who moreover lodged, on some particular occasion, in an ancient edifice near the end of the bridge, immediately below the Castle Hill. The castle was blown up in 1746, by the command of Prince Charles Stuart; on which occasion, the French officer of engineers, who lighted the train, was blown into the air and killed, while his little dog, transported over to a green on the other side of the water, was not hurt, but immediately got to its legs and ran yelping away. Of the famed castle of Inverness, only the wall of an exterior rampart remains, while the place where it stood is so smooth as to be used as a bowling-green.

The Bridge of Inverness is the best public edifice connected with the town. It was erected in the reign of Charles II, by a public subscription, to which most of the burghs in Scotland contributed a sum, not even excepting Kirkcudbright, Peebles, and Kirkwall. It consists of seven arches, and has an aspect of peculiar solidity and strength. There is a vault between the

* The enlightened character of the people of Inverness is indicated by the late establishment of a literary and scientific society, under the title of "the Northern Institution, for the promotion of Science and Literature." The museum belonging to this young but promising body, is highly worthy of a visit.

first and second arches, reckoning from the east end, which, strange to say, used formerly to be occupied as a jail, and latterly as a madhouse. The place was only five or six feet square, accessible by a trapdoor above, and lighted by a little grated window on the upper side of the bridge. Captain Burt, in his amusing Letters from the North, (1730,) complains that the jails of Inverness were incapable of retaining a Highland culprit who belonged to a clan; but, assuredly, if this den of horror was then in use, it must have been a matter of common humanity with the jailer to permit the escape of his prisoners. It was only shut up and finally disused about twenty years ago, in consequence of a half-insane prisoner having been nearly eaten up by rats during a single night's confinement.

The remains of the fort are to be seen below the town, at the place where the Ness joins the sea. It was destroyed immediately after the Restoration, at the desire of the Highland chiefs, who had writhed under its influence during the iron reign of Cromwell. Its area is now chiefly occupied by the peaceful shops of a tribe of weavers.

The revolution of manners seems to have overtaken Inverness more recently than the southern towns. It is not, for instance, yet above thirty years since any measures were taken for regularly cleaning the streets, which, therefore, lay in a perpetual state of fearful filth. Even when it was resolved by the magistracy to institute a system of cleaning, the object was like to have been frustrated by the impossibility of procuring scavengers. None of the natives, not even the poorest, would accept of so degrading an office; and one very humble person, on being requested by the provost to undertake it, asked, with tears in his eyes, what act of meanness, or what crime, he, or his father, or his grandfather, or his great-grandfather, or any of his ancestors or relatives, had ever committed, that his honour should propose this shame to him. It was not till that great step had been got over, who should, not *throw*, but *scrape*, the first stone, that this important province of the police was fairly instituted.

The North Highlands.

In illustration of the same fact, it may be stated that there were no roads near Inverness till the military ways were formed by General Wade about eighty years ago, and that there were none beyond the town till the beginning of the present century. The first stage-coach that reached Inverness, was one established in 1806, which did not pay, and was soon after abandoned. No mail-coach came to the town for some years after this event; and it was only in 1819 that, in consequence of the earnest solicitations of the gentlemen of Ross and Sutherland, that important instrument of civilization was conducted farther northwards,—to Thurso, namely, the northern extremity of Great Britain, eight hundred and two miles from the capital, and one thousand and eighty-two from Falmouth, the opposite extremity of the empire. The first coach ever seen in or about Inverness, was one brought by the Earl of Seaforth in 1715; when the country-people, as ignorant of the uses and arrangements of such a vehicle as the remote Chinese, looked upon the driver as the most important personage connected with it, and accordingly made him low obeisances in passing.

The most remarkable natural curiosity in the neighbourhood of Inverness is a strange oblong mound called Tom-na-heurich, the hill of fairies, which rises abruptly out of the plain on the other side of the river, and is considered by the country-people to be the sepulchral mound which covers the remains of Thomas the Rhymer,—a personage, by the way, as well known here as in Lauderdale. Tom-na-heurich is evidently a piece of original soil left by a torrent which has swept away all around it. It has, however, a look decidedly artificial, and at the same time so singular, that the common people seem almost justifiable in making it a subject of superstitious belief. The walks all around it, and along the banks of the Ness, are extremely beautiful. It is near this place that the Caledonian Canal terminates, after having traversed the Great Glen, which forms so remarkable a division of the territory of Scotland. At no great distance, moreover,

the singular hill called Craig Phadric rears its woody brow, coronetted by a splendid vitrified fort, the wonder of travellers. The handsome house of Muirtown, imbosomed in the woods which cover the side of that hill, has a capital effect in the landscape, forming, it may be said, one of the finest points in the environs of Inverness.

One of the chief objects of curiosity in the neighbourhood of the town, is Culloden Moor, where the hopes of the house of Stuart were, on the 16th of April, 1746, finally and for ever extinguished. This melancholy spot of ground is situated on the south-east of Inverness. It is a vast tract of table land, covered with heath, over which are scattered a few wretched cottages. A road, not the post one, traverses it longitudinally. On the south, on the further side of the river Nairn, is a range of hills; towards the north is the Moray Firth. The whole plain is as desolate and blasted in appearance as if it suffered under a curse, or were conscious of the blood which it had drunk. The place where the heat of the battle seems to have taken place,* is marked by a number of green trenches or little mounds under which the slain were buried, and which are situated, exactly five miles from Inverness, by the way-side mentioned. Other graves are said to have been recently discernible on the way-side nearer Inverness, being the cemeteries of those who had fallen in the pursuit. The slaughter which took place on the road, involved many private individuals who had approached the scene from curiosity. There were no dead bodies found nearer the town than a place called Millburn, about a mile out of town,—the fugitives being either exterminated or completely dispersed before reaching that spot.

* The Prince lodged, on the night before the battle, in Culloden House, the seat of Duncan Forbes, Lord President of the Court of Session, so celebrated for his activity in thwarting the measures of the House of Stuart. This house has been renewed, since 1745, in a very elegant style.

The North Highlands.

Fort George is another of the lions of the environs of Inverness, from which it is distant twelve miles. This is remarkable as the only regular fortification in the island, and as a complete prototype, in miniature, of the great fortresses of the Continent. It occupies the extremity of a low sandy peninsula which juts out into the Moray Firth, nearly opposite to the cathedral city of Fortrose. At the Fort, the breadth of the Firth does not greatly exceed a mile; but, immediately above it, it expands into a spacious lake. The fortifications cover about ten Scotch acres, and the barracks are calculated to contain a large body of troops. Fort George was erected immediately after 1746, at the expense of L.160,000, in order to keep the Highlands in check. This purpose it seems to have completely answered, and it is now of no further use except as a barrack. The visiter is delighted with the infinite neatness and good order which pervade this, like all other establishments in which regular soldiers are concerned. The green sward of the bastions and glacis is kept as smooth and trim as a bowling-green, while the top of the walls is covered with beautiful gravel from the beach. Each bastion is named from either some prince of the ruling dynasty or some renowned general of modern times; and these distinguishing appellations are chiselled on the most conspicuous angles. A small pier projects from the fort into the sea for the use of the ferry-boats which here communicate with the opposite coast of Cromarty. At the bottom of the peninsula there is a large modern village, called Campbelltown, in honour of the family of Cawdor.*

* The following memorabilia of Inverness are merely the unconnected reminiscences of an intelligent native, who remembers the world as it was "sixty years since," and is anxious that *at least the memory* of old things should not "perish utterly."

About the middle of the last century, the father of the late Bailie Young flourished in Inverness. He was deacon of the weavers, and remarkable for his early adoption of new fashions. He was the first burgher who changed the blue bonnet of the olden times for a hat; which piece of dress had formerly been

Inverness-shire.

One of the most remarkable objects of antiquarian interest connected with Inverness, is a strange blue lozenge-shaped stone, which formerly stood in the middle of the High Street, but is now transferred to the front

confined to lairds and clergymen. This novelty excited the ridicule of his fellow-citizens to an intolerable degree; they were perpetually teasing him with their congratulations upon such a splendid accession to the dignity of his personal appearance; his constant reply to their observations was, "Well, after all, I am but a mortal man."—It was then the custom of the *trades* of Inverness, to wait every year upon the Lord Advocate, Duncan Forbes, on his arrival at his seat of Bunchreu, after the toils of "Session-time." They were constantly entertained with a cool tankard and a round of beef. One year, on his lordship asking Deacon Young what he would choose to have, that newfangled person, having recently heard of such a thing as tea, said, to his host's great surprise, that he would prefer a little of that beverage. A splendid service of tea was instantly ordered to be laid upon a separate table; at which the deacon, all ignorant of how he should proceed, made an attempt to plant himself. Owing to some inaptitude or awkwardness, he soon landed the whole of the paraphernalia on the floor, to his own utter confusion, and the delight of his envious companions. Mr Forbes, however, speedily relieved him, by kindly patting him on the back, and saying, with great good humour, "Deacon, this is fortunate to have happened in your hands, for, as you are head of the weavers, you know, you can easily throw one of your knots, and so mend all the broken cups."—It is a well-known fact, that a lady near Inverness, having received a present of tea, was so ignorant of the way to use it, that she invited a company to dinner, and served up the whole as a new-fashioned sort of *kail*.—It is a common tradition at Inverness, that, about eighty years ago, a shilling could have bought a leg of excellent mutton, a neck of veal, and a gallon of good ale. Except in the house of Lady Drummuir, there was not then a single room in the town without a bed.—Provost Phineas Macpherson, a late dignitary whose fine old Highland manners might have ornamented a court, used to say that in those days he lived with great hospitality and plenty, sporting claret at his table, and yet never spent more than seventy pounds sterling a-year. It is a circumstance not unworthy of note, that the renowned General Wolfe was for some time in garrison at Inverness, being then Major of Kinsley's regiment, now the 20th, and that he attended the school of Mr Barber, an excellent teacher of mathematics, who lived and died in Inverness.

Burt, in his Letters, gives a minute and animated account of

The North Highlands.

of the Town House, where it is fixed or *set* into a circle of sandstones for its preservation. This is called the Clach-na-cudin, from its serving as a *resting-place* for the women of Inverness, who, carrying water in deep tubs, slung upon a pole like a dray, used to set the same

the hospitality of the house of Culloden, in the days of the President's elder brother,—telling, among other things, that the servants would on no account permit a guest to walk to his bed, considering that an insult to the laird; every man had to sit till he became insensible, and then they brought spokes and carried him off as in a sedan.* It may be added, that Mr Hector Scott, father of the late Bailie Scott, was a frequent guest at Culloden, and was well acquainted with all its modes of practice. He was a great impromptu rhymer. On one occasion, when lying quite overpowered by the jolly god, one of the company approached him, exclaiming,

Hector, arise, thou mighty son of Priam!

The instant answer which he gave, proved that Apollo had not altogether resigned his empire to Bacchus:

Was ever mortal man so drunk as I am?

As in many other cases, Prince Charles and the Duke of Cumberland slept in the same bed at Inverness. The house in which they lodged was that of Catherine Duff, Lady Drummuir,—the third below the mason-lodge in Church Street. The Chevalier Johnstone states, that the Prince lodged in the house of the Dowager Lady Macintosh; a mistake arising from the circumstance, that this lady lived with her mother, Lady Drummuir. The bustle and confusion occasioned in the house by its distinguished tenants made the proprietrix very testy; she used to say, "I have had twa kings' bairns for my guests, and trowth I never wish to ha'e another." The apartment in which the two princes successively slept, is the back room on the first floor, looking to the garden. The property has descended to Mr Duff of Muirtown, who is Lady Drummuir's great-grandson.

* The same system of excessive drinking was carried to a similar length at Edinburgh, not more than forty years ago. It was then customary, as part of the preparations for a great dinner-party, to have a room strewed with *shake-downs* for the ultimate accommodation of the guests.

down upon this stone, in passing from the river, in order to give a temporary ease to their shoulders. The Clach-na-cudin, however, had in reality a nobler use than this. It was in some measure the palladium of the town, as the Stone of Scone was considered that of the kingdom. It was to Inverness what market crosses are to other towns, and used in that capacity for proclamations, &c.

It is the saying of a thorough traveller, that there are not many rides of a more various and animating cast than that from Inverness westward to Beauly. The road runs along the borders of the Beauly Firth, which is generally enlivened by boats and shipping; and there is an air of peculiar comfort and opulence in the cottages and farms by which it is skirted. The opposite side is singularly rich and picturesque, sloping gently down to the water's edge, and covered with cultivation and trees, among which are scattered the country houses of the wealthy proprietors. Advancing to the west, the blue mountains of Ross-shire continue to open in endless variety; leading the eye into numerous wild and rocky valleys, at the entrance of which are seen plantations of fir, and the cultivated grounds of the Frasers,* Chisholm, and others, who are the ancient inhabitants of this district.

The little town of Beauly is situated at the head of the Firth which bears its name, a sort of inland continuation of that of Moray. The river Beauly, here falling into the sea, makes a number of circuitous windings immediately before its debouche, resembling the links of Forth, though not so complicated or beautiful. Beauly is worthy of its name—Beau lieu—*fine place.* Close by the village, and verging upon the extremity of the Firth, stand the ruins of the Priory, founded in 1230, and peopled at first by monks from France, who gave the place its name. It is a plain structure, in the form of a cross, remarkably entire; the internal area being used as a burying-ground. A few large sombre trees over-

* An enormous over-proportion of Frasers and Macintoshes is to be observed upon the sign-posts of Inverness.

shadow it with good effect. The Kilmorack waterfalls form the only other object of interest in the neighbourhood, if we except Beaufort Castle, a splendid mansion erected upon the site of the former one, so noted as the residence of the infamous Lovat.*

About two miles north-east from Beauly, on the road to Dingwall, two upright stones, standing at the distance of about two hundred yards from each other, mark the scene of a conflict between the Frasers and Mackenzies. It is a fact worthy of remark, that the two obelisks stand in a due line east and west.

The traveller is now in Ross-shire, a mountainous county, stretching across the island from sea to sea, and divided into two districts, respectively called Easter and Wester Ross. Wester Ross is a frightful tract of hills, penetrated by a few lonely roads, and thinly inhabited. Easter Ross is, on the contrary, a plain bordering on the German Ocean, fruitful, beautiful, cultivated, wooded, —invested, in short, with all the attributes of a country at the height of agricultural prosperity.

In going towards Dingwall, some delightful glimpses are obtained of the grand scenery of Wester Ross, and

* Lovat used to be the great petty tyrant of all this district of Scotland. It may be mentioned that his son, the General, though a man of excellent conduct and highly respected, seems to have had no small portion of the old gentleman's address and cunning. It is reported, that, on his being presented to the King, after his services in America, and desired by his majesty to name any mark of favour that could be conferred upon him, he modestly asked for only one acre of his father's property behind Beaufort Castle. This was immediately granted; but he was found by this means to command the fishery of the Beauly, which was worth an immense sum annually. As an instance of his talent for compliment, I may mention an anecdote which I received from a nonogenarian lady of quality, who was present on the occasion. Being at supper one evening, among the *sixties*, at the house of Baron Stuart of the Exchequer, in the Horse Wynd, Edinburgh, he happened to get a particularly good egg. He knew the baron to be a pompous and ostentatious landlord, and therefore addressed himself to his weak point by saying, "My lord, other people's eggs may overflow with *milk*, but yours overflow with CREAM."

Ross-shire.

the traveller is impressed with an idea that he is wandering round a stupendous and inaccessible citadel. The way-side is adorned by various seats scattered up and down the valley of Conan; over which water there is a fine bridge at the village of Scatwell.

Dingwall, a royal burgh, lies in a low situation at the mouth of a glen which opens into the north side of the Cromarty Firth, near the western extremity of that beautiful estuary. The town, which is rather neat, and built in the Dutch fashion, consists in one main street, and a few smaller ones branching off from it, like closes. The town-house is a curious old building, with a spire and clock, near the centre of the town; and the church is a plain edifice on the north side, with an obelisk in its neighbourhood, to the memory of the celebrated Earl of Cromarty, who, eccentric in death, as in life, was buried there. The only fault of Dingwall is its filthiness, every house being provided with its dunghill in front. It is surrounded by some of the most beautiful scenery in Scotland. The valley of Strathpeffer, which recedes to the westward behind it, is as delicious as any lowland vale, while the mountains at its head have all the grandeur of the Highlands. About two miles up the vale, on the left hand, is Knockfarrel, on the top of which there is one of the finest specimens in the kingdom of those equivocal structures termed vitrified forts. The hill on the north side of the town, a beautifully wooded declivity, is almost as fine as that of Kinnoul near Perth. At the head of Strathpeffer, about four miles from Dingwall, there is an excellent and well-frequented mineral well.

Dingwall possesses a small harbour; in the neighbourhood of which formerly stood the mansion of the powerful family of Ross. Of all that princely structure only a small shapeless fragment is now to be seen in the garden attached to a villa which has been built on the place. Dingwall, somehow or other, is a perfect nest of lawyers—much more so than Inverness, which is sufficiently so. Ross being, in Highland phrase, the country of the Mackenzies, that name completely pre-

dominates over every other. On looking into the post-office, we saw five unclaimed letters stuck up for exhibition, all of them directed to Mackenzies.

The ride along the north shore of the Cromarty Firth, by which the post-road is conducted, is truly delightful—there is so frequent and unfailing a variety of fine scenery presented to the eye of the passing traveller. The Bay of Cromarty is a large basin of water, completely land-locked, sheltered from every wind, of easy access, and capable of holding with perfect ease and security the whole British navy. The great peninsula between it and the Beauly Firth, called the Black Isle, and composing the main part of the minced shire of Cromarty, is very barren and uninteresting, but such cannot be said of Easter Ross, which forms the north shore of the Cromarty estuary. There are here as good roads, as level and well-cultivated fields, as flourishing-looking villages, and as handsome seats, as in Berwickshire or East Lothian. As an illustration of the beauties of the country, the way-sides are lined by double hedge-rows, with a detached row of trees at regular intervals between. Planting, moreover, seems to be everywhere advancing. The landlords of this county have of late years done all they could to improve the breed of farmers—an object certainly as important as the improvement of the breed of irrational sheep and horses—by importing the enlightened agriculturists of the lowlands among the native Mackenzies, and affording these doughty personages every possible encouragement.

One of the most remarkable things in the eye of a stranger after he reaches Inverness, and all through this tract, is the enormous mountain called Ben Wyvis, which heaves up its huge form amidst the crowd of lesser hills, like a stupendous hay-rick in the midst of a stack-yard. The top of Ben Wyvis was never known to be uncovered by snow till the memorably warm summer of 1826; and the following fact may be mentioned, as an unquestionable proof that this season was in reality what it was generally acknowledged to be, the warmest upon record. Sir Hector Monro of Foulis, the

proprietor of Ben Wyvis, holds his estate in Ross-shire by a tenure from one of the early Scottish kings, binding him to bring three wain-loads of snow from the top of that hill whensoever his majesty shall desire. Of course, this could never have been the case, had it not been, from the earliest periods of Celtic tradition, from, in fact, *all time*, an understood thing that the hill was never deficient in that commodity. It was, however, quite bare in September 1826, when, if the king had chosen to insist upon the terms of his predecessor's bargain, Sir Hector might have packed up and marched off with what grace he could.

At the distance of twenty-six miles from Dingwall, and on the other side of the Ross peninsula, lies Tain, the chief town in the county. Situated upon a declivity declining gently towards the Firth of Dornoch, in the neighbourhood of a well-cultivated country, this is a prosperous and pleasant little town, though somewhat confined and ill paved, containing above two thousand inhabitants. Being about a mile distant from the sea, it is not a sea-port. There is an old church, formerly collegiate, and a chapel, both dedicated to St Duthus. King James IV once made a pilgrimage on foot from Falkland to the chapel, for the expiation of some offence; he travelled with unusual expedition, resting only a short time at Pluscardine by the way. Tain possesses a good jail, a good inn, and a good academy; all of which, we believe, are well attended.

The road from Tain to Dornoch is one of the most singular imaginable. The firth between the two towns is pretty much like that of the Forth, though smaller; and Tain is like Edinburgh, while Dornoch has a situation similar to Kirkcaldy. Instead of going directly across the water, which would be only four miles, the coach goes round, as it were, by Stirling, a distance of thirty-one. There is a ferry, it is true, for pedestrians and small vehicles, called the Mickle Ferry of Dornoch; but even that is intolerably circuitous, being about three miles above Tain, and five above Dornoch, and therefore, including the two miles of sea, making the distance

in all ten miles. An old Highlander, about a century ago, is reported to have said, "Take care of yourselves *now*, you Sutherland men—the law has got the length of Tain!" But if he had considered the difficulties which the law, in common with other travellers, must have had to undergo in crossing over to that district, he would scarcely have sounded so dreadful an alarm in the ears of his unsuspecting neighbours.

The county of Sutherland, which the traveller enters on crossing the Firth of Dornoch, is a vast square territory, occupying the northern extremity of the continent of Great Britain, having Caithness only as a corner by its side. Its west and north coast looks out in inconceivable boldness, bleakness, and majesty upon the turbulent Northern Ocean, like misfortune frowning with indignant sorrow upon the multitude of evils which environ it. The north-west extremity of this county is Cape Wrath, a headland of the most gigantic and awful character, and the last Scottish land which the exile bound for the western continent ever surveys. This particular part of the shire is called Lord Reay's country, being the property of that nobleman, and the old-established settlement of his subject Mackays. The south-western portion is termed Assynt, and is equally wild. The greater part of the county belongs to the noble and ancient family of Sutherland, now represented by the Marchioness of Stafford, and was, till late years, peopled by the numerous clan of the same name.

The hills of Sutherland, viewed externally, are darker and more hopeless than even those of Ross. They look so dismal and so wild, that, in crossing the firth towards them, the traveller can scarcely abstain from shuddering at the prospect of entering such a land. This alpine region is, however, intersected every here and there by long withdrawing vales of great sweetness and fertility; and sometimes by lakes, not less ameliorative of the harshness of the landscape. In many of these delightful retreats, there is a baronial tower, or a modern seat, or a lonely kirk, acting like a presiding genius to the glen.

Sutherlandshire.

On a low, sandy, meagre beach, half-sand half-moss, the episcopal city of Dornoch rears its steeple, its tower, and its mud chimnies. This is, without any exception, the most miserable of all our royal burghs. The village of Muttonhole, near Edinburgh, is a city, a metropolis to it. It is, nevertheless, the county town of Sutherland, and formerly was the seat of the bishopric of Caithness, which included Sutherland. Part of the cathedral still serves as the parish church, while the bishop's palace is now converted into a county court-room and jail. Around these public buildings congregate a few irregular little streets, containing altogether about five hundred inhabitants. Its situation is unfortunate, being within hail of, but not touched by either the sea or the post-road. Before the rise of Golspie, it is said to have been much more prosperous. The present writer was told by a citizen, who evidently regarded those halcyon days with infinite regret, that the town then contained no fewer than thirteen shopkeepers! *Now*, alas,—sic transit gloria mundi,—the number is reduced to four or five. Besides the cathedral and palace, there existed, till lately, within the precincts of the latter, an edifice called by a Gaelic name, signifying "the women's apartment;" which would seem to indicate that the bishops of Caithness had not all been sworn monks.

It is generally believed that Dornoch and Dingwall were the earliest settlements of a collected population in this end of the kingdom. Dornoch, in particular, is known, from the Sutherland history, to be a place of prodigious antiquity. It is said to have got its name from the following incident. A party of Danes, having landed in the neighbourhood, were opposed by the Thane of Sutherland. In the thickest of the battle, when engaged in deadly combat with the chief of the invaders, his claymore unfortunately failed. In his emergency, he seized the leg-bone of a horse which happened to lie in an anatomized state near the spot, and with that formidable weapon, beat in his antagonist's skull. A complete victory was the consequence, and the place

was called *Dorneich*,—horse's hoof,—in commemoration of the circumstance. A cross was also erected at the spot, which still remains in a mutilated state, about a mile east from the town; being called, says Sir Robert Gordon, "Craske Worwarre," the Earl's or Great Man's cross.

Advancing along the coast, and having crossed, by what is called the Little Ferry, an armlet of the sea, the tourist approaches the scene of a singular local revolution. The Marchioness of Stafford, having found no further use for the great body of idle retainers who, in the days of her warlike ancestors, peopled the estate, or rather county of Sutherland; and being of opinion that these people would be of greater service, both to the state and herself, by practising habits of industry, than they could possibly be while living in a manner little superior to that of the poor Irish; has, within the last twenty years, but more especially within the last ten, used every effort to remove her tenantry from their solitary glens, to a series of neat villages on the sea-side, where they may practise the trade of fishing, and make a nearer approach to the uses of civilized life. Of course, it was not to be expected that so important a revolution would be effected without difficulty; seeing that the noble projectress had to encounter not only the prejudices of the people concerned, but also the romantic prepossessions of many enlightened neighbours. Notwithstanding, however, all obstacles, and they have not been either little or few, the Lady of Sutherland has finally succeeded in carrying her splendid plans into effect, and thus, in a few years, accomplished a project which ought properly to have had one generation to conceive, another to execute, and a third to complete and mature. It must be confessed that money has been the chief agent; but it should also be stated, that that could only have been effectual, expended as it was, with judicious profusion, according to the dictates of a heart as kind as the understanding was clear, by which all the operations were directed.

In consequence of this change, Sutherland, instead

Sutherlandshire."

of being what it was a few years ago, an inaccessible, unthought of, isolated, and useless portion of the kingdom, is now incorporated with what may be called its mainland of civilization, commerce, and political importance. Such was formerly the secluded nature of this district, the inhabitants of which lived only for themselves, and that most wretchedly, that they were in the habit of calling the southern land which they saw over the Moray Firth, by the term, "Scotland," as if they conceived themselves a distinct people, inhabiting a distinct country. They now assist in the general cause, by fishing and other industrious arts, and are acquiring a taste for the luxuries of life, the enjoyment of which is so sure to reproduce the means of purchasing them.

The stranger who now traverses the eastern shore of Sutherland, has the pleasure of seeing the thriving and beautiful little fishing-villages of Golspie, Brora, and Helmsdale; where a scene of activity and prosperity is displayed, quite sufficient to reconcile the most zealous and unthinking advocate of the old system of sloth and clanship, romance and starvation. The people, without any change in their humble virtues, are industrious instead of indolent; well-lodged instead of ill-lodged, clean instead of filthy, wealthy instead of poor, and, moreover, what is best of all, seem perfectly contented with their improved condition. The interior of the county is now, of course, almost depopulated. In some parishes, notwithstanding their being perhaps nineteen miles long, and half as much broad, the minister seldom raises a congregation of more than half a dozen individuals,—three shepherds, namely, and their colleys.

Golspie, nine miles from Dornoch, consists in one regular street, built close upon the sea-beach. The church is rather a handsome edifice; and the inn, a place of more importance to the traveller, reminds one of the snug, romantically situated, cider-vending hostelries of Devonshire. Improvements on an extensive scale are in progress all round the village. The slovenly system of Highland husbandry is nowhere

visible; but broad fields, carefully fenced, spread far up the hills. These farms are either cultivated on the proprietor's account, or advantageously rented by speculators from the south.

Dunrobin Castle, the seat of the Earls of Sutherland, occupies an eminent site upon the shore a little beyond Golspie, and is surrounded by some fine old wood, besides extensive modern plantations. It is said to have been originally founded in 1100, by Robert, second earl of Sutherland. About a mile farther on, between the road and the beach, stands one of those unaccountable relics of antiquity, called Pictish Cairns.

From Golspie all the way to Brora, four miles, the road is skirted with neat cottages, surrounded by shrubberies, and covered with honeysuckle. These abodes, the originals of which are found only in merry England, are mostly peopled by industrious mechanics from the south, the missionaries of civilization in this remote and hitherto rude and inhospitable region.

Brora is another of these new villages, with a good inn, a salt-work, and a mine of coal. It is situated at the mouth of the river Brora, which descends from a vale of the most romantic and savage character, usually called Strathbrora. Nine miles farther on, is Port Gower, the neatest of all possible fishing-villages; and at the distance of other three, the traveller reaches Helmsdale, the last and chief of these settlements. Helmsdale deserves the appellation of town; for, while it is much more handsome and convenient, it possesses more inhabitants than many royal burghs. Situated at the mouth of a considerable river of the same name, it has an excellent harbour, to which immense armadas of fishing-boats resort during the herring season, (September.) The town is increasing rapidly, and its various elements are gradually settling down into comfortable maturity. In the season of 1825, many thousand barrels of herrings were prepared at Helmsdale. The Helmsdale river rises in the wild vale of Kildonan, formerly remarkable for producing the tallest and handsomest men in Sutherland. Among five hundred

strapping fellows whom this district boasted of containing, scarcely one was found beneath six feet. They seemed, in fact, a distinct race from the rest of the dalesmen. It is affectionately remembered of the Kildonan men, many of whom are now over the Atlantic, that they were such hearty fellows as to be able even to *sup whisky with their porridge.*

One of the most beneficial of all the improvements of Sutherland, has been the institution of roads throughout and alongst its bleak domain. Besides what has been done at the public expense, the Marchioness of Stafford also has expended a very large sum upon this material object. A road now also penetrates into Caithness, which, but yesterday, it may be said, was totally inaccessible to wheeled vehicles. The low fertile promontory of Caithness is divided from Sutherland in this quarter by an enormous mountain, or rather range of mountains, called the Ord, over which it was, till lately, almost impossible to pass, even on horseback or on foot, but which is now surmounted by means of a capital post-road. The Ord, with its huge ramifications, occupied about nine or ten miles of the coast; and the reader may easily conceive what a barrier it formerly was between the two counties, and how much more secluded Caithness thus was, than Sutherland, which was as a threshold compared to the penetralia of a domicile. The men of Caithness appeared in great strength at Flodden, and were cut off almost to a man; on which account, it has since been held unlucky to cross the Ord on a Friday, that having been the day on which the unfortunate band departed from their country never to return.

Caithness is a generally level district, and also fertile, but, being destitute of every thing in the shape of trees or shrubbery, and, at the same time, ill cultivated by the rude and inexperienced natives, it has all the swarthy bleak appearance of a desert. Being, however, excellently adapted for the herring fishery, its coast is environed on every side with thriving fishing-towns. "Caithness Herrings" are celebrated for their peculiar

excellence. The eye of the traveller is arrested, on approaching the district, by a huge conical hill, descriptively termed the Pap of Caithness.

Berridale is the first of the Caithness villages which a traveller meets in travelling northward. It is an inconsiderable hamlet, perched on the eastern bank of a river which here seeks the sea through a vale of the same name. In its immediate neighbourhood, on a high crag, stand the remains of a castle, once the residence of the Sutherlands of Langwell, the ancient Lords of Berridale, and, according to tradition, a very gigantic race. One of them, William More Sutherland, is reported to have been upwards of nine feet high; and, in the vicinity, planted so far asunder, are two stones, between which he is said to have laid himself down in order to be measured, prior to his departure for Orkney on a military expedition, in which he fell, along with his leader, the Earl of Caithness.*

Wick is the county-town of Caithness, and a royal burgh. It lies low, is irregularly built, and divided by a river of the same name, the mouth of which forms an inconvenient harbour. It is a bustling, thriving town. Some smart villas have lately been erected in the outskirts; and, on the south side of the river, in the suburb called Pulteney-Town, planned under the auspices of the British Fishery Society, building proceeds rapidly. The population does not much exceed 2000; but the increasing importance of the herring fishery, giving so strong an impulse to industry, promises to produce a

* From this place to Wick, the distance is twenty-seven miles, occupied by the following successive objects: Five miles,—Dunbeath Castle and inn; seven,—Causeway-mire road goes off to Thurso; ten,—Latheron and its parish church, the bell of which is half a mile distant, on an eminence, that the sound may have the wider extent; twelve,—Nottingham House, Sutherland; thirteen,—Swinie, Gordon, Esq.; fifteen,—Ulbster, the seat of Sir John Sinclair; sixteen,—Milltown-of-Clyth Inn; nineteen,—East Clyth; twenty-four,—Lake and house of Hempriggs, the seat of Sir Benjamin Dunbar, Bart.; twenty-six,—the ancient castle of Wick standing on the shore.

rapid increase. As an indication of future prosperity, a new pier, which will greatly improve the harbour, is projected. Hitherto the maritime trade of Wick has been chiefly carried on through the medium of Staxigo, a small village, possessing a convenient harbour, situated a short way to the eastward, near a lofty promontory, called Ness-head.

Nearly twenty miles of execrable road, in the old style of "up hill and down dale," intervene between Wick and the northern point of the island, so well known by the name of John o' Groat's House. A low, plain here descends from the hills towards the sea, giving place for the hamlet of Houna, and a number of little farms, one of which is said to be possessed by a descendant of John o' Groat. The legend of John o' Groat is well known. A Lowlander of that name, along with his brother, arrived in Caithness in the reign of James IV, bearing a letter from the king, which recommended them to the gentlemen of the county. They procured land at this remote spot, settled, and became the founders of families. When the race of Groat had increased to the amount of eight different branches, the amity which had hitherto characterised them was interrupted by a question of precedency or chiefship. One night, in the course of some festivity, a quarrel arose, as to who should sit at the head of the table next the door; high words ensued; and the ruin of the whole family seemed to be at hand by means of their injudicious dissension. In this emergency, one of them, named John, who was proprietor of the ferry over to Orkney, rose, and, having stilled their wrath by soft language, assured them that at next meeting he would settle the point at issue. Accordingly, he erected upon the extreme point of their territory an octagonal building, having a door and window at every side, and furnished with a table of exactly the same shape; and, when the next occasion of festivity took place, desired each of his kin to enter at his own door, and take the corresponding seat at the table. The striking origin-

—*The North Highlands.*

ality of the idea fairly overcame all scruples; and, with perfect equality, the former good humour of the fraternity was also restored. The foundations or ruins of this house, which is perhaps the most celebrated in the whole world, are still to be seen.

The few travellers who ever visit this remote angle of Great Britain, never fail to be struck with the boldness of the numerous headlands which here jut into the sea, as also with the terrible character of the Pentland Firth, which intervenes between them and the lofty peaks of Orkney. In some places, the sea penetrates the rocky coast, and the stranger is surprised, when a good way inland, to come to the edges of fearful pits, like the Buller of Buchan, up which the foam of the sea works, so as to overspread the surrounding territory.

Advancing, by a post-road, twenty miles westward along this wild and wonderful coast, the traveller reaches Thurso, situated at the bottom of a spacious and secure bay, in a valley traversed by a little stream. Thurso is a burgh of barony, holding of Sir John Sinclair of Ulbster. It is about the same size as Wick, but not so prosperous or increasing so rapidly. The residence of Sir John Sinclair, called Thurso East, is in the neighbourhood, along with a highly ornamental structure which that venerable gentleman has built to the memory of Harold, Earl of Caithness, who was slain and buried on the spot upwards of six centuries ago. The coast to the west, till it terminates at Cape Wrath, is said to increase in terrific wildness and grandeur; but few tourists will be inclined to traverse its trackless and desolate wastes for the mere sake of being frightened or astonished. A direct and modern road leads from Thurso back to Berridale Inn, through the interior of Caithness, without touching at any point worthy of notice. There is also a new road, leading more directly southwards, through the centre of Sutherland, to the head of the Firth of Dornoch.

Almost the only other variation in the road from

Inverness to Thurso, is that which touches at the towns of Fortrose and Cromarty, and joins the post-road near Tain.

Crossing the Beauly Firth at Inverness by the Kessock Ferry, the tourist goes through an uninteresting tract of country, (the Black Isle,) by Avoch, to Fortrose. Fortrose is the inconsiderable remains of a once considerable episcopal city. It was the seat of the bishopric of Ross; and here of course Lesley, the historian, who held that see, must have resided. The cathedral and town are now alike shrunk in their dimensions. All that remains of the former occupies only a small space in the centre of a large green, which is said to have been originally covered by the widespread limbs of the edifice. One detached portion, which has apparently been a side aisle, is now shut up, and used as a cemetery; and another has been converted into a town-house and jail,—for Fortrose is a royal burgh. The ruin of the building is ascribed to Cromwell, who took away the materials in order to construct his fort at Inverness. There is a tradition that, resolved to aggrandize Inverness as much as possible, he also took away the bells, which even the Reformation had spared, and hung them up in the steeple which he built there; but the bells, like the captive Israelites, conscientiously refused to ring, yea to emit a single sound, in their new place, and the usurper was fain to send them back to Fortrose; in which voyage they were unfortunately lost.

Fortrose, as a burgh, is connected with the adjoining village of Rosemarkie, which, miserable as it is, boasts of having been a burgh before its more dignified neighbour. Fortrose, when an episcopal city, was the chief seat of learning in this quarter of the kingdom; but it has now only a very inconsiderable grammar-school. In the neighbourhood of Rosemarkie, there is a singularly precipitous and profound ravine, along one side of which the road ascends in the most fearful style imaginable, exposing the traveller every moment to the risk of being dashed to pieces by a fall of two hundred feet.

The North Highlands.

The road crosses the Black Isle to Cromarty, which is ten miles distant from Rosemarkie, at the opening of the Firth which bears its name.

It should not be forgotten that a portion of the Black Isle, called Ferintosh, forming a distinct estate, and belonging to the county of Nairn, used to be celebrated for its extensive manufacture of whisky. Duncan Forbes, to whom the estate belonged, procured, it seems, an immunity from tax for the whisky distilled in this part of the kingdom; and the consequence was that more was soon distilled here than perhaps in all the rest of the Highlands together, and whisky became generally known everywhere by the sobriquet of *Ferintosh*. When the system had amounted to an insupportable grievance, government bought up the privilege for thirty thousand pounds.

The Highlanders are remarkable for their attachment to this excellent beverage, which, with snuff, may be said to form the chain which binds them to existence. The value of a dram or a pinch of snuff to a Highlander, in his lonely life and extensive journeys, is inconceivably great: these luxuries are both meat and drink to him, a compensation for all other privations, and esteemed the supreme of all excellent things. An aged Highlander, who had followed Prince Charles with heart and hand in the campaign of 1745-6, being asked by a curious modern what sort of man he was, could find no way of expressing his admiration and esteem of that individual, but by exclaiming, with an emphatic earnestness which almost precluded laughter, "Och, he was just like a cood sneeshin or a cood tram o' whisky!"

Cromarty is one of the neatest, cleanest, prettiest towns of the size in Scotland. It is not a royal burgh, though the chief town in the vagrant, incomprehensible county to which it gives a name. It lies upon a promontory jutting into the Firth, and, the ground being slightly elevated, it has the advantage of a dry as well as a pleasant situation. Most of the houses are whitewashed, owing to the generosity of a candidate for the representation of the county in Parliament,—who,

anxious to gather golden opinions from all sorts of men, offered thus to adorn the house of any person who so desired; the consequence of which has been, that Cromarty came cleaner out of the election-business of 1826, than perhaps any other town in his majesty's dominions.

The common people of Cromarty are industrious herring-fishers. In September 1826, when the author visited the town, there were no fewer than two hundred women engaged in cleaning and salting the fish which the innumerable boats were perpetually bringing ashore; while twenty-nine masted vessels lay in the Firth, waiting to convey the barrels, on being made up, to various ports. Cromarty has a capital harbour, admitting vessels of 400 tons.

The Firth is flanked at the mouth by two hills called the Sutors of Cromarty. Nature seems to have here had uniformity in view; for the North Sutor resembles the South Sutor in every respect, except that of artificial adornment. The South Sutor, which overhangs Cromarty, is most beautifully wooded, being the park attached to a fine seat, called Cromarty House. Travellers walk up to the verge of this wood-crowned hill, in order to see, from thence, one of the finest landscapes of which this county can boast; and seldom come back without being enraptured. The foreground of this famous prospect is composed of the house and its woods, the town, the mouth of the Firth, the North Sutor; then there is the Firth stretching away up to Dingwall,—a noble sheet of water. In the distance, if it be evening, as when we had the good fortune to survey it, the view is terminated by the mountains of Ross, rising in succession behind each other towards the purple sunset,—a Titanic flight of steps leading up to the far portals of heaven.

There is a profound chasm in the front of the South Sutor, called Macfarquhar's Bed, besides a petrifying spring, called the Dripping Well. Near the North Sutor are seven sunk rocks, never seen except at the recess of spring tides; they are termed the Seven King's

Sons, because, according to tradition, seven individuals who bore that relation to majesty, were once shipwrecked and drowned upon them, in coming home from France. There is a ferry of two miles across the mouth of the Firth; after which, an uninteresting road of about seven or eight miles leads the traveller into the main road near Tain.

Inverness has been already described as situated at the mouth of the Glenmore-na-h'-Albin or Great Glen of Scotland, the wonderful natural hollow, which, stretching straight as a furrow from south-west to north-east, and almost completely filled by lakes and arms of the sea, so nearly isolates the northern half of the kingdom. Nature seems to have formed this, on purpose that it might, when the proper time should arrive, be fashioned into a canal. Accordingly, it would really appear from the general tradition of the Highlands, that some native seer many centuries ago predicted, what has actually taken place, the transit of white-sailed vessels along the lonely glen of lakes; foreseeing, by a mere exertion of the understanding, that advantage would ultimately be taken in that way of the natural configuration of the territory. The Caledonian Canal was commenced in 1803-4, and opened in 1822, after an expense, it is said, of upwards of L.800,000. It is 20 feet deep, 50 wide at the bottom, and 110 at the top. The length is sixty miles, exclusive of the important estuary of Loch Eil, which occupies nearly a third of the whole space between sea and sea.

After leaving Inverness six miles behind, the tourist comes to the extremity of Loch Ness, the chief of these inland sheets of water, being upwards of twenty miles long. The breadth of this loch is very little, seldom more than half a mile; it stretches along, in a perfectly straight line, between two lofty piles of hills, which rise steep as walls, to a prodigious height; and you look along, from one end to the other, as through a telescope. Loch Ness has some mysterious and even terrible characteristics. It never freezes; its water produces dysentery in a stranger; it is usually agitated violently

when any other part of the world is undergoing the phenomenon of an earthquake; and, narrow though it be, it is found, at a very little distance from its verge, to be from sixty to a hundred and thirty-five fathoms deep. The last of its qualifications is the cause of the first, but the rest are inexplicably wonderful.

There is a road on each side of Loch Ness; but the traveller who wishes to see the celebrated fall of Fyers, must adhere to that which traverses the south-east side. After passing along several miles, by the verge of the lake, which, by the by, is adorned by the most beautiful scenery, General's Hut is reached, a little inn, so termed from having been the residence of General Wade, who formed all these roads. A mile farther on, is the chasm-like recess in the hill-side, down which "Fyers pours his mossy floods."

At the bottom of this recess, there is a smooth little plain, descending upon the lake, ornamented by the house and shrubberies of Fyers, and where people land from the passing steam-boats, in order to behold the cataract. A winding path, accessible to carriages, winds backwards and forwards, up the face of the hill, till the height of the public road is reached; and then there is a pathway leading down the face of the crags, towards a projecting rock, on which people usually stand to see the fall. The Fyers is not a very large stream, except in rainy weather; consequently, there are great variations in the aspect of the cascade. In its medium fulness, it pours through a narrow gullet in the rock, in a round unbroken stream, which gradually whitens, as it descends, like an old Jew's beard, till it falls into a half-seen profound, upwards of two hundred feet below the point of descent. A dense mist is constantly seen rising from the broken water, like the heavenward aspirations of an afflicted and tortured spirit. The noise is usually very loud. About a quarter of a mile farther up the ravine, there is another cascade, usually called the Upper Fall; a fearful gulf, down which the water descends by three leaps, and over which a mean-looking bridge, of hideous stone and lime, has been

thrown, by way of station for a sight of the cataract. All this stupendous ravine is covered by birches, on whose every leaf a pearl of vapoury dew perpetually hangs. Dr Clarke, on visiting Fyers, declared it to be a better waterfall than that of Tivoli, and, of all he had ever seen, inferior only to Terni.

Leaving the shores of Loch Ness, the road now traverses a wild tract called Stratherrick, towards Fort Augustus. The lake itself is a tract of much greater interest. Close by the north-west shore is Urquhart Castle, the picturesque ruins of a Highland fortress demolished by Edward I. On the same side of the loch, the hill of Mealfourvonie rises to the height of three thousand feet, having a lake on the top, which, no more than Loch Ness, ever freezes, and the broad summit of which can easily be discerned by mariners at sea, off Kinnaird's Point, much more than a hundred miles away.

Fort Augustus lies at the extremity of Loch Ness,—resembling a gentleman's seat rather than a fortress. There is a small village attached, with an inn. Having long ago accomplished the purpose of its creation, it is now, like Fort George, perfectly useless,—a mere superannuated thing, kept in pay, like a pensioner, from gratitude. It is garrisoned by three veteran artillerymen.

At Fort Augustus the cut of the canal is resumed, and a number of locks are ascended. A very few miles, however, bring it again into a lake, that called Loch Oich, the smallest of the chain. The scenery is here finer than at any other part of the Great Glen. On the north-west bank of the loch is Invergary, the residence of the chief of Glengary, a handsome modern building, in the immediate neighbourhood of an ancient castle, which was the family-mansion, till burnt down in 1746. This is a place of peculiar interest, from the proprietor (who owns an estate of some eighty miles length behind the house) being the last of the northern lairds that keeps up the ancient system of "a tail," (that is, a body of personal attendants,) and, indeed, it

may be said, who maintains, in the midst of general innovation, any share of the sentiment and practice of ancient clanship. A little way farther on, there is a small monument over a well, commemorating the fact of a former chief of Glengary having thrown into this well the heads of seven Kennedies, his enemies, whom he killed in revenge for some bloody deed performed by that clan upon his people.

The next and last loch is Loch Lochy, the hills environing which are the most hopelessly wild and stupendous of all in the glen. The lonely little inn of Letter Findlay is the only house at first seen on this loch; but when the west end is nearly reached, the traveller discovers, in a recess on the right side, the house of Auchnacarrie, which was the residence of the gallant and unfortunate Lochiel, before he entered upon the fatal campaign of 1745. The canal, after leaving this loch, descends in a precipitous series of locks, called Neptune's Staircase, into Loch Eil, the arm of the sea already mentioned.

At this point, the Glen is more spacious than anywhere else. It is, however, the spaciousness of a moor. The river Lochy, which issues from the lake of the same name, pours its voluminous and impetuous flood towards Loch Eil on the left; and beyond it Ben Nevis is seen to rear his enormous head, with the vale of Glen Nevis withdrawing from his mighty side into the solitudes of Lochaber.

Ben Nevis, it is needless to say, is the highest hill in Britain. It, moreover, possesses this advantage, that it rises sheer up from the level of the sea. It is 4370 feet high, and is generally enveloped in clouds. In clear weather, many tourists ascend to the top in order to enjoy the extensive prospect; a feat which cannot be performed in much less than a day.

It was at the opening of Glen Nevis that Montrose achieved one of his most brilliant victories. The Campbells lay in full strength on the plain in front of Inverlochy Castle, and the Marquis came suddenly upon them, in the morning, through Glen Nevis, after hav-

ing for that purpose performed some marches of incredible rapidity. Argyle, at the commencement of the battle, retired on board a galley which lay in Loch Eil; in consequence of which imprudent conduct, the impetuous attack of the royal troops was completely successful over the dispirited Campbells, fifteen hundred of whom were slain.

Inverlochy Castle is a huge quadrangular edifice, forming a sort of court-yard, which is now employed in keeping the cattle of a neighbouring farmer. This is said to have once been the site of a great maritime city, and the early historians fable that King Achaius here signed a treaty with Charlemagne. Both suppositions are alike true.

The traveller, soon after this, approaches Fort William, the last of the chain of forts erected for the subjugation of the Highlands. It is a larger fortification than Fort Augustus, and is kept by twenty men and an officer, whose duties, however, are by no means either complicated or burdensome. The principal part of the barracks is let in portions to private families, for whose entrances and exits the gates are perpetually patent. In consequence of the diminution of the garrison, the town of Fort William, which originally owed its existence to the fort, has gone greatly into decay. It is, in every sense of the word, a miserable place. From its propinquity to the Atlantic and some other natural causes, it is said to have more or less rain every day in the year, except on those which produce the interesting variety of snow. It is destitute of a market; and, except by means of an insignificant herring-fishery and of the strangers who come to climb Ben Nevis, seems to have no channels whatever for the admission of wealth. Poor as Fort William is, however, it seems to have an expensive enough taste in religion—there being both an Episcopalian and a Roman Catholic chapel, besides the established chapel of ease.

Perthshire,

INCLUDING CLACKMANNAN.

Transis, ample Tai, per rura, per oppida, per Perth,
Regnum sustentant illius urbis opes.
Old distich in Camden's Britannia.

PERTHSHIRE, one of the largest counties in Scotland, and which contains a much greater variety of territory than any other, is situated in the centre of the kingdom, whose great northern and southern divisions it may be said in some measure to connect. Extending from the Firth of Forth on one hand, to the wilds of Inverness-shire on the other, and from the eastern district of Angus to the western one of Argyle, it measures about seventy miles in every direction, comprises seventy-six parishes, and contains from a hundred and fifty to two hundred thousand inhabitants. In every respect, situation included, it may be considered the *Yorkshire* of Scotland. Like that voluminous county, it is subdivided into districts, which were formerly stewartries under the jurisdiction of different great landed proprietors, but which, since the abolition of such local powers in 1748, have only been observed in popular parlance. The names of the various provinces of Perthshire are, Monteith, Gowrie, Perth [Proper,] Stratherne, the Stormont, Breadalbane, Rannoch, Balquidder, and Athole; and all of these give, or have given, titles to various noble families. There is, be-

sides, a small detached spot lying on the Firth of Forth, and enclosed by Fife and Clackmannan.

In regard to its natural features, Perth is esteemed a county of firstrate interest. Lying partly in the Highlands and partly in the Lowlands, it comprehends scenery of every description of excellence, from the savage and romantic down to the beautiful and champaign. On account of its inland situation, it of course does not comprise any specimen of that singular combination of marine and mountain scenery which forms the great attraction of the West Highlands. Yet, as it abounds in inland lakes, and possesses rising grounds, of fully as stern and grand a character as that district, it is in no respect inferior as the object of "a tour in search of the picturesque;" while its splendid plains may be said to form an additional attraction. It would be impertinent to expatiate at great length upon the *tour of Perthshire*, which is already so well known to comprise every sort of charm derivable from travelling. But we may be permitted to mention, for the sake of those who are unacquainted with the peculiarities of this county, that, starting from Edinburgh or Glasgow, with any species of conveyance, or even upon foot, the tourist may perform it in less than a week.

Perthshire may be generally described as a district formed by the river Tay and its tributaries. There is, however, a southern portion, including the detached spot already mentioned, which lies within the vale of the Forth, and which we shall dispatch in the first place, before surveying the strath of Tay. In executing this intention, the reader must suppose us leaving in a westerly direction the part of Fife where we commenced the eastward survey of that county, and as proceeding along the north shore of the Firth of Forth, near its upper extremity, towards the vale of the Devon. After thus attending to the detached portion of Perthshire and to the little which is interesting about the minor county of Clackmannan, we shall, to use the language of Sir Walter Scott, "seek the varied realms

of fair Monteith," and eventually the great vale of the Tay.

The first object of any interest in this tract is the town of Culross, an ancient and decayed royal burgh, situated on the face of a hill, declining towards the Firth. Culross (pronounced Cooross) formerly carried on a great trade in coal and salt, and possessed a sort of patent for the manufacture of *girdles*, the round iron plates on which the people of Scotland bake their coarse barley and oat-bread. Culross was also the site of an abbey, of which hardly a vestige now remains, except the chapel which has been converted into the parish church. Adjoining to the north wall of this edifice, there is an aisle, containing a monument to Sir George Bruce of Blairhall, his lady, and eight children, all of whom are represented in beautiful white marble statuary.

Kincardine, a few miles westward from Culross, is a thriving sea-port town, remarkable for ship-building. In its immediate neighbourhood stands the old ruined castle of Tullyallan.

Proceeding a few miles through a level and cultivated tract, we come to Clackmannan, the capital of the little county of that name. This is a very miserable town, but there is something curious about it. It consists of one long, unpaved, straggling, filthy street, which runs up a gentle acclivity to the gate of the park surrounding Clackmannan Tower. In the middle stands a steeple, to which a jail was formerly attached, —a jail which first fell into disrepair, then into ruin, and finally was taken away. The shire of Clackmannan is at present destitute of a jail, and cannot afford to build one. However, as the people hereabouts are neither more innocent nor more affluent than the other good folk of Scotland, the jail of Stirling is occasionally called upon for accommodation to the culprits and debtors of the shire; for which the county pays a certain share of the sum which sustains the said jail. At the east end of the site of the *quondam* prison of Clackmannan, there lies a huge, shapeless, blue stone,

which, having been broken into three pieces, is now bound with iron. This is a sort of burgal palladium or charter-stone, like the Clach-na-cuden of Inverness; the privileges of the town being supposed to depend in some mysterious way upon its existence; on which account it is looked upon by the inhabitants with a high degree of veneration. Its legendary history is such as to command towards it the respect of a much wider circle. When King Robert Bruce was residing in Clackmannan Tower, and before there was a town attached to that regal mansion, he, one day, in passing down this way on a journey, happened to stop a while at the stone, and, on going away, left his glove upon it. Not discovering his loss till he had proceeded about half a mile towards the south, he desired his servant to go back to the *clach*, (for King Robert seems to have usually spoken his native Carrick Gaelic,) and bring his *mannan* or glove. The servant said, "If ye'll just look about ye here, I'll be back wi't directly;" and accordingly soon returned with the missing article. From this trivial circumstance arose the name of the town which was subsequently reared round the stone, as also that of a farm at the place where the king stopped, about half a mile south, on the way to Kincardine, which took its title from what the servant said, namely, *Look about ye*, and is so called at this day. It is customary for people visiting Clackmannan, to chip off a small piece of the stone whereon lay the glove of Bruce, and carry it away with them as a curiosity.

The tower, situated at the top of the hill, is a tall and impressive structure, though now deprived of its interesting appendage, the palace of Robert Bruce, and family-house of Bruce of Clackmannan, as well as the gardens and shrubberies which once adorned the spot. The tower is unfurnished, and will probably soon go to decay, on account of a dispute respecting the property. Bruce's palace, with shame we speak, was demolished merely because the stones were required to build a neighbouring farm *onstead*. This was the residence of the ancient Jacobite lady, (Mrs Bruce of Clackmannan,)

who is mentioned in Currie's Life of Burns, as having knighted that poet with a sword which belonged to Bruce, and who observed, while she performed the ceremony, that "she had a better right to do so than *some folk*." The sword, and a helmet which had also belonged to the hero, are now in the possession of Lord Elgin, who represents the family of Bruce, and are to be seen at Broomhill, near Dunfermline, in the midst of a vast quantity of other curiosities of all ages and nations. About a hundred yards west from the town, there is a large stone, called the *King's Stone*, on account of the royal possessor of Clackmannan having sat upon it; a circumstance which has caused the whole eminence to be styled the King's Seat Hill. We would advise all travellers who happen to visit this place on a fine day, to sit down, as we did, upon the *King's Stone*, and admire the splendid view which is there obtained, of the Carse of Stirling, the Links of Forth, and the country beyond.

Alloa, a mile beyond Clackmannan, is a thriving seaport and manufacturing town, of above four thousand inhabitants; irregular and antique in some parts, but, upon the whole, an agreeable collection of houses, and embellished by a handsome new church, in the Gothic style. The Firth of Forth is here contracted to a very narrow space, and here commence those singular sinuosities to which allusion has already so often been made. Besides many other branches of manufacture, brewing is here carried on to a considerable extent; and Alloa Ale *(expertus loquor)* is a beverage not less excellent than it is celebrated.

Alloa House, situated in the immediate neighbourhood of the town, in the midst of a fine park,—the seat of the Earl of Mar, and the subject of a fine Scottish song,—is a place worthy of a visit. The principal part of the building was destroyed some years ago by fire, and with it the only certain original portrait of Queen Mary existing in the kingdom. The original tower, a building of the thirteenth century, the walls of which are eleven feet thick and ninety feet high, alone remains.

Perthshire.

In it James VI and his eldest son Henry were successively educated, under the care of the Mar family. The cradle of the former, and his little nursery-chair, besides Prince Henry's golfs, were preserved in the tower till a recent period, when they fell into the possession of Lady Frances Erskine, daughter to the late venerable Earl of Mar, who, we understand, now preserves them with the care and veneration due to such valuable heir-looms, in her house near Edinburgh.

The country, in every direction around Alloa, is extremely level and beautiful, interspersed with numerous fine seats, and abounding in delightful little old-established bower-like villages. Among the latter, we would particularize one called the Bridge of Allan, as every thing which a village ought to be,—soft, sunny, warm,—a confusion of straw-roofed cottages and rich massy trees; possessed of a bridge and a mill, together with kail-yards, bee-skeps, colleys, callants, old inns with entertainment for man and horse, carts with their poles pointing up to the sky, venerable dames in drugget, knitting their stockings in the sun, and young ones in gingham and dimity, tripping along with milk-pails on their heads. Besides all these characteristics as a village, the Bridge of Allan boasts of a row of neat little villas, for the temporary accommodation of a number of fashionables who flock to it in summer, on account of a neighbouring mineral well.

The small river Devon falls into the Forth about two miles above Alloa, at the place where that stream changes the character of a river for that of an estuary. The vale of the Devon is famed for romantic beauty, and for the singular natural curiosities formed by the river; on which accounts it is much resorted to in summer by pleasure-parties, as well as solitary tourists. The Devon rises among the Ochil Hills, a remarkable range, commencing near Stirling, and stretching in a north-east direction, to the Firth of Tay, a little below Perth. After running for several miles among these hills, in a direction almost due east, the Devon takes a turn all at once towards the west, so as in some mea-

sure to double its course. This angle is called the Crook of Devon, and is perhaps a curiosity unexampled in all the rivers of Britain. The lower part of the vale, where the river runs west, is bounded on the north by the fine green sides of the Ochils, and on the south by the less picturesque but equally beautiful low country which stretches towards the sea. A day spent in Glendevon will be sufficient to satisfy the most inordinate appetite for romantic natural scenery.

The most southerly of all the Ochil Hills, and that which forms the west side of the mouth of Glendevon, is called Demyat. It is famous for the extensive and splendid view obtained from its summit. The following legend regarding it is related by Dr Graham, in his sketches of Perthshire. The proprietor of the estate upon which it is situated, when travelling abroad, happened to meet an English gentleman who had recently been in Scotland, and who talked loudly of the romantic beauties of that country. In particular, he spoke with rapture of the view which he had obtained from the top of a hill called Demyat. The Scottish gentleman heard with astonishment, that he possessed upon his own property in Scotland, a view superior to any he had come so far in search of; and he lost no time in returning home to ascend Demyat.

In the neighbourhood of Demyat is the more conical summit of Bencleuch, otherwise called the hill of Alva, which, instead of terminating like Demyat in a gentle upland, shoots up into a tall rocky point. This point is called Craigleith, and was remarkable long ago for the production of falcons. The falcons of Craigleith were celebrated far and wide, at the time when these birds were used for sport. The rock was never tenanted by more than one pair of birds; it of course produced very few; but the few which it did produce were held in very high esteem. They were often a matter of request with royalty itself, then occasionally resident in the neighbouring palace of Stirling.

Upon a hollow near the summit of Bencleuch, and

not far from Craigleith, there is a small hollow in which the snow often lingers for a considerable time after the departure of winter. The common people, with great elegance of fancy, give this speck of snow the epithet of Lady Alva's Web, from its resemblance to the pieces of linen which that noble dame, in common with high and low in former times, employed herself in bleaching. The little village of Alva lies at the bottom of the hill. It is the capital of a parish and barony of the same name, which was formerly remarkable for its silver mines.

In proceeding up the vale, the first object that attracts attention after Alva, is the village of Tilliecoutry, also the capital of a parish. The only thing worthy of notice about Tilliecoutry, besides its extreme pleasantness, is a large stone which lies in the churchyard. This is the subject of a curious and amusing old legend, which, as reported to us by a friend, seems strikingly illustrative of at least one-half of the proverb, that "it is kittle shooting at craws and clergy." In the parish of Tilliecoutry, as in all other places under the sun, there once lived a *wicked laird.* The wicked laird of Tilliecoutry happened, on one occasion, to quarrel with one of the monks of Cambuskenneth about the payment of certain church dues; and, in the course of the debate, was so far exasperated, that, forgetting entirely the respect due to a churchman, he fairly knocked the holy father down. Of course, a man who had been guilty of such an outrage could not live long; he died, therefore, and was buried. But, as he had not been afflicted by any supernatural torment upon his deathbed; as he had neither drawn air into his lungs and breathed it out blue flame, nor had supplies of water carried to him by relays of servants to cool feet which set the floor on fire, and made cold water splutter and boil as it was dashed upon them; more than all, as he had died unshriven, and without having expiated his offence by a consolatory legacy of lands to the church; something yet remained to be done to manifest the in-

dignation of heaven at his impious act. He was buried as dead men wont to be; but his spirit did not walk as the spirits of wicked men wont to do. That would have been too equivocal; it might have been said that he had murdered men as well as knocked down priests. But mark his punishment! The hand,—the sacrilegious hand,—was found, on the morning after the funeral, projecting above the grave, clenched as in the act of giving a blow. The people were dreadfully alarmed; but what could they do but exclaim in astonishment, sain themselves, wish they never might do any thing to incur so dreadful a *judgment*; then take up the unholy corpse, adjust the arm by its side, and again commit it to the earth. On the following morning, great numbers repaired to the church-yard, to see whether the laird's arm had again been rejected of the grave. There it was thrust up and clenched as before. The process of interment was repeated, and again up came the clenched fist. Again it was repeated, and so on for more than a week. The people were then in a state little short of distraction. They had applied to the priests of Cambuskenneth, who, with much shaking of heads, had refused to interfere. The news spread far and wide, and hundreds gathered to witness the miracle. Hundreds, however, could not bury the laird more effectually than a single sexton. At last an expedient was thought of, by which the power of numbers could be turned to account. They united to bring from a considerable distance, and roll upon the grave, the huge stone which now marks the spot; after which the clenched fist no longer appeared. It need scarcely be suggested, that if any body had been daring enough to watch the place by night, they would probably have beheld a detachment of devils, who had wickedly assumed the dress of monks, come and undo the work of sepulture, leaving the hand exposed. When the story is told on the spot at the present day, the rustic narrator looks cautiously round the edge of the mass of rock, half-afraid that his tale will be confirmed by the ap-

pearance of the clenched fist growing out, like a mushroom, between the stone and the earth.*

Pursuing the course of the river, we arrive at the village of Dollar, remarkable for its academy, and above which, on a high and almost insulated rock, are the ruins of Castle Campbell. The spot on which this castle is situated appears peculiarly wild and inaccessible. The ruins are seen somewhat retired from the rugged steep, lofty and wooded, with mountain streams descending on either side, uniting at the base, and brawling among massive fragments of rock. Immediately behind rises a vast amphitheatre of wooded hills.

On ascending the wooded heights towards the castle, a splendid view may be obtained of the Vale of Devon, the Forth, Stirling Castle, Clackmannan Tower, and the hills that stretch from the Firths of Forth and Clyde; the ruins and wooded banks forming a suitable and most picturesque foreground. Castle Campbell is a place of considerable antiquity, and was the residence of the family of Argyle, till burnt by Montrose in the Civil War. It is said that John Knox resided in it, under the protection of Archibald the fourth Earl, who was a zealous partisan of the Reformation.†

* It is customary in Scotland, when a child happens to strike, or, as the phrase is, to *lift its hand* to a parent, to say, "weel, weel, ma man, your hand 'll wag abune the grave for that." See *Haddingtonshire*, for the superstition regarding parricides.

† It is commonly told, by way of exciting curiosity, that the ancient name of this most picturesque old fortress, in Gaelic, was Castle Gloom, that it had the Glen of Care on the one hand, and the Burn of Sorrow on the other, and that it looked down upon the village of Dolour. The proper etymologists, however, tell quite a different tale. The old Gaelic name of the stronghold was *Coch Lleum*, or Mad Leap, from the precipitous nature of the site. The Glen of Care is properly the Glen of *Caer*, or castle, a British word. And Dollar is simply *Dal or*, the high field. It is strange that this absurd vulgar error should have been accepted by all former tourists and topographers,—even by MacCulloch, who seems to have made a point of disbelieving what every other body believes, and despising what every other body admires.

A little farther up the vale of Devon, that river forms a series of cascades often visited by travellers, and which are thus described by Dr Garnett. At the Caldron Linn, the Devon, previously smooth, suddenly enters a deep gully, where, finding itself confined, it has, by continual efforts against the sides, worked out a cavity resembling a large caldron, in which it has so much the appearance of boiling, that it is difficult to divest one's self of the idea that it is actually in a state of violent ebullition. From the caldron the water finds its way through a hole beneath the surface into a lower cavity, in which it is carried round and round, though with much less violent agitation; this second caldron is always covered with foam. The water then works its way out in a similar manner into a third caldron; out of which it is precipitated by a sheer fall of forty-four feet. About a mile farther up the vale, the banks of the stream are contracted in such a manner, that an arch of twenty-two feet span connects them at the height of eighty-six feet above the water. On account of the roughness of the channel, the water here makes a violent noise, and occasions the said arch to get the name of the Rumbling Brig. About two hundred yards farther up, there is another, but inferior, cascade, where the water, vibrating from one side to another of the pool below, causes an intermittent noise, like that of water working upon a mill. The country-people call it the Devil's Mill, because it pays no regard to Sunday, but works every day alike. The whole scenery of these singular cascades is extremely romantic, and, together with the general charms of Glendevon, serves to render this part of the province of Fife one of the most delicious districts in Scotland.

About a mile above the Rumbling Brig, we come to the parish church of Fossoway, and soon after to the singular turn of the river, called the Crook of Devon. In the parish of Fossoway, besides other old baronies, is that of Tulliebole, where a criminal was hanged upon the jurisdiction of the baron little more than a century

Perthshire.

ago.* The kings of Scotland, in their journeys from Stirling to Falkland, usually came this way; and on one occasion, one of the Jameses was entertained with particular eclat at the castle of Tulliebole. The house not being large enough to contain the whole retinue, a tent was erected on a piece of plain ground near the river. The king was so well pleased with his dinner as to confer the honour of knighthood upon his host. Among the royal attendants, was a trooper, much celebrated for his convivial powers. But the laird of Tulliebole had a servant equally renowned for the same dangerous pre-eminence. The trooper and he heard of each other, and, on the Monday after the king had gone, met upon the site of the tent, resolved to try each other's powers. It is not known what liquor they made use of; but they drank it from *quechs* containing half an English pint. They continued to drink till Wednesday evening, when the trooper fell from his seat apparently asleep. Keltie—for that was the name of the native Silenus—then took another quaff, to show that he was the conqueror;† after which he too fell asleep. On awakening, he found the trooper dead. He was buried in the same place; where a pool of water still retains the name of "The Trooper's Dub." The people believe that the ghost of the unfortunate toper is to be seen at night sitting on the spot; and some even affirm that he has been heard hiccuping like a drunk man, and calling for "another fill o' the quech."

* At the neighbouring baronial house of Aldie, a man, on being hanged for the slight offence of stealing *a caup-fu' corn*, is said to have uttered a malediction upon the family, to the effect that the estate of Aldie should never be inherited by a male heir for nineteen generations; which has already so far taken effect, Lady Keith, the present proprietrix, being the daughter of an heiress, who was the grand-daughter and successor of another heiress, and being herself the mother of an only daughter.

† This gave rise to a proverbial expression—*Keltie's Mends*, with which persons are threatened when they refuse to drink fair.

Perthshire.

Leaving Glendevon, and proceeding westwards, we reach the vale of Allan, another tributary to the Forth. This beautiful little river, with its accompaniments of bold black rocks, partially covered with thick and varied foliage, and the frequent mills placed on its banks, presents a variety of highly romantic and picturesque scenery, worthy of the admiration of the tourist even on his way to the Trosachs and the Highland lakes. The ancient cathedral city of Dumblane, now estimable as only a pleasant village, is situated upon the banks of this stream, about six miles north-west from Stirling.

Dumblane was at first a cell of the Culdees, and became the seat of a see in the reign of David I. The cathedral, as at present existing, is one of the most entire edifices of that sacred character in North Britain. The west end or nave is fitted up in a peculiarly handsome fashion as a parish church; and great care is taken to preserve the rest from further decay. There is an anomalous steeple on the north side, apparently an after-thought, 126 feet high. In the church are preserved a number of the prebendaries' stalls or chairs, of black oak, richly decorated; the only known remains of popish furniture existing in any ecclesiastical structure north of the Tweed. There is a tradition, that the architect employed in building the cathedral, made wonderfully little by the job. On his departure immediately after from Dumblane, being waylaid and murdered at a place about three miles from town, called Kinbuck, by some robbers, who expected to possess themselves of his spoils, he was found to have in his pockets the miserable sum of threepence halfpenny. However, if the carver of the roof of the cathedral of Aberdeen got only thirteen and fourpence for his trouble, it is supposable that the pittance of the Dumblane mason was esteemed considerable profit.

Some of the bishops of Dumblane have been remarkable persons. Three of the family of Chisholm of Cromlix enjoyed the see in succession during the eighty years that preceded the Reformation. It may be

considered a proof of the antiquity of the popular air denominated, Clout the Caldron, that the second of the Bishop Chisholms used to say, if condemned to death, he would go contentedly to the gallows, provided his ears were regaled with that his favourite spring. But the most distinguished of all the bishops was Bishop Leighton, whose leaning towards the presbyterian party has caused his memory to be held in less disgust by the people of Scotland than that of any other of those much injured persons, the bishops of the reign of Charles II. There is an amusing anecdote of Bishop Leighton related by the inhabitants of Dumblane. A sequestered walk in the neighbourhood of the town, still called the Bishop's Walk, was his favourite place of study and recreation; and, out of respect for his character, no one ever ventured to intrude upon his solitude. One day, however, the widow of a poor clergyman, to whose support, and that of her children, his lordship had amply contributed, broke in upon his retirement, and for a very strange reason. The good woman had been led to suppose that the bishop had a particular object or motive for his generosity—a desire, in short, to obtain her affections. Accordingly, when he asked eagerly after her children, under the impression that her intrusion arose from some sudden distress on their part, she replied that "they were all well, but she had been unable to rest till she disclosed to his lordship a *revelation* which had been made to her." "A revelation made to you!" exclaimed the astonished dignitary.—"Yes, my lord," said the woman, "it was revealed to me that your lordship and I were about to be married."—"Indeed!" cried his lordship; "no such revelation, however, has yet been made to me, and if we are to be married by revelation, the marriage cannot take place, you know, until it be revealed to both parties."

That part of Dumblane which adjoins to the church, from its being composed chiefly of old dignified-looking houses, has somewhat the appearance of what is under-

stood in England by the term *close*,—that is, the precinct of a cathedral. One of these houses was occupied by the family of Viscount Strathallan, a nobleman taking his title from this district, and well known for his Jacobite principles. The lord of that day having gone with the army of Prince Charles, it is said that a female domestic, left in charge of the house, took a strange method of exhibiting her ill-will to the royal army, which soon after passed through the town. Just as a party were marching along the street, under the walls of the viscount's house, the woman took a quantity of boiling dish-water, and flung it out of a window in the first story upon their devoted heads. Little real injury was sustained; but the men were so incensed at the diabolical attempt, as they called it, that it required some powers of persuasion on the part of the chief men of the town, to prevent them from setting it in flames.

Dumblane had, however, been much more eminently distinguished in the civil war of 1715. The battle of Sheriffmuir took place in its immediate vicinity; and, indeed, that conflict was at first termed the battle of Dumblane, at least by the king's party. The battle-ground is about two miles east-by-north of the city. It is a large muir, swelling gently up on all sides, with a piece of table land on the top, where the fighting chiefly took place. The army of the Earl of Mar occupied the north side of the hill, while that of the Duke of Argyle approached from Stirling Castle, whose towers are here visible. The first two vollies of the king's army are said, by the country-people, to have been completely ineffectual, on account of their shot, from the lowness of their position, passing over the heads of the enemy. On the very apex or highest point of the muir, and marking the west side of the battle-ground, there is a huge block called the Carline's Stane, on which the Highlanders are said to have sharpened their swords before the duke's army approached, and which is still visibly seamed with the marks, apparently, of that process. The reader will remember the irregular

sublimity and humour of the ballad which Burns wrote upon this affair—especially the descriptive stanza:

> I heard the thuds, and saw the cluds,
> O' clans frae woods, in tartan duds,
> Wha glaumed at kingdoms three, man.

It ought not to be omitted, that Bishop Leighton founded at Dumblane a library of about fourteen hundred books, which has been doubled by the contributions of other persons and the accession of new publications. The Bibliotheca Leightoniensis, being available at a very small expense by strangers, forms an additional attraction to those who flock to the mineral well, or who may be disposed to ruralise, for a summer month, in or about this delicious little old city.

The environs of Dumblane present several objects that merit the attention of the tourist. From the western window of the principal room of the inn, at the bridge, a view may be had, which is much admired by draughtsmen. At the lower end of the town begins the romantic, though artificial, walk of Kippenross, near the further extremity of which there is a sycamore, or plane-tree, supposed to be the largest in the kingdom. This splendid piece of timber measures twenty-eight feet round the stem, and covers nearly half an acre with its wilderness of shade.

From Dumblane there is a road leading northwards, by Ardoch and Muthil, to Crieff in Stratherne, where it enters the Highlands. This was formed by General Wade at the beginning of the last century. It is distinguishable, in the eye of the traveller, from all other roads in Scotland, by its straightness, which is such, that, during the whole space of sixteen miles which intervenes between Dumblane and Crieff, there are not perhaps four turns altogether, and these are in no case occasioned by eminences, but only by the necessity of crossing rivers. General Wade seems to have communicated his own stiff, erect, and formal character to his roads, but above all to this particular one, which

is as straight as his person, as undeviating as his mind, and as indifferent to *steep braes* as he himself was to difficulties in the execution of his duty. The common people of the country call it "the Line" *par excellence*; and few travellers who have to encounter its long tiresome vistas and pursue its course over the hills, will feel disposed to cavil with the designation. But, perhaps, of all persons who may be little disposed "to lift up their hands and bless General Wade" for this specimen of his road-making abilities, (even including the ancient Highlander with his indignation at "ta turnim-spike,") the antiquary will be the least; for his excellency, with that persevering right-forwardness for which he was so remarkable, has gone smack through a grand Roman camp at Ardoch, and obliterated the whole of one of its sides, though he might have easily avoided the same by turning a few yards out of his way.

The Roman camp of Ardoch, which is situated at the distance of six miles north of Dumblane, is esteemed the most entire in the kingdom; and is really a very great curiosity. It lies within the parks around Ardoch House, the seat of Sir George Stirling, Bart. The road, as above mentioned, skirts along, or rather passes over one of its sides; and the stranger may easily see it, without leaving the vehicle in which he may be passing. There appears to have been three or four ditches, and as many rampart walls surrounding the camp, all of which, as well as the gateways, may still be distinctly traced. The site of the prætorium rises above the level of the camp, but is not exactly in the centre. The measure of the whole area is 1060 feet by 900; and it is calculated to have contained no fewer than 20,000 men, according to the ordinary distribution of the Roman soldiers in their encampments. The stranger will, no doubt, find matter of strange reflection, in the contemplation of a place formerly tenanted by those warlike and ambitious men, but now affording shelter only to the quiet cattle and the timorous hare.

From Ardoch, the road of the incontrovertible gene-

Perthshire.

ral proceeds directly northwards to Muthil, over a tract of hilly ground, which, on account of its wild and desolate character, is called the Muir of Orchil. How his excellency came to think it possible for carriages to ascend and descend the various steep paths and headlong declivities of this piece of territory, is totally inconceivable, unless we can suppose that he was anxious to obtain, every now and then, as he proceeded with his troops, posts of observation from which he could survey the country around, in case of secret enemies. Be that as it may, some later road-makers, with different ideas, have seen fit to make a new road round the bottoms of the hills, from a point two miles north of Ardoch, to Muthil; and thus, by adding a mile and a half to the original distance of three miles, have rendered that part of his *via recta* in a great measure obsolete. A great improvement has thus been achieved; but we would recommend all pedestrians to adopt the old road, on the following account.

At a place called the Mill of Steps, in the low bottom, between two of the hills over which the road passes, there stood, and perhaps still stands, a cottage, which, little more than thirty years ago, was the residence of an old woman, *known as the mother of the empress of Morocco!* To explain this seeming mystery, it is necessary to inform the tourist that the daughter of a poor woman here resident, about sixty or seventy years ago, was sailing over to America, when she was captured, along with all her fellow-passengers, by an African pirate, and carried into Morocco, where, happening to attract the affections of the emperor, she very soon after became empress. She had children by his majesty, and became in time completely naturalized in that savage country; but, nevertheless, continued till the day of her death, to keep up a correspondence with her humble relations in Scotland. It may perhaps be in the recollection of some persons intimately acquainted with modern British history, or it may perhaps be gathered from the Annual Register of the period, that, about forty years ago, two Morocco princes applied to

the government of this country for a military force, to assist them in asserting their right to the throne of their deceased father, in opposition to an usurping kinsman. They urged their request with the plea that, by the mother's side, they were of British descent; and government had actually fitted out an expedition at Gibraltar, in obedience to the demand, when intelligence came that the two young men had been surprised and cut off by their relation; upon which the fleet was of course remanded. When the circumstances are laid together, it seems unquestionable that these unfortunate persons were the grandsons of the old woman who lived at the Mill of Steps. The reader may pause before he give credit to a story so singular; but our information is derived from a source which precludes the slightest shade of scepticism in our own mind. We cannot give the *maiden name* of the empress; but it may be at least mentioned that her mother was aunt to a person of the name of Duncan Macpharig, or Macgregor, who was well known in the south of Perthshire, about forty years ago, as one of the surviving heroes of "the Forty-Five," and who was often heard to boast that he had a cousin, an empress.*

Proceeding southwards from Dumblane, towards the vale of Teith, Kilbride Castle, the seat of Sir James Campbell of Aberuchil, is observed on the right. This ancient baronial mansion affords a fine illustration of the system so general before the present age, according to which all the household ate at one table. The upper part of the hall is, or was elevated a few inches above

* Another of these memorable adventurers lived, till lately, at the Port of Menteith, where he was known by the familiar name of "Auld Forty-five." In his earlier years, Auld Forty-five had lived in a landward part of the parish, at a great distance from the church; but he latterly thought proper to marry the landlady of the little inn at the Port, in order, as he himself used to say, that he might be "near ta wort," that is, *the word*, for so he designated the gospel preached every Sunday in the parish church. It was always a matter of doubt with the good folk of the Port, justified by the veteran's false pronunciation, whether the spiritual or the material vineyard of the kirktown had been the attraction which induced Auld Forty-five to marry the ale-wife.

Perthshire.

the rest, in order that the baron might sit higher than his dependants; while, at the same time, the window corresponding with that part of the room is a few inches above the rest of the line, either that he might be more conveniently lighted, or that even this simple arrangement might be contrived to pay him the homage due to his dignified character.

On approaching the village of Doune, the castle of that name, one of the finest baronial ruins in Scotland, constitutes a very prominent object. Situated upon a peninsula formed by the confluence of the Ardoch and Teith, it is a huge square building, with walls nearly forty feet high and ten feet thick. What remains of the tower is at least eighty feet high. It is uncertain when or by whom it was built; but, having been the seat of the Earls of Menteith, it is conjectured, with much probability, that it was erected by that family, about the eleventh century. It is now the property of the ancient house of Moray, to which it gives the secondary title of Lord Doune. It is rendered more particularly interesting, by having been the residence, for some time, of Mary Queen of Scots. The village of Doune, without any thing of interest in its appearance, is worthy of remark, as having been in former times distinguished by a manufacture of Highland pistols.

The tourist now enters that district, so famed for mingled beauty and sublimity, which a distinguished modern poet, by making it the scene of one of his most popular productions,* has rendered familiar and dear to almost the whole civilized world. At Doune may be supposed to have commenced the royal chase with which that poem opens. The stranger bent on seeing the Trosachs, will therefore necessarily pass over the same ground with the knight of Snowdon and his train.†

At the distance of eight miles to the west of Doune,

* The Lady of the Lake.

† The following account of the scenery of Loch Katrine and its posterity of beautiful lakes, is chiefly borrowed from the elegant work of Dr Graham, already quoted.

the stranger, after having passed through a most beautiful country, will reach Callender, a neat and regular modern village, with an excellent inn. There are several objects in the immediate neighbourhood of this village, which he ought not to omit seeing. The Bridge of Bracklin, (the *speckled pool,*) situated about a mile above the town, on the north-east, is particularly worthy of a visit. Above a chasm, where the brook precipitates itself from a height of at least fifty feet, there is thrown, for the convenience of the neighbourhood, a rustic foot-bridge, of about three feet in breadth, which is scarcely to be crossed without awe and apprehension. The Pass of Leny is another of the famed curiosities of this neighbourhood. It is entered by a little picturesque village called Kilmahog, (pronounced *Kilmaig.)* It is, like the other passes of the Highlands, a narrow ravine, by which the only practicable communication between the lower and the upper parts of the country is to be had. Skirted with waving woods, and hemmed in by lofty mountains and rugged rocks, it is a scene of great sublimity. A rapid river, which issues from the mountain lake denominated Loch Lubnaig, hurries through the narrow vale, over a series of little cascades, yielding a music harsh and wild, in strict keeping with the ruggedness of the scene.

But the grand and most striking feature in the scenery surrounding Callender, is the magnificent prospect of Ben Ledi, which bounds the horizon on the north-west. The height of this mountain is 3001 feet. The name signifies *the hill of God.* It was probably one of the public places of worship under the Druidical hierarchy, though no monument of their superstition is now to be found upon the hill: there is, indeed, upon the summit, which is of considerable breadth, a long walk of the smoothest turf, evidently formed by the hand of man. It is said that, on this mountain, in ancient times, the people of the adjacent district met on the first of May, to kindle the sacred fire, in honour of the sun; a ceremony not confined to this hill, but

practised on almost all the hills of this country, as well as in every private dwelling: hence the term Beltein, applicable to the beginning of May; and the *bale fires* which used to be kindled in many houses in Ayrshire, within the last twenty years: hence also the sports which not long ago used to take place among the shepherds of Fife, on the summit of Benarty, at this remarkable period of the year.

The distance from Callender to the opening of the Trosachs is about ten miles,—passing along the north side of the beautiful lochs Vennachar and Achray.* Just before entering upon that famous piece of scenery, the tourist reaches an excellent inn, where it is customary to procure guides to the wonders of the *locale*, and boatmen for a sail along Loch Katrine. To describe the Trosachs, without any regard to the *charm* which it is said to possess, it is a disorderly range of rocky hillocks, between two lofty hills, entirely covered with birches, hazels, oaks, hawthorns, and mountain ashes. The singularly rugged and irregular forms which these assume, and which change at every step as the visiter proceeds, seem to be the occasion of the raptures which are usually expressed at the spectacle.†

* If the southern stranger wishes to have a complete idea of an Ossianic desert, let him diverge from this tract into the wild vale of Glenfinlas, formerly a deer-forest, belonging to the Scottish kings, and travel onward to Balquidder, through Glenmain; a tract of mountain glen of about ten miles, destitute of the smallest symptom of habitation or of cultivation.

† The Trosachs certainly possess the charms attributed to them, and that to a sufficient extent to move even the Cockney breast. One of the citizens of famous London town, being conducted by the inn-keeper into the centre of the wilderness, and desired to look around, is said to have inspected the scene with considerable attention, and at last burst out with some exclamations which might be supposed to express the highest admiration of which he was capable.—"Devilish clever!" he cried, "very well got up indeed! As neat an article as e'er I saw! Beats Drury Lane quite to sticks!" &c. &c. He seemed to consider it as an artificial curiosity *got up* by the natives, or rather perhaps a piece of painted scenery.

J.B. Kidd del.

W.H. Lizars sculp.

LOCH KATRINE.

Edinburgh, Published by W. Tait. 1828

"When you enter the Trosachs," says Dr Graham, "there is such an assemblage of wildness and of rude grandeur, as fills the mind with the most sublime conceptions. It seems as if a whole mountain had been torn in pieces and frittered down by a convulsion of the earth, and the huge fragments of rocks, woods, and hills, scattered in confusion at the east end, and on the sides of Loch Katrine. The access to the lake is through a narrow pass of half a mile in length. The rocks are of stupendous height, and seem ready to close above the traveller's head, and to fall down and bury him in the ruins. A huge column of these rocks was, some years ago, torn with thunder, and lies in very large blocks, near the road. Where there is any soil, their sides are covered with aged weeping birches, which hang down their venerable locks in waving ringlets, as if to cover the nakedness of the rocks. Travellers who wish to see as much as they can of this singular phenomenon, generally sail westward on the south side of the lake, to the rock and den of the ghost, whose dark recesses the imagination of the natives conceived to be the habitation of supernatural beings. In sailing, you discover many arms of the lake,—here a bold headland, where black rocks dip in unfathomable water,—there the white sand in the bottom of a bay, bleached for ages by the waves. In walking on the north side, the road is sometimes cut through the face of the solid rock, which rises upwards of two hundred feet perpendicular above the lake; which, before the rock was cut, had to be mounted by a kind of natural ladder. Every rock has its echo; every grove is vocal with the harmony of birds, or by the airs of women and children, gathering nuts in their season. Down the side of the opposite mountain, after a shower of rain, flow an hundred white streams, which rush with incredible noise and velocity into the lake, and spread their froth upon its surface. On one side, the water-eagle sits in majesty undisturbed, on his well-known rock, in sight of his nest on the top of Benvenue; the heron stalks among

the reeds in search of his prey; and the sportive ducks gambol on the waters, or dive below. On the other, the wild goats climb where they have scarce room for the soles of their feet; and the wild fowls, perched on exalted trees and pinnacles, look down with composed defiance at man. The scene is closed by a west view of the lake, which is ten miles long, having its sides lined with alternate clumps of wood and arable fields, and the smoke rising in spiral columns through the air, from farm houses which are concealed by the intervening woods; and the prospect is bounded by the towering alps of Arrochar, which are chequered with snow, or hide their heads in the clouds. In one of the defiles of the Trosachs, two or three of the natives met a band of Cromwell's soldiers coming to plunder them, and shot one of the party dead, whose grave marks the scene of action, and gives name to the pass. In revenge for this, the soldiers resolved to attack an island in the lake, on which the wives and children of the men had taken refuge. They could not come at it, however, without a boat; one of the most daring of the party undertook to swim to the island and bring away the boat; when, just as he was catching hold of a rock to get ashore, a heroine, called Helen Stuart, met him and cut off his head with a sword; upon which, the party, seeing the fate of their comrade, thought proper to withdraw."

Besides this range of scenery, there is one of beauty little inferior only a few miles to the south, comprising the Lake of Menteith, Aberfoyle, Lochard, and Loch Con; and which is approached from Stirling by Ochertyre, Blair Drummond, the seat of the late Lord Kames, and a vast tract of moss, remarkable for being the scene of Lord Kames's agricultural experiments.

The Lake of Menteith is a beautiful circular sheet of water, surrounded by the richest woods, and adorned by two islands, on which the ruins of ancient buildings are still to be seen. The larger and more easterly island, called Inchmachome, consists in five acres, and

is decorated by the ruins of the Priory of that name, which was founded by King Edgar.* There is still standing a great part of the walls, with one arch, on the north, in the most elegant style of Gothic architecture. There are several trees of ancient and large growth upon the island; in particular, a number of Spanish chesnuts, which were certainly planted before the Reformation, and some of which are seventeen feet in circumference at six feet above the ground.

Queen Mary resided for some months at the Priory, when a child of five years of age, during the devastating invasion of the English in 1547, and was afterwards removed directly to France, *via* Dunbarton.

The Earls of Menteith—a race now extinct—had their mansion on the minor isle, which is denominated Talla. It completely occupied the whole of the little isle; and the earls had, therefore, their garden on the isle of the Priory, the half of which was appropriated to that purpose, and their pleasure-grounds on the neighbouring shore; to which circumstances, no doubt, a great deal of the exquisite beauty of this spot is attributable. One of the old domestic sports of the Menteith family is thus detailed, from tradition, by the Rev. Mr Macgregor Stirling, in his elaborate work on Inchmachome. "It was *fishing with geese.* A line with a baited hook was tied to the leg of a goose, which, thus accoutred, was made to swim in water of a proper depth. A boat containing a party, male and female, lord and lady fair, escorted this formidable knight-errant. By and by, he falls in with an adventure: A marauding pike, taking hold of the bait, puts his mettle to the test. A combat ensues, in which, by a display on the part of both contending heroes of much strength and agility, the sympathetic hopes and fears of

* Appendix to Spottiswood's Church History, fourth edition. St Bercham, who was Bishop of Caithness in the eighth century, is asserted by Camerarius to have spent the years of his youth in the famous monastery of Columba, not far from Stirling, probably meaning this. But it was first made the seat of a church, by permission of the Pope, in 1238.

the anxious on-lookers are alternately called into lively exercise, until, at length, the long-necked, loud-shouting, 'feather-cinctured,' web-footed champion, vanquishing his wide-mouthed, sharp-toothed, far-darting, scale-armed foe, drags him a prisoner in triumph. This 'merry doing of the good old time' has, alas! gone out of fashion in this degenerate age."

The reader will perhaps pardon the introduction of another traditionary anecdote connected with these interesting localities, which has been derived from an equally authentic source. Mr Finlayson, town-clerk of Stirling in the latter part of the century before the last, was noted for the marvellous in conversation. He was on a visit to the last Earl of Menteith in his castle of Talla, and was about taking leave, when he was asked by the Earl, whether he had seen the Sailing Cherry-Tree? "No," said Finlayson, "what sort of thing is it?"—"It is," replied the Earl, "a tree that has grown out at a goose's mouth from a stone the bird had swallowed, and which she bears about with her in her voyages round the loch: it is now in full fruit of the most exquisite flavour. Now, Finlayson," he added, "can you, with all your powers of memory and fancy, match my story of the Cherry-Tree?"—"Perhaps I can," said Finlayson, clearing his throat, and adding, "when Oliver Cromwell was at Airth, one of his cannon sent a ball to Stirling, and lodged it in the mouth of a trumpet which one of the men in the castle was sounding in defiance."—"Was the trumpeter killed?" inquired the Earl.—"No, my lord," said Finlayson; "he blew the ball back, and killed the artillery-man who had fired it!"

Proceeding westward from this lovely region, the traveller, after a walk of about four miles, reaches Aberfoyle, the scene of so many of the fictitious incidents in the novel of Rob Roy. "The valley of Aberfoyle," to quote the words of Dr Graham, "with its precipitous rock, its winding river, (the Forth, here called Avondhu or Black River,) its meadows, and

richly wooded knolls, has long been admired by strangers for its singular beauty. Lochard, especially, with its bays and promontories, and wood-skirted banks, as is admitted by all, rivals the finest of our Scottish lakes in picturesque effect; there are even some who are disposed to prefer its softer character of beauty to all the wild sublimity of the Trosachs." The two successive lakes denominated Loch Ard and Loch Con are well worthy of being visited; but it is customary for travellers, after taking a peep at only the first of the two, to cross over the hill from Aberfoyle to the Trosachs, a distance of only five miles, and then either to return to the Low Country by Callender, or proceed westwards to the scenery of Loch Lomond.

Having thus dispatched the southern district of Perthshire, it will be possible to survey all that remains, by far the largest portion, by following, from the bottom, upwards, the course of the Tay and its various tributaries.

The first part of the strath of Tay comprised by this county, is the Carse of Gowrie, so celebrated for its soft beauties,—its loveliness and fertility,—and which, according to William Lithgow, "may be termed, for its wheat, rye, corns, and fruit-yards, the *youngest sister of matchless Piedmont.*" It is a common tradition that the Tay, instead of forming the southern border of this delightful region, formerly bounded it on the north, running under the Sidlaw Hills. But for this there is no authority other than oral, if we except the circumstance, that rings for the tying up of boats have been found attached to the rocks near the supposed obsolete course. The usual tale is, that the Tay turned off from its present course about two miles below Perth, and, making the circuit described, fell into the Firth at the eastern extremity of the Carse; the Erne occupied by itself the present channel of the two united rivers. They ran along all the way down the Carse, parallel to and at no great distance from each other, winding round and almost isolating various rising grounds which lay between them, and which, from that

circumstance, were called *Inches*, as Inchyre, Meginch, Inchsture, &c. which names these places still bear. A countryman, having drawn a furrow with his plough from the Tay along a low field which he wished to irrigate, caused the whole river to take this direction, and to flow into the course of the Erne, leaving its former channel bare, and detracting from the Inches their pristine insular character. Another result has been, that the Tay now appears to flow into the Erne as a tributary, instead of sustaining its real character as a principal. This story, wild and improbable as it may appear, asserts nothing contrary to the laws of nature, and is countenanced by a number of local facts.

The Carse is enlivened by a number of thriving little villages, and many fine seats. Among the latter, Castle Huntly, Rossie Priory, the seat of Lord Kinnaird, Fingask, the seat of Sir Peter Murray Threipland, Bart., and Kinfauns Castle, the seat of Lord Gray, may be particularized as most worthy of notice. The Tay here allows of a few harbours:—the best is at Errol, about the centre of the tract.*

A short way north of Longforgan, and east of the park-wall of Rossie Priory, is a huge stone called the Falcon Stane, where the hawk is said to have alighted, after its flight, which determined the extent of land granted by Kenneth III, to reward the gallant ploughman Hay, and his two sons, for their services at Luncarty, in a desperate engagement with the Danes, A. D. 970. Hawkstone, a similar mass of granite, which

* The various localities of the eastern portion of the Carse are enumerated, with allusions, in the following popular rhymes,

Grace and Peace cam by Collace
And by the doors o' Dron,
But the caup and stoup in Abernyte
Make mony a merrie man.

The muckle pat o' Abernyte,
The jordan o' Inchsture, O,
The bonnie bells o' Forgan,
And Rossie riggs sae clear, O.

Perthshire.

marks the place from which the bird took its flight, is in the lands of Pitfour, parish of St Madoes, about seven miles from this spot; from which it is evident that, if the breadth was of corresponding extent, the grant must have been one of very satisfactory dimensions and value.

Though the Carse of Gowrie possess no localities of particular interest, many of its local traditions are very curious and worthy of preservation. It is said that there was once a large diamond on the face of the Kinnoul Rock, which shone with great lustre every dark night; but, as it was invisible by day, nobody could find it out. At last, an ingenious person hit upon the expedient of firing a ball of chalk at it, and thus, having marked the place, secured it at his leisure next day. The fishermen on the Tay have in each boat a short stick called a nabby, with which they kill the salmon; and this nabby is generally marked with the name of the particular fishing-station to which it belongs. One of these clubs was picked up on the coast of Norway many years ago, and brought home to the owners. That fishing-station went afterwards by the name of the Norway Nabby.—Ships of a certain burden seldom get nearer to Perth than the Friarton Hole, which is about a mile below the town. Before the Reformation, a very large bell was on its way to Perth, and the ship in which it was being obliged to unload at this place, the unfortunate bell fell into the river. Some years afterwards, a diver undertook to recover it, but came up without success, and in breathless terror, declaring he had found the devil and his dam making their porridge in it. The bell has therefore remained ever since undisturbed, being generally understood to be the favourite porridge-pot of these formidable personages.—The manse of Kinfauns, a place very near Perth, is said to have at one time stood about a furlong south from the present situation, and where there is now a pool of water called the Kaitress Loch. The minister saw his manse sink into the ground one day while he was going to church, and the loch has ever

since occupied the place. Many years afterwards, upon a report arising that there was a golden cradle in this submarine manse, the people of Kirkstyle undertook to drain off the water, and had advanced so far with the work, that they were in great expectation of obtaining the prize, when, looking round, they observed their houses all in flames. They naturally enough ran home to save their goods and chattels, and, on coming back to the loch, it was as full of water as ever!—The family of Seggyden still possess their ancient drinking-horn, a vessel about fourteen inches deep, straight and tapering, with ornamental rings round it. The principal use of this heir-loom seems to have been similar to that of the horn of Rorie More, as described by Dr Johnson: every successive heir of the family, on his accession to the estate, had to prove his being a worthy representative of his ancestors by drinking its contents at a draught. There was a rhyme used on this occasion: "Sook it out, Seggyden! though it's thin it's weel pledged;" and the young laird had to sound a whistle at the bottom of the horn, after having *sookt out* the liquor, to signify that he had redeemed his pledge. The same ceremony was gone through, to prove the powers of the laird's guests.—It is, we believe, the general opinion of geologists, that the sea has receded a good way, in the course of time, from the land. The same opinion is entertained by the common people; and the inhabitants of Gowrie have this rhyme upon the subject:

> St Johnstoun, ere long, in the Hielands will be,
> And the saut water scarcely will reach to Dundee;
> Sea-kivert Drumly will then be dry land,
> And the Bell-rock as hich as the Ailsa will stand.

Drumly is the name of the ridge of sand at the mouth of the Tay.—The roads of the Carse of Gowrie, about sixty years ago, and even at a later period, were so soft and deep in winter, for want of *metal* or care, that the lairds never thought of visiting each other except in summer, or, at latest, the end of harvest. A story is told of a man being once found by a gentleman, dig-

Perthshire.

ging anxiously in the middle of one of those wretched bogs called roads; who was asked what he was doing, and answered, that he was "looking for his horse and cart, which he had laired thereabouts." In former times, when the surface of the earth was in such a dreadful state, there was an extraordinary number of subterraneous passages at Gowrie and its neighbourhood, as from the Abbey of Lindores to Bambriech Castle in Fife, from Broughty Castle to the Fort Hill in Angus, &c.; and it must really have been felt as a great comfort, when about to undertake a journey on a bad day, at once to escape the horrors of both land and sky, by *taking the low road.*

By crossing over the ferry at the confluence of the Erne and Tay, or the "braid water," as it is termed, the traveller reaches Abernethy, almost the first place in Perthshire on the south side of the river, and nearly adjoining to Fife. Abernethy is now an insignificant village, but was formerly the capital of the Pictish dominions, as well as the residence of the ecclesiastical sovereign, until both were translated to St Andrews, on the subversion of that monarchy. This was one of the most extensive Culdee establishments; consisting of a university and a monastery, besides a church, which, on the abolition of these institutions, was annexed to the Abbey of Arbroath. So completely has the glory of Abernethy departed, that, of all the buildings which formerly existed, only one now remains—a round tower similar to that of Brechin, supposed to have been erected by the Picts.

About two miles to the eastward of Abernethy, there formerly stood a rude upright stone, called Macduff's Cross, upon which there was an inscription composed of a variety of characters, in different languages, intimating, it was supposed, the sacred character of the stone. The common legend regarding Macduff's Cross, bears that, in consequence of the valuable assistance which Macduff, Thane of Fife, rendered to Malcolm Canmore, in the deposition of Macbeth, he was endowed by the king with three privileges; first, that he and

his successors should place the crown upon the king's head at his coronation; secondly, that they should lead the vanguard of the army, whenever the royal standard was displayed; and, lastly, that any person related to him within the ninth degree of kindred, having committed homicide without premeditation, should, upon flying to this obelisk and paying a certain fine, obtain remission of his crime. The cross, it is said, retained its sacred character almost till the Reformation, when its form offending the eyes of Knox and his followers, it was demolished as a relic of popery. The traveller may still see the block of stone in which it was fixed, together with many tumuli, or mounds, said to contain the bodies of such refugees as, having failed to prove their consanguinity to Macduff, were sacrificed on the spot by their enraged pursuers.

In pursuance of the plan which we have laid down, of surveying the vale of every successive tributary which occurs in travelling up against the course of the principal river, it will now be necessary to diverge from the great vale of the Tay, in order to describe that of the Erne, which stretches in a direction due west, for thirty miles, from this point. Stratherne is a district celebrated for its fine scenery; and it may be said that, little as it is, it affords a variety of every description of charm which can attract the traveller. In its lower division it is spacious and level,—a magnificent plain, full of ancient baronial villas, whose wooded parks give it the appearance of a universal garden. About the middle it contracts, and the tourist, then crossing the boundary-line of the Highlands, is astonished at the stupendous wildness of the hills which form the sides of the vale; whose recesses, however, yet afford many secret nooks, occupied by delightful villas, to bewitch him as he goes along, with their surpassing loveliness. Finally, the valley ends in a large lake, denominated Loch Erne, noted for its wild and romantic beauty.

The first object of particular interest which occurs in

passing up Strathearne, is the ancient bridge which crosses the river about two miles from its junction with the Tay, and which, till the recent erection of a new edifice in the neighbourhood, served as the only means of access to Perth from the south. The Bridge of Erne is remarkable for its antiquity. There are said to be papers in the archives of Perth, referring to a repair which took place upon it in the fourteenth century, and which mention it as then an old bridge. But it is not more noted for mere antiquity, than it is for having been in former times a distinguished *landmark* or *place*, and as such endeared to all who cherish with any fervour the remembrance of past times. For instance, our readers will easily recollect, the Highland lover, in the beautiful old song of "Ettrick Banks," in inviting a Lowland mistress to his own country, promises to give her "a cow and yowe," when they "get to the Brig o' Erne."

The Bridge of Erne is remarkable on another account. The mineral waters of Pitcaithly, situated not far distant, have attracted to this spot an immense number of invalids and others, who here enjoy a few weeks or months every summer. The society of this watering-place is constituted in a way quite peculiar. All the residents eat at a public table, in a house of entertainment now known far and wide by the name of Seton's Inn; each person procuring what drink he or she pleases. The whole company, male and female, though previously unacquainted, mingle in familiar and easy conversation; and enjoy for the time a friendship for each other, which is not at all the less agreeable because it must be broken up at the end of the season. Even the passing stranger of the day may join this party, and find himself as much at home as if he had spent weeks and months in cultivating its good graces. Altogether, the company at Seton's Inn may be esteemed something quite unique in Scotland, being a complete violation of the ordinary rules of fashion which dictate so much reserve towards strangers, and which tend so

much to make every man live under the shade of his own fig-tree.

In ascending Stratherne, the stranger is delighted with the cheerful and beautiful aspect of the country, which is at this part adorned with a great number of seats. Among these, Dupplin House, the seat of the Earl of Kinnoul, situated three or four miles above the Bridge of Erne, upon the right bank of the river, was, till its destruction by fire, September 1827, conspicuously remarkable for the works of art which rendered it an object of interest to tourists, as well as for an extensive library, which had been collected upwards of a century ago. Dupplin was the scene of a sanguinary battle, in which the English army, for the behalf of Edward Baliol, gained (1333) a decisive victory over the Scots, under the Earl of Mar, and by which the dynasty of Bruce was for a short time changed for that of the rival house.

Nearly opposite to Dupplin House, the rivulet May enters the Erne, forming the vale so well known to the lovers of Scottish song by the title of Endermay, or Invermay. The birches which grow in Invermay were celebrated, about a century ago, by Mallet, in a pleasing little ode, which is known, however, to have been only written to suit an air which had long before existed under the same name. It is chiefly around the house of Invermay, at the mouth of the little vale, that these trees are to be seen. They are accompanied by a prodigious quantity of other trees; and it is pleasing to know that the whole scenery of Invermay is worthy of the attentions which the muses of music and poetry have conspired to bestow upon it. Through the widespread pathless woods, the little stream dashes over a series of cascades, its course generally unseen by reason of the trees, and sometimes on account of overhanging rocks. At one place of peculiar ruggedness and picturesque beauty, the water is caused by the rocks to make a strange noise, which is perhaps only to be described by the uncouth name which the country-people have given to it,—*the Humble Bumble.*

Perthshire.

The ancient capital of the Pictish kingdom, Forteviot, was situated on the May, about two miles above its confluence with the Erne. But nothing now remains here, to mark a regal seat, except the ruins of an old building, which gets the name of the *Holy Hill*. It is a curious fact not generally known, though authenticated by Wintoun's Chronicle, that Malcolm Canmore's mother was an humble damsel, the daughter of the miller of Forteviot. His father, "the gracious Duncan," became acquainted with that young lady when benighted on a hunting-match; and it is uncertain whether Malcolm's birth was legitimate. So much for royal *legitimacy*.

We now pass ten or twelve miles up Stratherne, at a stretch, and come to the town of Crieff, eighteen miles from Perth. Crieff is, *primo loco*, in point of situation, one of the most delightful towns in Scotland. It occupies the face of a gentle acclivity, rising up from the north bank of the Erne, from which its market-place is distant about a mile. Seen from a distance to the south, Crieff looks like a troop of men hurrying up out of the low country into the Highlands. It lies just at the mouth of one of those few passes or entries into that alpine region, which in former times were so important; and perhaps the principal charm about the town is, that, standing with that dread barrier of hill and crag behind, the tourist has the soft vales of the south stretched out beneath his feet, or that, *mutatis mutandis*, he may stand in the pleasant Lowlands, with all the emblems and realities of civilization and convenience and cultivation around him, and view the terrific boundary of a land, which, awful in this aspect, and hitherto unexplored, may contain, for aught he can conceive, all the horrid attributes of a wild and aboriginal region, "hyenas and chimeras dire" not excluded. On account of its peculiar situation, Crieff was formerly the scene of a prodigious annual fair, at which the Highlanders attended with sometimes no fewer than thirty thousand head of their black-cattle, which were bought by Lowland and English dealers;

Perthshire.

but this traffic has since been transferred to Falkirk. Crieff is still a thriving town; its prosperity being unmarred by the curse of burgal politics; it contains four thousand inhabitants, who manage all their public concerns by a committee, popularly elected. It derives no small profit from its being a favourite summer retreat for invalids and others, who are attracted by the beauty and salubrity of the place.

The environs of Crieff are so exquisitely beautiful, that we scarcely know in what terms to speak of them. We shall make a sort of circuit round the town, and mention the principal places which have a chance of being visited by the tourist. First, there is Muthil, a delightful little village about three miles to the south, upon the road already described as stretching hither from Dumblane through the Muir of Orchil. Muthil is a parish town; and it is not easy to give sufficient praise to the new church which we saw there in the process of being built. The new church of Muthil is built of fine reddish sandstone, and in that modern Gothic style of which so many specimens are now rising throughout the country, and which forms so strong a contrast with the belfried barns hitherto everywhere prevalent throughout the landward parts of Scotland.* It is not only built in an expensive and meritorious style, but, even in the minuter matters of decoration and furnishing, good taste and seemliness appear to have been as sedulously consulted. For instance, the windows, instead of frameworks of wood, such as have so generally come in place, throughout presbyterian Scotland, of the intricate and beautiful stonework formerly fashionable, display mullions almost as elaborate as those of Melrose itself, and far more than enough to have procured a church, forty years ago, the character of rank popery.

Next to Muthil, in a westerly direction, we find

* The new church of Lecropt, between Dumblane and Stirling, though smaller in size, is perhaps a still more beautiful specimen of this new style than even Muthil.

Drummond Castle, the ancient seat of the noble family of Perth, attainted for their adherence to the Stuart family, and now represented by Lady Clementina Drummond, by marriage Lady Gwydir. "If Drummond Castle," says MacCulloch, "is not all that it might be rendered, it is still absolutely unrivalled in the low country, and only exceeded, in the Highlands, by Dunkeld and Blair. Placed in the most advantageous position to enjoy the magnificent and various expanse around, it looks over scenery scarcely anywhere equalled. With ground of the most commanding and varied forms, including water, and rock, and abrupt hill, and dell, and gentle undulations; its extent is princely, and its aspect that of ancient wealth and ancient power. Noble avenues, profuse woods, a waste of lawn and pasture, an unrestrained scope, every thing bespeaks the carelessness of liberality and extensive possessions; while the ancient castle, its earliest part belonging to 1500, stamps on it that air of high and distant opulence which adds so deep a moral interest to the rural beauties of baronial Britain."

Leaving Crieff in a westerly direction, and thus tracing still farther the course of the Erne, the traveller passes Ochtertyre, the seat of Sir Patrick Murray, Baronet. The house of Ochtertyre is little and overneat; but its situation on an eminence starting from the face of a hill, and its glorious park, and lake, and trees, and all its other sunny lovelinesses, render it, nevertheless, one of the most delightful seats in broad Scotland. It has been spoken of in terms of rapture by all literary travellers, including Burns, who spent some time here, and who has rendered the adjacent vale of the Turit altogether classical by his glowing pen.

Coming round to the north of Crieff, we find a circuitous road leading through a beautiful valley, towards the adjacent strath of the Almond. Upon this route occurs Monzie, (pronounced *Monée,*) the seat of General Campbell. "The great beauty of this place," says MacCulloch, "is only to be fairly appreciated from

the hill above; where it forms the middle ground and conspicuous feature of one of the most magnificent of the extended landscapes of Scotland. The house itself is sufficient to give a centre of unity to the picture; and nothing can exceed the felicitous arrangement of the rich woods which surround it, overhanging its valley, and rising up the hills in all that happy mixture of carelessness and decision, which holds the due line and limit between the profusion of nature and the restraint and attentions of art. While Monzie may offer a lesson to gentlemen of the capability school, it occupies a species of undecided and undulating ground which occurs all over Britain; and whatever art has done here may be done in a thousand other places. But few parts, even of Scotland, can parallel the noble landscape in which it lies; a landscape which seems to have been created for it, and for which it seems to have been created; a continuous scene of richness and beauty, of wood and cultivation, and hill, retiring in varied and endless succession, till it terminates in the distant blue mountains of Loch Erne."

But we must return to Ochtertyre, and once more plunge into that most paradisiacal part of all the paradise of Stratherne, the seven miles space between Crieff and Comrie. This road leads all along the bottom of the valley, and never departs far from the river, so that it passes through a scene of the most enchanting beauty, guarded all round, at the same time, by stern and lofty hills. The village of Comrie is situated in a more open space than is anywhere else found in this upper part of Stratherne.

Comrie, a respectable-looking parish town of above a thousand inhabitants, affects a terrible kind of interest in the eyes of strangers, on account of the earthquakes with which it is occasionally visited. Its earthquakes are, indeed, like those of Inverness, more frequent than mischievous; but it is said to have got up a shock of considerable merit on the 5th of November 1789. It has also pretensions to being the scene of the dreadful battle between Galgacus and Agricola, about which,

so much has been said and scolded. No one can deny that there is, at least, a very entire Roman camp in its immediate neighbourhood, and that the spacious plain on which it is situated, might have, as the inhabitants fondly show, afforded room for a battle of such magnitude. The ordinary tourist, in visiting Comrie, will probably find his mind most excited regarding the singularly beautiful natural scenery which surrounds the place.

Among the many delightful spots which surround Comrie, Duneira is perhaps the most delightful, or at least that which is most generally visited. It lies about three miles west from the village, close under the bottom of the hills forming the north side of the glen. This was the favourite seat of the late Viscount Melville, and the retreat to which he retired during the intervals of state business, and when he finally forsook the giddy scenes of public life. It was almost entirely of his lordship's own erection. The house is large, but plain; and it is only to the romantic scenes around that we wish to direct the tourist's attention; although, we believe, he may, by applying at the mansion, see the magnificent gold casket in which Tippoo Saib kept his jewels, and which was presented to Lord Melville by a British officer who obtained it at the spoliation of Seringapatam. The noble builder of this house, is allowed to have evinced a singularly correct taste in laying out the grounds of Duneira. Taking advantage of the naturally wild character of the scenery, he planted a vast quantity of wood around the house, and in those deep chasm-like glens which retreat into the hills behind his mansion; and he perfected the whole by walks so skilfully drawn, and bridges so judiciously placed, as to render this one of the most eligible lounging-places perhaps in Britain. Within the grounds, there is a waterfall of distinction, called the Devil's Caldron, besides a natural cave of singularly horrid appearance and proportions.

The character of the scenery at this part of Strathearne, which adjoins to the termination of the lake, is

similar to that of the Trosachs, at the corresponding extremity of Loch Katrine, though less minutely rugged and picturesque. Passing through the perpetual grove at the bottom of the valley, now within sight and hearing of the ever-glancing and ever-murmuring Erne, and then beyond both, as the road approaches and recedes from the water-side; the traveller gets frequent broken and awe-striking glimpses of the grand and wild serrated tops of the neighbouring mountains, whose sides present a strange piebald mixture, by no means deficient in effect, of alternate bare crag and incumbent verdure,—a beautiful confusion, indeed, of gray and green,—relieved occasionally by the darker branches of the birch and weeping ash. By this noble avenue, he approaches the eastern extremity of Loch Erne, where the pass appears to be sentineled by an isolated hill rising out of the plain, called St Fillans, the effect of which is almost beyond description admirable.

The extremity of Loch Erne is further sentineled by the little modern village of St Fillans, a place reared and encouraged by the attention of Lord and Lady Gwydir, upon whose ground it is situated, and where the traveller will be delighted to find the people altogether losing their native taste for dunghills, and thatch, and peat-reek, and fast adopting a better one for slate, cleanliness, and honey-suckle. St Fillans was formerly a wretched hamlet, (denominated Portmore,) but it is now one of the sweetest spots in Scotland, and provided with an excellent inn. The houses have all gardens attached to them, and are even in many cases surrounded more immediately by sweet shrubs and flowers. There are also a few villas, built apparently on speculation for families who may be inclined to settle in this delicious spot. St Fillans derives its name from a celebrated saint, who resided and died at this place, and the marks of whose knees, worn in the bare rock by frequent prayer, are shown by the natives in a dell hard by. It is annually, in autumn, rendered a scene of high festival, by a series of national games, which take place upon a green

in the neighbourhood, under the patronage of a society, and which, besides the common people, are usually attended by hundreds of persons of condition, male and female, from all parts of the Highlands.

Loch Erne, to which it is now necessary to devote some attention, extends nine miles in length, and is generally about one mile in breadth. It is thus described by Dr MacCulloch, with an animation and accuracy which would render any attempt on our own part lame and impertinent. "Limited as are the dimensions of Loch Erne, it is exceeded in beauty by few of our lakes, as far as it is possible for many beauties to exist in so small a space. I will not say that it presents a great number of distant landscapes adapted for the pencil; but such as it does possess, are remarkable for their consistency of character, and for a combination of sweetness and simplicity, with a grandeur of manner, scarcely to be expected with such narrow bounds. Its style is that of a lake of far greater dimensions; the hills which bound it being lofty, and bold, and rugged; with a variety of character not found in many of even far greater magnitude and extent. It is a miniature and model of scenery that might well occupy ten times the space. Yet the eye does not feel this. There is nothing trifling or small in the details; nothing to diminish its grandeur of style, and tell us we are contemplating a reduced copy. On the contrary, there is a perpetual contest between our impressions and our reasonings: we know that a few short miles comprehend the whole, and yet we feel as if it was a landscape of many miles, a lake to be ranked among those of first order and dimensions.

"While its mountains thus rise in majestic simplicity to the sky, terminating in bold, and various, and rocky, outlines, the surfaces of the declivities are equally bold and various; enriched with precipices and masses of protruding rock, with deep hollows and ravines, and with the courses of innumerable torrents which pour from above, and, as they descend, become skirted with trees till they lose themselves in the

waters of the lake. Wild woods also ascend along their surface, in all that irregularity of distribution so peculiar to these rocky mountains; less solid and continuous than at Loch Lomond; less scattered and romantic than at Loch Katrine; but, from these very causes, aiding to confer upon Loch Erne a character entirely its own."

The upper extremity of this beautiful lake, where the general merits of the scenery may be said in some measure to be altogether condensed and combined, is enlivened by a little village, (with a good inn,) called Loch Erne Head; from which point the tourist may either turn southwards, through a wild pass into Menteith at Callender, (distance thirteen miles,) or diverge to the right, through a still wilder and more interesting pass called Glenogle, to the vale of the Tay at Killin, the distance of which is eight miles.

Having thus done imperfect justice to the glories of Stratherne, we shall return to the course of the Tay, the first object presented by which, in proceeding upwards from the confluence of the Erne, is Perth, the capital of the county.

Perth, an ancient royal burgh, a thriving manufacturing town, a sea-port, the metropolis of a large portion of the kingdom, as it once was of the whole, the most beautiful city in Scotland *quoad* situation, and the fourth in point of real elegance,—is situated on the left bank of the Tay, about eight-and-twenty miles above its confluence with the sea, and at the distance of forty-four miles from Edinburgh. Occupying the centre of a spacious plain, it is surrounded in every direction, by soft and far-stretching declivities, whose sides, thickly ornamented by bower-like villas, hedge it in with a splendid cincture of picturesque and beautiful scenery. Boasting of the most remote antiquity, Perth is hallowed by many delightful old recollections; and it is almost impossible to say whether, by a visit to it, sight or sentiment is most to be gratified.

Perth consists in two longtitudinal old streets, perpendicular to the line of the river, with their adjuncts

of *closes* and *gates*, and a number of newer, but scarcely more elegant streets, on both sides. At both sides of the town there is a beautiful piece of public ground for the recreation of the inhabitants, which, having been formerly isolated by the waters of the river, on which they now only border, are respectively called the North and South Inch. A bridge of ten arches, extending over a clear water-way of 590 feet, built in 1772, at an expense of L.26,477, connects the city with a suburb called Brigtown, but which is a separate burgh of barony, under the name of Kinnoul.

The distinguished loveliness of this city, its situation, and the excellence of its schools, have conspired to render it the residence of a great number of affluent idle people, whose influence upon the general population, both as regards their minds and purses, is of course a beneficial one. It is visited, in the summer season, by whole herds of tourists, who never fail to be delighted, as the Romans are said to have been, by the perfect beauty of the scenery around. Pennant calls the view from the hill of Menteith, where you first come in sight of Perth, in journeying from Edinburgh, "the Glory of Scotland." But the conquerors of the world paid it a higher compliment, if all tales be true, by exclaiming, on coming to this point, "Ecce Tiber! Ecce Campus Martius!"

The principal and oldest public building in Perth is undoubtedly St John's Church, situated in the centre of the oldest part of the town. This edifice, the precise origin of which is very uncertain, but which seems to have been built at different times, and undergone many modifications, now contains three places of worship. In the east end is to be seen, built into the wall, the tomb-stone of King James I and his queen, embellished with figures of both personages in outline. The central church is worthy of being inspected, on account of the four enormous pillars supporting the tower, whose area is its chief part.

It was in this church that the demolitions of the Reformation commenced, in consequence of a sermon

preached by John Knox, which, as the reader will remember, caused a boy, by throwing a stone at a statue, to instigate the people to the pious work. In 1336, the church was the scene of a remarkable incident, for the truth of which Fordun is the authority. Edward III was standing before the high altar, when his brother, John Earl of Cornwall, a minor, came to inform him that he had travelled through the west of Scotland, marking his journey with devastation and flames; in particular, that he had burnt the church and priory of Lesmahago, besides other churches, with people in them, who had fled thither for refuge. Edward, indignant at his cruel conduct, reproached him bitterly, and the youth replied with a haughty answer, to which the king rejoined by a stroke of his dagger, that laid his younger brother dead at his feet.

The great bell of St John's is the same which called the people to prayers before the change of religion. The steeple, moreover, contains a set of music-bells, which play a variety of lively Scottish airs every hour, immediately after the clock strikes. The following is a veritable anecdote. One Sunday, at twelve o'clock, just as the minister happened to use, with peculiar emphasis, the striking scriptural phrase, "Plough up the fallow ground of your hearts," the music-bells, after the manner of the orchestra at a public dinner, on the discharge of a toast, struck up the appropriate air, "Corn rigs are bonnie," to the no small amusement of the audience.

Of Gowrie House, the scene of a well-known mysterious incident in Scottish history, most unfortunately not a vestige remains; the whole of that fine old mansion having been recently taken away, to afford room for a splendid suite of county buildings, in the Grecian style, which now occupy the place.

Perth, before the Reformation, contained an immense number of religious houses, chapels, &c. One of the most distinguished of these was the Blackfriars Monastery, situated at the north side of the town, but now utterly eradicated from the ground. The stranger

will still visit, with melancholy interest, even the site of this house, so remarkable for the assassination of that accomplished and beloved monarch, James I. In the neighbourhood of the spot is shown the curfew bell, which, till late years, used to ring, as of yore, every evening at eight o'clock.

It may also please the tourist to view, with some interest, the site of the ancient and admirable, but removed cross of Perth, which stood at the place where the High Street is intersected by the Watergate. In order to ingratiate himself with the citizens, James VI once partook here of a grand banquet, and swore for ever to protect the privileges and advance the prosperity of the burgh.

To sum up at once, and dispatch the public buildings of Perth, there are, besides those already mentioned, a capital academy, a neat hall for the meetings of the Antiquarian Society of Perth, several hospitals, an Episcopalian Chapel, a Guildhall; and, what are perhaps the most interesting of all public buildings to strangers, several good inns.

The Inches are pieces of ground above all praise.* The South Inch is delightfully variegated with trees; but the other is more bare, and every way less attractive. A singular combat took place on the North Inch in the reign of Robert III, under the following romantic circumstances. There was a dreadful feud between the M'Kays and the M'Intoshes, which both parties at length agreed to decide by a personal combat of thirty picked men, in the presence of the king,

* They are said to have been acquired by the town in the following very remarkable way. The Earl of Kinnoul, some centuries ago, had a legal dispute with the magistrates, regarding the property of a piece of sepulture in the public burying-ground of the city. On finding it impossible to get his right established by that means, his lordship at last bestowed upon the community of the town these two noble pieces of ground in exchange. Some town wag, on this occasion, observed that, in his opinion, the magistrates had made a villanous bad bargain. "They have given away," said he, "six feet of ground, and got in return only two inches."

Perthshire.

at this public place. When the combat was about to commence, it was discovered that one of the M'Intoshes had absconded from fear; but the dilemma thus occasioned was obviated by a saddler of Perth, by name Harry Wynde, who offered to take the place of the missing man for half a French gold dollar; terms to which the M'Intoshes were obliged to accede, because no individual of the opposite party would retire in order to bring the parties upon an equality. The combat was commenced and carried on with fearful fury on both sides, until twenty-nine of the M'Kays were slain. The remaining single combatant, then wisely judging that he could not resist the impetuosity of Harry Wynde and the ten M'Intoshes who were left alive, jumped into the river Tay, swam to the other side, and escaped.

The North Inch was, at a later period, the scene of the following ridiculous circumstance, preserved by tradition. At the time of the religious mania in the reign of Charles I, Perth was not, any more than Edinburgh, destitute of its raving enthusiast. The phrensied oracle of Perth was a poor man, of the name of Peter Mackie, who, after a long course of foolish sanctimoniousness, announced himself at length as having arrived at that pitch of faith which could enable him to walk upon water. Having proposed to try an experiment to this effect, upon the Tay, a great number of people assembled on the Inch, most of whom firmly expected that their revered apostle would perform what he promised. Peter approached the water with great apparent confidence, but paused a moment at the shore, and ordered sawdust to be sprinkled thickly over the river, to prevent the water, as he said, from dazzling his eyes or confounding his faith. This being done, he walked *into*, alas not *on* the water. Still he walked in, and in, and in; but still the water showed no intention of bearing him up. At length he went beyond his depth, and the treacherous element began to pour down his throat just as unceremoniously as it could have poured down a throat that never had uttered a single

Perthshire.

word of blasphemy. He then lost all hope, and, to the utter confusion of his disciples, and the no small amusement of the opposite party, exclaimed, in a half-choked voice, "Oh Lord! ye'll surely no droun puir Patie Mackie this way, gaun your ain eerants!"

When Oliver Cromwell came to Perth, he erected a fort on the South Inch, not scrupling, as usual, to take materials wherever or howsoever he could get them. He therefore acquired no favour in the eyes of the magistrates. A curious anecdote is told of the boldness with which one of these dignitaries on one occasion told him his mind. It being understood that the general had disbursed the sum of a hundred pounds to Glasgow College, which the late king had subscribed but never paid, one of the bailies of Perth thought himself justified in hinting the propriety of his also paying his majesty's subscription towards the projected bridge over the Tay. Cromwell sternly rejected the request, by saying he was not Charles's executor. "De'il ma care!" quoth the bailie, "I can tell ye, then, ye're a *vicious intromitter wi' his gudes and gear.*"

Perth, or, as it used to be called, from the church, St Johnstoun, has been the scene of many incidents of note, besides those mentioned, as its siege and capture by Robert Bruce, and many transactions with which it was connected in the time of the great Civil War. But to recount these would be but to copy the pages of history.

There are so many objects of interest in the neighbourhood of Perth, that to notice them all individually would transcend the proportion of room which can be spared for any particular district in this work. Of course, the tourist will visit the hill of Moncrieff, and thence enjoy the prospect which has been so much and so deservedly famed. He will also enjoy the walks and views which are alike open to him on the noble hill of Kinnoul. He may also visit, should his taste incline him that way, the battle-fields of Dupplin and Tippermuir, both within five miles of the town. The

only places which we shall point out in a more particular manner to his attention, are Scone, Dunsinnan, Birnam, Luncarty, and the grave of Bessy Bell and Mary Gray.

The house of Scone, the seat of the Earl of Mansfield, who represents the old family of Stormont, is situated about two miles from Perth, on the other side of the river. It is a heavy modern building, occupying the site of the ancient palace where the kings of Scotland, at an early period, used to be crowned. In the modern house, much of the old furniture has fortunately been preserved; in particular, a bed that had belonged to James VI, and another of which the hangings were wrought by the fair hands of Queen Mary when a prisoner at Lochleven. The music-gallery occupies the same site with the noble old hall in which the coronations were performed. The view from the windows of the drawing-room is the most splendid imaginable. At the north side of the house is a hillock called the Moot-hill, said to have been composed of earth from the estates of the different barons who here attended the early kings, and on which, in all probability, parliaments used to be held. About fifty yards from the house, there is an old aisle, the last remaining portion of the Abbey of Scone; containing a magnificent marble monument to a Viscount Stormont who died two centuries ago. At a little distance farther, stands the old market-cross of Scone, surrounded by a wilderness of pleasure-grounds, which has come in place of the ancient village. There are many instances of towns losing their market-crosses; but we believe this is the only cross which has lost its town.

Dunsinnan is about eight miles directly north from Perth. It is all but proved that Shakspeare was one of the company of players sent by Queen Elizabeth, in 1598, to amuse James VI at Perth, and that the immortal bard thus became personally acquainted with the localities of the tragedy which he afterwards wrote upon the story of Macbeth. Under this impression, the tra-

veller will consider Dunsinnan as holy ground. It is a hill of a conical form, rising to the height of 1084 feet above the level of the sea. The top is flat and verdant, as are also its sides, though much broken by projecting masses of rock. A strong rampart has encircled the summit of the hill, below which a low terrace has been carried nearly round it. The area within the rampart is of an elliptical form, about seventy yards in length and forty-three in breadth, lying somewhat lower than the rampart; the height of which is conjectured to have been considerable, from the immense mass remaining. The hill is steep and of difficult access; and the forces of Malcolm must have found it no easy matter to storm the castle, even although covered by the branches of "Birnam wood," and a still more difficult matter to take it from the determined and desperate Macbeth. In the conflict which took place, before the Thane of Fife slew him whom "none of woman born" could overcome, it is said that a son of old Siward was killed, while fighting with uncommon courage. A few years ago, Mr Nairne of Dunsinnan, in the hope of something being found in the site of this ancient residence of royal tyranny, employed some labourers to dig in the foundation. As they proceeded, part of the ground gave way, and discovered a regularly built vault, about six feet long, four in breadth, and four in depth. Among the ruins were found two round tablets, of a composition resembling bronze, upon one of which two lines were engraved, which have been deciphered thus: "the sconce *(shadow)* of kingdom come, until sylphs in air carry me again to Bethel." This monkish legend was supposed to refer to a large stone, of the meteoric or semimetallic kind, weighing about five hundred pounds, which was found beside the tablets. It has been from time immemorial a favourite belief that invisible hands brought Jacob's pillow from Bethel, and dropped it on the site of the palace of Scone. It is also well known that that stone became connected in some mysterious way with the sovereignty of Scotland, that the kings

sat upon it when crowned, and that, as testified by an inscription upon it,

> Ni fallat fatum, Scoti, quocunque locatum,
> Invenient lapidem, regnare tenentur ibidem—

it was believed that, wherever it should be, there should the Scots enjoy sovereignty. Edward I. transferred it to London, in order to break the hope of the Scottish people that their kingdom would ever be restored; and it is now preserved in Westminster Abbey, forming part of the coronation chair of the British monarchs. A theory has been started, in consequence of Mr Nairne's discovery, that Macbeth, from an implicit faith in the sacred character of the stone, and that the possession of it would insure the continuance of his sovereignty, transferred it to a close concealment in his fortress, substituting in its place a similar stone, which has ever since been accepted as the real one.

At the bottom of Dunsinnan hill, on the east side, in and near the west end of a dry stone wall which runs along the side of the road from Baledgarno, is a large stone about eight feet in length, beneath which Macbeth is said to have been interred. It is usually called the *Lang Man's Graff*, probably from a supposition that the stone was made to suit the length of the deceased. There are two such stones in the neighbourhood of the hill, both supposed to mark the graves of the leaders who fell in the storm of Macbeth's Castle.

Birnam, whence Malcolm and his forces proceeded against Dunsinnan, is in the parish of Little Dunkeld, twelve miles distant to the north-west. Its height being 1580 feet above the level of the sea, it exceeds the elevation of Dunsinnan by 556 feet. Near the bottom of the hill is a round mount called "Duncan's Hill," where it is said that unfortunate monarch was wont to hold his court; and higher up are the remains of a square fortress, with circular towers at the corners. Birnam was anciently a forest, and part of the royal domain of Scotland; but, as Pennant remarks, the trees

seem never to have recovered the march which their ancestors made to Dunsinnan.

The field of Luncarty, usually called the Leys of Luncarty, is situated on the west bank of the Tay, at the distance of four miles from Perth. This place is famous for the decisive battle gained by the Scots over the Danes, in the reign of Kenneth III, towards the close of the tenth century. The victory was, in a great measure, owing to the valour of a peasant and his two sons, who were ploughing in sight of the engagement. The Scots were at first put to flight, but, happening to pass the three ploughmen, were reanimated by these courageous persons, led back by them to the battle, and ultimately drove the Danes into the river. When the conflict was over, the old man is said to have sat down upon a stone, and expressed his sensation of fatigue by the common exclamation, "Hech hay!" The king, who at the moment came up to thank him for his timely assistance, said, "Then Hay your name shall be."* His majesty also gave him the liberal grant of land already alluded to, and he became the founder of the noble family which bears his name. Armorial bearings were not then used, but it is certain that the Hays have for many centuries borne, for their crest, a peasant carrying a yoke over his shoulder, in commemoration of the circumstance that that was the only weapon which their ancestors had used in their glorious feat at Luncarty. The plain on which the battle was fought was reclaimed from its marshy and heathy state about a century ago, and is now used in the peaceful capacity of a bleachfield.

The common tradition of Bessie Bell and Mary Gray is, that the father of the former was laird of Kinnaird, and of the latter the laird of Lynedoch; that, in the words of the song, they were "twa bonnie lasses," and an intimate friendship subsisted between them. The plague of 1666 broke out while Bessie Bell was on a

* The surname Hay was adopted by the family at a subsequent period, and is, indeed, only a translation into the Norman of their original Celtic name M'Gara, which literally signifies a hedge, and metaphorically a shelter or protection.

Perthshire.

visit to her friend at Lynedoch. In order to avoid the infection, they built themselves a bower, about three quarters of a mile west from Lynedoch, in a very retired and romantic spot, called Burn Braes, on the side of the Brann Burn, which soon after joins the Almond. Here they lived for some time, supplied with food, it is said, by a young gentleman of Perth, who was in love with them both. The disease was unfortunately communicated to them by their lover, and proved fatal. According to custom, in cases of the plague, they were not buried in the ordinary place of sepulture, but in a secluded spot,—the Dronach Haugh, at the foot of a brae of the same name, upon the bank of the river Almond. Some tasteful person has fashioned a sort of bower over the spot; and there "violets blue, and daisies pied," sweetly blow over the remains of unfortunate beauty.

The Isla is the next considerable tributary of the Tay. It rises in the back of Angus, and runs a considerable way through the glorious valley of Strathmore. A few miles above its junction with the Tay, its banks are found to be adorned by the neat town of Cupar-Angus, where there is a considerable linen-manufactory, as also a tannery and bleachfield. A few miles above Cupar-Angus, the little parish town of Meigle is worthy of a visit, on account of some very antique monuments in the churchyard, which the common people assert to denote the grave of Queen Vanora, the unworthy wife of King Arthur. Though this lady, we believe, had as many burial-places throughout Britain as ever Homer had birth-places in Greece, and improbable as it may appear that such a person should have here "retired to die," the tradition upon which the common-people found their theory is very distinct, and the monuments which remain are unquestionably of such a character as might have marked the tomb of an early queen.* The

* It is said that Queen Vanora, after the defeat of her lover, took up her abode in a fort on the top of the hill of Banna, near Meigle. Soon after, hunting in the forest, she was attacked and torn to pieces by dogs, which ate every part of her, except the

stones, now separated, were originally fitted into each other, so as to form a sort of structure. They bear a variety of hieroglyphical figures, with representations of animals and men, such as are found on the similar monuments so common in Angus. One represents a chariot, containing two persons, besides another in front, who drives the single horse by which it is drawn. This is supposed to be one of those military vehicles in which Tacitus represents the early inhabitants of this country as attacking their invaders. As such, it must be considered a rare and most valuable curiosity. It is popularly believed that there are two bishops interred in Meigle churchyard.*

Returning to his purpose of tracing the Tay upwards, the traveller soon enters the Highlands by a magnificent pass formed by the Tay, which is here a broad, tranquil, and majestic river; and immediately afterwards he approaches Dunkeld. "There are few places," says a modern traveller, "of which the effect is so striking, as Dunkeld, when first seen on emerging from this pass; nor does it owe this more to the suddenness of the view, or to its contrast with the long preceding blank, than to its own intrinsic beauty; to its magnificent bridge and its cathedral, nestling among its dark woody hills, to its noble river, and to the brilliant profusion of rich ornament. The leading object in the landscape is the noble bridge standing high above the Tay. The cathedral, seen above it, and relieved by the dark woods in which it is embosomed, and the town, with its congregated gray houses, add to the general mass of architecture, and thus enhance its effect in the landscape. Beyond, rise the round and rich-

right hand that had committed so many iniquities. Accordingly, one of the stones represents a human body with dogs eating it; but if there was nothing of the queen left but her hand, it would seem strange that so much pains has been taken to commemorate the place where that member was buried. The girls of Meigle take care never to step over the grave, because, if they were to do so, they believe they would never have any children.

* The seat of the bishops of Dunkeld was at Meigle.

swelling woods that skirt the river; stretching away in a long vista to the foot of Craig Vinean, which, with all its forests of fir, rises, a broad, shadowy mass, against the sky. The varied outline of Craig-y-barns, one continuous range of darkly wooded hill, now swelling to the light, and again subsiding in deep shadowy recesses, forms the remainder of this splendid distance. The Duke of Atholl's grounds present a succession of walks and rides in every style of beauty that can be imagined; but they will not be seen in the few hours usually allotted to them, as the extent of the walks is fifty miles, and of the rides thirty. It is the property of few places, perhaps of no one in all Britain, to admit, within such a space, of such a prolongation of lines of access; and everywhere with so much variety of character, such frequent changes of scene, and so much beauty." So far MacCulloch, an author who, with all his faults, certainly has a good eye for the picturesque. But, if any further testimony were required, to assure the world of the merits of Dunkeld, that of the late Dr Clarke would certainly be conclusive. That gentleman, after having travelled over a considerable portion of the world, declares in his journal, (which lately appeared in Mr Otter's publication, "the Life and Remains of E. D. Clarke,") that the scene which opens before you, after going through the pass, "perhaps has not its parallel in Europe. The grounds belonging to the Duke of Atholl," he continues, "I do not hesitate to pronounce to be almost without a rival. There are some parts about them, which bear a resemblance to the finest parts of Mount Edgecumbe in Cornwall."

But it is the *morale*, rather than the *physique* of the country, which this work undertakes to illustrate. The ruins of the cathedral of Dunkeld, therefore, claim the principal share of notice. "Wanting only the roof," says MacCulloch, "it wants nothing as a ruin; and, as a Scottish ecclesiastical ruin, it is a specimen of considerable merit. The choir has recently been converted into a parish church; but, as the restorations, with very little exception, have been made from the original de-

sign, no injury to the building has followed, while much advantage to its preservation has been gained, by supporting with fresh masonry such parts as were falling into decay, and by removing such ruin as produced disorder without embellishment. Though the early history of this establishment is obscure, it is understood that there was here a monastery of Culdees. Kenneth Macalpine is said to have brought the bones of St Columba hither from Iona. Mylne asserts that there was a religious foundation here by Constantine the Pictish king, in 729, and that David I converted it into an episcopal see in 1127. It seems that it was once the primacy of Scotland, till that was transferred to St Andrews. Among the bishops, Gavin Douglas is a name not to be forgotten in Scottish literature, nor William Sinclair in the history of Scottish independence. The monument of the former is in his works, more imperishable than brass or marble; but the latter demands some better monument than the tablet of gray stone which was inscribed to his name. His spirit was worthy of his age, of the proud period of Bruce and Wallace. On a party of Edward the Second's troops landing at Dunnibrissel in Fife, with the intention of ravaging the country, Bishop Sinclair, with sixty retainers, joined a larger band which was raised by Duncan Earl of Fife, and attacking the invaders, obliged them to retire with great loss. There is much more uniformity in the architecture of this cathedral than was usual in our Gothic ecclesiastical buildings. Nevertheless, like most of the Scottish specimens, it is compounded of several styles; including the Norman, together with every one of the varieties of the three periods of Gothic architecture which followed it. Of the very few ancient tombs which remain, the most remarkable is that of the celebrated Alister More-mac-an-righ, better known as the Wolf of Badenoch. It is a statue in armour, of somewhat rude workmanship, with a lion's head at the feet, and with this inscription: "Hic jacet Alexander Seneschallus, filius Roberti regis Scotorum et Elizabethe

More, Dominus de Buchan et Badenoch, qui obiit A. D. 1394."*

Dunkeld† is the centre of three different routes, which travellers pursue in quest of fine scenery. One goes off to the east, by Cluny, to Blairgowrie, comprising some exquisitely beautiful scenery; another leads up the course of the Bran, by the celebrated waterfalls, Ossian's Hall, &c. to Amulree; and the third goes up the Tay, continuing the great north road from Edinburgh to Inverness.

"The greatest curiosity of Dunkeld," says Dr Clarke, "at least that which is generally esteemed such, is the cascade formed by a fall of the Bran, about half a mile from the ferry. The manner in which this is presented to the spectator has been much reprobated by several of our modern tourists, who, anxious to show their taste for the beauties of nature, hastily condemn the smallest interference of art. For my own part, I entirely differ from them respecting the cataract of the Bran at Ossian's Hall. I consider it as one of the most ingenious and pleasing ornaments to natural scenery I ever beheld. A hermitage, or summer-house, is placed forty feet above the bottom of the fall, and is constructed in such a manner, that the stranger, in approaching the cascade, is entirely ignorant of his vicinity to it, being concealed by the walls of this edifice. Upon entering the building, you are struck with a painting of Ossian, playing upon his harp, and singing the songs of other times. The picture, as you contemplate it, suddenly disappears with a loud noise, and the whole cataract foams at once before you, reflected in several mirrors, and roaring with the noise of thunder. It is hardly possible to conceive a spectacle more striking. If it be objected that machinery contrivance of this sort wears too much the appearance of scenic

* This was the terrific person who burnt the cathedral of Elgin.

† The principal inn at Dunkeld, kept by Mr Fisher, boasts of the most elegant accommodations, and is of such extent as to contain no fewer than thirty-five bedrooms.

representation, I should reply, that as scenic representation I admire it, and as the finest specimen of that species of exhibition; which, doubtless, without the aid of such a deception, would have been destitute of half the effect it is now calculated to produce. A little below this edifice, a simple but pleasing arch is thrown across the narrow chasm of the rocks, through which the river flows with vast rapidity. About a mile higher up the Bran, is the Rumbling Bridge, thrown across a chasm of granite, about fifteen feet wide. The bed of the river, for several hundred feet above the arch, is copiously charged with massive fragments of rock, over which the river foams and roars like the waters at Ivy Bridge in Devonshire. Approaching the bridge, it precipitates itself with great fury, through the chasm, casting a thick cloud of spray or vapour high above the bridge, and agitating, by its fury, even the prodigious masses which form the surrounding rocks. Few objects will more amply repay the traveller for the trouble of visiting them, than the woody precipices, the long, winding, shady, groves, the ruins and cataracts of Dunkeld."*

* In addition to all that is here said by others regarding Dunkeld, we may mention that, after having seen almost all the rest of Scotland, this place appeared to us, on visiting it, decidedly the finest spot throughout the whole country. If the stranger, therefore, or the tourist, choose to visit Dunkeld, he will find what will compensate to him for all the rest. He requires to go no farther. Should he be pleased with it, he ought to take care lest by searching deeper he wear off the delightful impression: should it disappoint him, he has a still better reason for being content with what he has seen, for he will nowhere see any thing finer. After seeing Dunkeld, to travel on to Blair or to Kenmore, or to any other place, is like seeking to

> "——— gild refined gold, or paint the lily,
> Or add fresh perfume to the violet."

The late Dr Thomas Brown, Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, was extravagantly fond of Dunkeld, and, we understand, used to spend several weeks

We shall survey all that remains of Perthshire, not by pursuing the courses of the river and its tributaries, but by tracing, what is a very fashionable tour, the circuit by Blair-Athole, Kenmore, Killin, and Loch Erne Head.

From Dunkeld, all the way to Blair, a distance of twenty miles, there is an uninterrupted succession of fine scenery, the road passing chiefly along the bottom of a low, spacious, and well-cultivated vale, with hills rising sublimely on each side. For the first eight miles, the road traverses the bank of the Tay. But the river there turns off (at a place called Logierait, where Prince Charles kept his prisoners in 1745) towards the west, and the way continues directly onward, along the vale of the Tummel, a respectable tributary of the Tay. During this early stage of his journey, the tourist has, upon his right hand, the braes of Tullimet, which give name to a favourite Scotch air.

When he has travelled about seven miles farther, the tourist finds the Tummel turn off to the west, as the Tay had done at Logierait, and the road then continues directly on, in the same manner, along the bank of a sub-tributary, the Garry, which is a stream remarkable for impetuosity. He may, instead of pursuing his journey to Blair, turn off up either the Tay or the Tummel, and thus abbreviate his journey to Kenmore; (in the former case, he will gratify himself with a sight of the Birks of Aberfeldy, celebrated by Burns;) but, if he wishes to see the pass of Killicrankie, or enjoy the broad and massive shades of Blair, he will pursue the northerly route. Before passing onward, he will remark and admire the situation of Faskalie House, upon the low tongue of land formed by the junction of the Garry and the Tummel, and around which a suite of wooded hills rises with almost as fine effect as those

every year, in a sort of poetical beatitude amongst its delightful retreats. Dr MacCulloch, moreover, has contrived to write a whole volume, and a very elegant one too, upon Dunkeld, alone.

around matchless Dunkeld itself. The road here passes along about half-way up one of these heights, and the traveller looks down almost upon the roof of the house, which is thus so closely sheltered, that the smoke rises sheer and clear into the air, in tall, curling, inverted cones, totally undisturbed by the wind till it reaches nearly the level of the hills. Faskalie is the seat of —— Butter, Esq.

Immediately after passing Faskalie, the traveller enters the pass of Killicrankie, so celebrated for the battle fought, at its upper extremity, by the Highland clans under Viscount Dundee, and the troops of King William under General Mackay, the former of whom were victorious, though with the loss of their brave leader. Dundee was posted on this occasion upon the rising grounds beyond the pass, and Mackay approached through the narrow dangerous defile from the Low country. Dundee permitted the royal troops to evolve completely into the open ground, and, then descending in close columns upon their lines, put them at once and completely to the route. He himself was killed by a musket bullet, which pierced his body, beneath the armpit, as he was pointing the pursuit with his sword. The pass of Killicrankie is, simply, a particular part of the vale of the Garry, where the hills on both sides approach very near, and descend in precipitous rugged steeps to the rough channel of the stream. The whole is clothed with natural wood, and abounds in dense shades and horrid depths, such as must appal the stoutest-hearted traveller. Formerly, the road passed along very near the bottom of the defile, and was so narrow, and so dangerous in appearance, that the Hessian troops, in 1746, being ordered to advance from Dunkeld, in order to raise the siege of Blair, fairly turned back *in limine*, and could upon no account be induced to pass through—the whole appearing to them like the entry to another world. It has lost much of its dreadful character in modern times, from the broad new road which has been led securely along the sunny side of the pass, half-way up the hills. The battle-ground has

been effectually commemorated by a tall rude obelisk of stone, (rising from a level field, within three miles of Blair, on the right-hand side of the road,) which is said to mark the precise spot where Dundee fell. The battle happened on the 22d of July 1692.

The stranger is now in Athole, a word signifying *pleasant land*. The expression *Blair of Athole*, means the field or vale of Athole. It is accurately descriptive, the district so termed being a spacious and beautiful vale in the midst of a scene generally wild and mountainous. Amidst a wilderness of noble old woods, woods as full of native natural grace as the aboriginal people who dwell around them, stands Blair Castle, the principal seat of the Duke of Athole. Blair itself is a plain massive white house, formerly fortified, but now reduced in its height, by reason of the battering which it got from the insurgents in 1746, and patched up, like a sturdy old veteran a good deal shattered by his wounds, but who still has a substratum of the soldier beneath his bandages and mufflings. It is the Duke's intention, we understand, soon to desert this ancient seat of his ancestors, and build a new mansion, which may be more worthy, in modern eyes, of the princely estate which surrounds it. There is a little village and inn near the house; but a recent shift of the road to the south has occasioned a more splendid place of entertainment, and a neater village, at the Bridge of Tilt; and the old house is now seldom resorted to.

At Blair, the traveller has reached the extreme northern point of the fashionable tour which was indicated a few pages back, and it is now necessary to turn to the south towards Kenmore, which is twenty-eight miles distant by the windings of the common road, but may be reached by the pedestrian who is willing to walk over the hills, with a journey eight miles shorter. The first object of interest that occurs upon the public road, after leaving Blair, is a chasm in the hill on the right hand, through which the little river Bruar falls over a series of beautiful cascades. Formerly, the falls of the Bruar were unadorned by wood; but, the poet Burns being

conducted to see them by his friend the Duke of Athole, and having recommended that they should be invested with that necessary decoration, a plantation has been made along the chasm, and is now far advanced to maturity. Throughout this young forest, a walk has been cut, and a number of fantastic little grottoes erected, for the conveniency of those who visit the spot. The river not only makes several distinct falls, but rushes on through a channel whose roughness and haggard sublimity adds greatly to the merits of the scene, as an object of interest among tourists.

From this attractive scene, the traveller will proceed either by the road, as already mentioned, or over the hill on the south side of the vale, to the vale of the Tummel, which river is crossed by a bridge, where there is an inn. The vale of the Tummel presents at this point, and to the eastward, a scene of great beauty, the river meandering down to Loch Tummel, by links almost as complicated as those of the Forth, and which are beautifully fringed, as the valley is universally dotted, with fine old trees. Foss, the seat of ——— Stewart, Esq., occupies the centre of this exquisitely lovely specimen of what may be called *loch-head scenery*.

From this there is an alpine road to Strath Tay, of seven or eight miles length. As the tourist descends into that vale, he will do well to notice the terrible beauty, for such it may be called, of a deep and richly wooded dell upon his right hand, through which the minor stream of the Keltnie rushes down to the Tay. As the country opens upon him, he sees the old and ruined castle of Garth, occupying a bare but picturesque brae to the right. When he has descended to the bottom of the vale, he will be delighted with its rich and beautiful scenery; and by and by, crossing over the Lyon by a boat, he turns the corner of a hill, and all at once alights upon the lovely village of Kenmore.

Kenmore occupies an eminent site at the north-east extremity of Loch Tay. It is a very small village, but of that clean, beautiful, and *English-looking* species, to which we have described St Fillans as belonging. Its

houses are neatly white-washed, and embowered in sweet shrubs; its inn is spacious and elegant; its church has a most delightful site, looking up the lake; and it has a bridge of three arches over the Tay, which here issues out of the loch. It is for the vicinity of Taymouth Castle that Kenmore is chiefly remarkable.

Taymouth Castle, the seat of the Earl of Breadalbane, (whose estate, extending seventy miles westward from this place, is said to be the *longest* in Britain,) is a magnificent dark-gray mansion, in the modern castellated style, situated in the rich umbrageous vale at the bottom of Loch Tay, about a mile east from Kenmore, where its exterior portal or gateway opens from the public street. The house consists in a massive square tower, after the fashion of Inverary, with circular turrets at the corners, and a minor tower rising prominent above, together with several additional portions, of less altitude, though equally beautiful architecture. Its interior is all that is splendid in point of furniture, as its exterior is every thing that is noble in point of architecture; and it contains one of the best collections of pictures in Scotland. Regarding the environs, it is difficult to speak in terms of sufficient praise. The vale is not spacious enough to admit of that apparently boundless contiguity of park which constitutes such a charm around the baronial residences of England; but the very hills which confine it may be said to present a still superior charm. These hills are abrupt, luxuriantly wooded, and broken into every sort of picturesque and varied outline; while the level alluvial space below is as green as the gown of Spring herself, and at the same time adorned in the richest manner by fine old trees.

Taymouth Castle was first built by Sir Colin Campbell, ancestor to the present proprietor, in the year 1580. It was then, and till lately, called Balloch, a word signifying the outlet of a lake. The builder is said to have adopted this spot for his residence, from a strange motive of preference. On its being represented to him that it was at the very extremity of his lands,

and must therefore be inconvenient, he replied, "We'll briss yont," *(press onward,)* adding, that he thus hoped to be soon able to make Balloch the centre instead of the extremity of his estate. His prophetic wishes have not, however, been realized.

A singular story had reached us, regarding the Earl of Breadalbane who lived during the Commonwealth. Having been in London when a young man, he fell in love with Lady Mary Rich, daughter to the Earl of Holland, a young lady who, having ten thousand pounds at her own disposal, was judged the greatest fortune in England of her time. The Earl laid siege to this damsel's heart, and soon proved the happy man out of innumerable suitors. After he had married her, he proposed to retreat to his fastness in Scotland; and this was his singular mode of journeying. Upon one of the two Highland ponies which he had brought with him to London, he himself mounted, with his lady behind him: upon the other he disposed his ten thousand pounds, which was all in gold, and at each side of that precious horse-load he disposed a full-armed Highland gilly, who ran beside it, as a guard. The strange cavalcade arrived safe in all its parts at Balloch; and a small room used to be shown in that old castle, which for some time formed at once the parlour and bedroom of the happy pair, after their arrival. The truth of this curious legend seems to be confirmed by the ordinary books of the British peerage.

Leaving Kenmore and Taymouth, with all their romantic beauty, we proceed along the shores of the loch towards Killin, which is sixteen miles distant, at the opposite extremity. These shores alike abound in fine scenery, though, by pursuing the road along the south, a view will be obtained of the lofty Ben Lawers, which will scarcely be seen in such perfection on the opposite side. The mixture of wood, and rock, and cultivated field, which the traveller finds skirting Loch Tay, will surprise him with its happy effect. The old system of minute farms prevailing here in all its pristine vigour, a prodigious number of rude and picturesque cottages,

moreover, enter into the composition of the landscape. Should he enter these, and converse familiarly with the people, as the present author took pains to do when travelling through this romantic tract of country, he will scarcely fail to admire in an equal degree the extreme simplicity and kindliness of manners which mark the native population.

Killin, a straggling little village, situated upon the low vale at the head of the loch, is celebrated for the varied beauty of its scenery. Here two rivers, the Dochart and the Lochy, come down out of different glens, and join their waters with each other and with the lake. The vale of the latter is peculiarly beautiful, but that of the Dochart, extending up to Tyndrum, upon the great west road, is only stern and wild. On arriving at the town, the Dochart breaks over a strange expanse of table rock in a thousand little cascades, so that the traveller, who crosses a bridge just at the place, is bewildered, as he looks around, with the flashing and sparkling water which everywhere meets his eye.

"Killin," says Dr MacCulloch, "is the most extraordinary collection of extraordinary scenery in Scotland, unlike every thing else in the country, and perhaps on earth, and a perfect picture-gallery in itself, since you cannot move three yards without meeting a new landscape. A busy artist might draw here a month, and not exhaust it. It is indeed scarcely possible to conceive so many distinct and marked objects collected within so small a space, and all so adapted to each other as always to preserve one character, and, at the same time, to produce so endless a number of distinct and beautiful landscapes. To find, however, all that Killin has to give of this nature, it is necessary to pry about into corners, like a cat; as the separate scenes are produced by very slight changes of position, and are often found in very unexpected places. Fir trees, rocks, torrents, mills, bridges, houses, these produce the great bulk of the middle landscape, under endless combinations; while the distances more constantly are found in

the surrounding hills, in their varied woods, in the bright expanse of the lake, and the minute ornaments of the distant valley, in the rocky and bold summit of Craig Cailleach, and in the lofty vision of Ben Lawers, which towers like a huge giant to the clouds, the monarch of the scene."

From Killin the fashionable tour proceeds to the left, through Glenogle, to Loch Erne Head, and from that either across to Callander or down Loch Erne to Crieff. Or the traveller may proceed up the Dochart, till he come to a place called Crianlarich, and, thence descending Glenfalloch, he will reach the head of Loch Lomond. A place called Dalree, between Crianlarich and Tyndrum, was the scene of a battle between King Robert Bruce, with a small band of followers, and Mac-Dougal, the powerful chief of Lorn, who attacked the unfortunate monarch as he was travelling across the country in this direction to Kintyre, in order to seek refuge in Ireland, and who despoiled him, on the occasion, of a brooch or plaid-buckle, which still continues, a revered heir-loom, in the possession of that ancient family.

The West Highlands.

COMPREHENDING DUNBARTONSHIRE, ARGYLESHIRE, BUTESHIRE, AND THE ISLANDS.

There view I winged Skye, and Lewes long,
Resort of whales; and Uist where herrings swarm—
And talk, at once delighted and appalled,
By the pale moon, with utmost Hirta's seers,
Of beckoning ghosts, and shadowy men, that bode
Sure death. Nor there doth Jura's double hill
Escape my sight; nor Mull, *though bald and bare;*
Nor Islay, where erewhile Macdonalds *reigned;*
Thee, too, Lismore! *I hail St Moloch's shrine;*
Inch Gall, *first conquered by the brand of Scots;*
And, filled with awe of ancient *saints and kings,*
I kiss, O Icolmkill! thy hallowed mould.

Albania, a Poem.

DUNBARTON is an irregular Highland county, stretching a considerable way northward from the mouth of the Clyde, and chiefly notable in the eye of a stranger on account of the celebrated castle of the same name, and because it contains Loch Lomond, so famous for its picturesque scenery. There is only one thoroughfare through the county—that from the Castle of Dunbarton on the Clyde, directly northward to the head of Loch Lomond; which may be thus delineated.

Dunbarton Castle is situated on a singular, two-peaked rock, which juts into the Firth of Clyde, about fourteen miles below Glasgow. The entry is from the south, through an ancient and massive gateway. The origin of this distinguished fortress is lost in the shades of remote antiquity; but it is generally supposed to have been the principal seat of the British tribe which inhabited the vale of Clyde immediately after the departure of the Romans, and to have got its name from

these early occupants. It was one of the principal strongholds belonging to the Scottish monarchs, and, before the invention of artillery, was declared, as Buchanan phrases it, "*arx inexpugnabilis*," a castle which could not be taken. It has, however, yielded oftener than once to besiegers unprovided with artillery. It is one of the four forts which were stipulated to be maintained in Scotland at the Union, and is therefore garrisoned by a company of invalids and a governor. The rock, upon which the buildings of the fortress are very picturesquely scattered, is of a peculiar nature. An immense lump is said to have once fallen down to the plain below, where a woman was milking a cow: both were so completely overwhelmed by the mass, that not a vestige of them could be seen, and it was impossible to lift the enormous pile in order to extricate their bodies.*

The town of Dunbarton, which probably owes its existence to the castle, is situated at a short distance, on the banks of the Leven, a river which runs out of Loch Lomond, and here falls into the Clyde. It is a small town, undistinguished by commerce, and possessing no manufactures except glass-making and ship-building. It was erected into a royal burgh by Alexander II in 1221.

The course of the Leven, though no more than six miles, is most exquisitely beautiful, and has an interest in the eyes of travellers, over and above its real merits, on account of the admirable little poem by which Smollett has consecrated it. That illustrious person was born in the old mansion-house of Bon-hill, about two miles above Dunbarton; and a monument has been erected to his memory upon the left of the road, a little

* A sword, said to have belonged to William Wallace, is preserved and shown in Dunbarton Castle. It is well known that this celebrated hero was confined in the castle, immediately after being taken; and it may be mentioned, as a curious fact, that there was a part of the fortress called Wallace's Tower, so early as the middle of the fifteenth century.—*Chronicles of the reign of James the Second.*

farther north, by his cousin, the late James Smollett, of Bon-hill, Esq.

About half-way between Dunbarton and the lower end of Loch Lomond is Renton, a large village chiefly occupied by persons engaged in bleaching, which branch of manufacture flourishes to a greater extent in this district than anywhere else in Scotland, on account of the limpid purity of the Leven. At the fifth mile-stone the traveller finds the house of Cameron, the seat of Alexander Smollett, Esq., where the family of Matthew Bramble are described as residing, in the novel of Humphrey Clinker.

Immediately thereafter, through a fine vista, appears the polished expanse of Loch Lomond, its large islands, and the soft hills in the distance, a view that never fails to arrest the attention of the traveller. The objects that crowd into this scene, are so finely diversified in form, in situation, and in colour, as to compose a picture at once beautiful and impressive. You now approach nearer the shores of the lake, then recede, and at the sixth mile-stone pass Belvidere, the seat of another gentleman of the name of Smollett, which also commands, as its name imports, a fine prospect of the surrounding scenery. At the seventh mile-stone, upon the left, is Arden, the property of H. Buchanan, Esq., environed in woods, and placed at the bottom of a lofty hill, called Dunfion, or the Hill of Fingal, tradition reporting it to have been one of the hunting-seats of that hero.

Somewhat farther on, and passing Nether Ross upon the left, you cross a small river called the Water of Fruin, which falls into the lake. It rises in Glenfruin, or the Vale of Lamentation, so called, it is said, from a dreadful slaughter of the Colquhouns by the Macgregors, in 1602, and on the account of which the Macgregors were for nearly two centuries unceasingly persecuted by government. A scene of uninterrupted beauty continues all the way to Luss, twelve miles from Dunbarton.

The West Highlands.

Luss, a delightful little village, on a promontory which juts into the lake, is much resorted to in summer, on account of its being a convenient station for a tourist who wishes to spend a few days in search of the picturesque. A southron stationed here finds himself between the Highlands and the Lowlands,—kilts on one hand, and trews on the other.

One of the finest points for enjoying the scenery of Loch Lomond and the environs of Luss, is Stronehill, to the north of the village. At this point, about one-third of the way up a lofty hill, the whole breadth of the lake is spanned by the eye, including

> All the fairy crowds
> Of islands, which together lie,
> As quietly as spots of sky
> Among the evening clouds.

These islands are of different forms and magnitudes. Some are covered with the most luxuriant wood of every different tint; others show a beautiful intermixture of rock and copses; some, like plains of emerald, scarcely above the level of the water, are covered with grass; and others, again, are bare rocks, rising into precipices, and destitute of vegetation. From this point, they also appear distinctly separated from each other, but not so much so as to give the idea of a map or bird-eye view, which a higher point of view would undoubtedly present to the imagination. The prospect is bounded on the south by the distant hills which intervene between Loch Lomond and the Clyde, and which here appear, in comparison with the mountains around, to be only gentle swells; the Leven, its vale, the rock of Dunbarton, and even the surface of the Clyde, are in the same direction conspicuous. Towards the east, the vale of the Endrick, its principal seats, the obelisk erected to the memory of Buchanan at Killearn, and the Lennox hills, are also distinctly visible. Turning to the north, the lake is seen to wind far amongst the mountains, which are finely varied in their outline and very lofty, particularly Benlomond, which, like Saul among his brethren,

seems to tower to the heavens. The prospect here has something in it more grand than that to the south or east, but not nearly so soft and pleasing.

Loch Lomond extends in a direction from north to south, nearly thirty miles; its breadth, where greatest, at the southern extremity, is between eight and ten miles; it gradually grows narrower, till it is continued up the vale of Glenfalloch in a mountain streamlet. At one place, it is a hundred fathoms deep, and there it never freezes. Its surface, especially at the southern extremity, is, as already observed, mottled by a numerous cluster of islands.*

The greater part of the travellers who visit Loch Lomond for a pleasure-excursion, take advantage of the ferry at Inveruglas, a place little more than two miles beyond Luss; and thus reach the inn at Rowardennan, where a guide is to be procured for the ascent of Benlomond.

Benlomond, in Stirlingshire, is 3,240 feet above the level of the lake, which is 32 above the level of the sea. At Rowardennan, when looking northward, it almost completely fills up the view. It consists in three great stages, each rising above the other; these again are divided into a number of lesser swelling knolls, some of which are covered with heath and crags, while others are verdant and smooth. The distance from the inn to the top of the mountain is six miles of a continued ascent, which, in general, requires about three hours. From the summit, a varied and most extensive prospect opens upon the eye in every direction. The lake which you

* Many assert Loch Lomond to be the finest lake in the world, in point of picturesque beauty. Lausanne has been much praised; but though the Swiss lake may surpass the Scottish in respect of the innumerable beautiful chateaus which surround it, it certainly can never match its beautiful isles and its picturesque boundary of mountains. The opinion of a Swiss who visited Loch Lomond some years ago, as communicated to us by a gentleman whose friend heard him express it, may be allowed to balance their merits very fairly. "Our lake," he said, "be de fair beauty; yours be de black!"

The West Highlands.

lately contemplated with so much pleasure, now appears a small pool, and its rich and diversified islands as so many specks upon its surface. Beyond it, and to the left, appear the vale of the Endrick, the distant county of Lanark, its towns, and the mountain of Tinto; directly south, the outlet of the lake, the river Leven, its winding and rich banks; the Castle of Dumbarton, and the counties of Renfrew and Ayr; nearly in the same direction, the Firth of Clyde, the rock of Ailsa, the islands of Arran and Bute, with the more distant Atlantic. The coasts of Ireland and the Isle of Man are, when the atmosphere is clear, within the boundary of the view. To the east are seen the counties of Stirling and the Lothians, with the windings of the Forth, and the Castles of Stirling and Edinburgh. The prospect to the north is, however, the most awfully grand. Immense mountains, piled as it were above each other, and extending from the borders of Stirlingshire to the western ocean, with the indentations of the coast on one side, and the lakes of Perthshire on the other, form altogether a scene which may be conceived, but cannot be properly described.

Benlomond has this remarkable merit as a hill, that it is not overcrowned or crowded up with surrounding hills. It seems to be sole monarch of a vast undisputed territory. Nowhere, therefore, is there a better idea to be obtained of the Highland country than on its summit. The mountain itself, besides, affords a great variety of scenery. To the south it stretches out into a slope of a very gentle declivity. The north side is awfully abrupt, and presents a concave precipice of many hundred yards in depth. He must possess firm nerves who can approach the brink and look down unmoved. The rock is said to be 2,000 feet in sheer descent. The stranger, with all his very natural and allowable terrors for his person, on coming within a few yards of the edge, will be astonished and almost pained to learn, that a celebrated Highland hero of yore, supposed to be described in the Lady of the Lake under the name of Malcolm Græme, used to attest his fearlessness of char-

acter, by standing on the brink of this steep-down gulf, sustained only by the heel of one of his feet, the rest of the foot projecting over!

Argyleshire is an extensive* but very irregular county, composed principally of long chains of hills, with intermediate vallies filled with arms of the sea. By these estuaries, (called lochs) it is divided into districts, which may be thus described. First, There is Cowal, divided from Dunbartonshire, by Loch Long. Then there are Kintyre and Argyle Proper, divided from Cowal by Loch Fyne. To the north of all these is the inland district of Lorn; to the north of which, again, are the districts of Appin and Glenorchy. On the west of these last, and divided from them by Loch Linnhe, the mouth of the Caledonian Canal, lie the districts of Morven and Sunart. The islands of Mull, Jura, and Islay, being divided from the continent by very narrow arms of the sea, seem to be in some measure mere continuations of the peninsular districts.

Argyleshire derives interest, in the eye of the Scottish antiquary, from the circumstance of its having been the earliest settlement of the British monarchy. The ancestors of his present majesty landed here in the sixth century, when the rest of the country was possessed by the Picts and Romanized Britons; they gradually aggressed upon the eastern and northern territory; till at length, about five centuries after their first settlement in Kintyre, they had possessed themselves of the undisputed sovereignty of all Scotland as at present delineated, besides the northern counties of England. The etymology of the word Argyle is supposed to signify "the Land of the Strangers;" the Scots, who had come from Ireland, the Scotia of that time, being con-

* To give an idea of the extent of Argyle, it may be mentioned that it stretches through nearly two degrees of latitude, and that, while its northern extremity is in the same latitude with Stonehaven in Kincardineshire, its southern point, the Mull of Kintyre, is as near the equator as Alnwick in Northumberland.

sidered in that light by the previous settlers; hence also, it is supposed, the word *Gael.*

Though Argyle abounds in every description of wild and romantic scenery, it does not present many points of interest to the sentimental traveller. Its historical associations refer only to a horde of barbarians, with whose deeds we moderns have wonderfully little sympathy; and its poetical associations, even though comprising the songs of Ossian, are almost equally repulsive. The reader will therefore appreciate the motives which dispose us to give but a brief notice of this vast and many-limbed county.

The points of the county where strangers generally touch are Inverary, (the county-town,) Campbelton, another royal burgh, Oban in Lorn, Glenco, Tobermory in Mull, and a few of the islands; to which, in the following notice, we shall chiefly confine ourselves.

Inverary is situated on a small bay at the head of Loch Fyne, where the river Aray falls into the sea. It is a small and irregularly built town, but distinguished for the beauty of its surrounding scenery. It was erected into a royal burgh by Charles I, (when in Carisbrook Castle,) and enjoys the fifth part of the privilege of sending a member to Parliament. It has some manufactures of woollens, &c., but chiefly depends for its subsistence upon the herring-fishery. The herrings of Loch Fyne are famous for their peculiar excellence.

Inverary Castle, the seat of the Duke of Argyle, is the principal object of attraction at this part of Scotland. It is a modern square edifice, with a tower at each corner, erected on an extensive lawn between the lake and a range of lofty wooded mountains. All travellers speak with raptures of the beauty of the scenery around Inverary Castle, as well as of the splendour of its interior decorations. The Dukes of Argyle are said to have spent no less than L.300,000, in building, planting, improving, making roads, and other works of utility and decoration, in and about the castle. The collections of old Highland armour to be found within

the saloon, are worthy of the particular attention of the visitor.

Campbelton, erected into a royal burgh in the year 1701, is situated near the Mull of Kintyre, at the southern extremity of the county. It is a considerable trading and fishing town, with an excellent harbour in the form of a crescent, two miles long and nearly one in breadth. This is remarkable as having been, under the name of Dalruadhain, the first capital of the Scottish kingdom; and certainly, when we contrast the miserable village which it then must have been, with London, the present capital of the same race of kings, a subject of wonderful interest arises. The present minister of the Lowland charge of Campbelton has the pleasure of preaching the gospel of peace on the very spot from which those early sovereigns issued their barbarous mandates. There are no monuments of the existence of this kingdom, except we consider as such the immense barrows scattered over the country, which are supposed to cover the dust of those who were slain in battle.

Oban is a flourishing village, founded in the year 1713, by a trading company belonging to Renfrew, and built on a regular plan. It is the place of general rendezvous for the herring busses on the west coast, and is admirably situated for trade. Alexander II died here, while lying with a small fleet in the bay, meditating the conquest of the Hebrides, then possessed by the Norwegians. In the neighbourhood of Oban, there is a place called Beregonium, supposed to have been at one time a city and the capital of Scotland, but which has evidently never been any thing but what it is at present, a noteless waste. The castle of Dunstaffnage is a more interesting object, having unquestionably been an early residence of the Scottish princes. It is a square building of eighty-seven feet within the walls, with round towers at three of the corners, situated on the top of a rock which has been cut away to answer exactly to its shape, at the mouth of Loch Etive and on the sea-coast. Here was preserved the

J.B.Kidd del.t W.H.Lizars. Sculp.t

GLENCOE.

Edinburgh. Published by W.Tait 1828.

famous stone used as the coronation-chair till Kenneth II removed it to Scone. Of the ancient regalia a battle-axe alone remains, nine feet long, of beautiful workmanship, and ornamented with silver. In 1307, this castle was reduced by Robert Bruce, and here he held a parliament where nothing but Gaelic was spoken. About the middle of the fifteenth century, Dunstaffnage was the seat of the Lord of the Isles. Here the unfortunate Earl of Argyle landed in 1685, and published his two declarations. Within the walls of the castle, a modern house has been built for the accommodation of the proprietor. At a small distance, and on a gentle eminence, are the ruins of a chapel, on the south of which there is a projecting rock, where, if a person speaks aloud, the sound is heard at the chapel as if it proceeded from the spot. Oban is one of the places called at by the steam-boats which ply between Inverness and Glasgow through the Caledonian Canal; and which, soon after leaving Oban, pass through the head of Kintyre, by a minor artificial passage called the Crinan Canal.

Glencoe is a singularly wild vale in the north of Argyleshire, usually traversed by persons travelling between Fort William and Tyndrum. It opens a little to the north of a solitary inn called the King's House, and extends about ten miles in a north-westerly direction to Ballachulish, a place on Loch Linnhe, noted for its prodigious quarry of slate. Glencoe is quite unlike all other Highland glens. It is a narrow stripe of rugged territory, along which hurries the wild stream of Cona, celebrated by Ossian, who is said to have been born on its banks. On each side of the narrow banks of this river, a range of stupendous hills shoots perpendicularly up to the height of perhaps two thousand feet, casting a horrid gloom over the vale, and impressing the lonely traveller with feelings of awful wonder. The military road sweeps along the right side of the glen. From the sides of the hills an immense quantity of torrents descends, sometimes sweeping over and spoiling the road, which is therefore

always in a very precarious state. From the one end of the vale to the other only one human habitation is to be seen, and, as it is not a road of much currency, the traveller may pass through it without meeting a single human being. The goats, scrambling among the rocks and the wild eagle hovering about the tops of the wall-like hills, are usually the only living objects within sight; and, as may be conceived, these rather increase than diminish the wildness and desolation of the scene. The place where the famous massacre of Glencoe happened, is at the north-west end of the vale.

Regarding Mull, an island thirty-five miles in length, and twelve in breadth, the following notices from the powerful pen of Dr Clarke will be held as preferable to any more recondite information. "Below Loch Spelio, at the southernmost point of Mull, is another harbour, called Loch Bui, of which the Highlanders have a saying, that it is the finest loch in the island, for, if a vessel once enters, she never gets out again. The laird of Loch Bui was formerly the second landholder in the island. His possessions were only inferior to those of the Argyle family, and amounted to L.1700 a-year, an immense property in such a place as Mull. The estates are now fallen to a distant relation of the late laird of Loch Bui, who got his death in consequence of a dispute about the best method of cutting up a duck. He had been in the American war, and returning from New York with laurels worthy of his illustrious clan, was coming to reside once more upon the territories of his ancestors. In his passage home, a dispute arose about the properest method of carving a duck, which ended in a duel, and the last of the chieftains of Loch Bui fell a victim on that occasion. The father of this young man was the identical Highland laird mentioned by Dr Johnson as 'rough and haughty, and tenacious of his dignity.' But Dr Johnson has not thought proper to represent accurately the conversation that passed between them. I suppose his pride was too much hurt to permit so strict an adherence to candour. Loch Bui, according to the usual custom

The Western Islands.

among the Highlanders, demanded the name of his guest; and, upon being informed that it was Johnson, inquired 'Which of the Johnstons? Of Glencoe or Ardnamurchan?'—'Neither!' replied the doctor, somewhat piqued by the question, and not a little sulky with the fatigue he had encountered during the day's journey.—'Neither!' rejoined the laird, with all the native roughness of a genuine Highlander, 'then you must be a bastard.'

"Altering our course from the Lady Island, we steered north-west, and passing Castle Duart, entered the sound of Mull, between Macalister's Bay, and the point of Ardenrimmer. The whole passage up the sound is very fine. On one side rises the country of Morven, so celebrated in the songs of Ossian, and on the other, the undulating hills and heathy vales of Mull. Not feeling that internal evidence which the admirers of Ossian profess to entertain, respecting the authenticity of those poems, and having ever regarded them as an ingenious fiction, blended with a very scanty portion of traditional information, I could not, nevertheless, avoid feeling some degree of local enthusiasm, as I passed the shores on which so vast a superstructure of amazing, but visionary, fable had been erected. Mouldering fabrics, the undoubted residence of valiant chieftains in days of yore, were seen both on the coast of Morven and upon the opposite shores of Mull.

"Beyond Ardtornish Castle, we saw, on the Morven side, Loch Alin, famous for the residence of the celebrated Jenny Cameron.* Mr Ritchy, our first mate, remembered her well, and once visited her in her own house, which stood at the head of Loch Alin. At that time, she was become very corpulent, but preserved the traces of early beauty in her countenance. A vessel of oatmeal, her property, lay at that time in the

* The English always mistake the common Scottish name of Jeanie for Jenny, which in Scotland is the diminutive of Janet, an entirely different name.

The Western Islands.

loch, the master of which would not sell any without her consent. Mr Ritchy, having occasion for three bolls of it, went to call upon her. He found her in a cottage of twisted osiers, or wicker work, neatly wainscotted on the inside. She courteously invited him in, but when she knew his errand, would not give an order even for so small a quantity of oatmeal, until she had first received the money; a proof at least, that Miss Cameron's disposition was a little tinctured with avarice.

"Sailing up the sound, we afterwards passed the Castle of Aross on the side of Mull, and passing round the little island of Calay, or Calve, we anchored in the bay of Tobermorey."

Tobermorey is a modern fishing and trading village, the seat of a custom-house and post-office, and the principal collection of houses in the island of Mull. It has a sort of local celebrity from the circumstance that the Florida, a Spanish man-of-war belonging to the Invincible Armada, was sunk in the harbour, after the dispersion of that fleet in 1588. The common tale of this event bears, that the ship lay here for a long time after the overthrow or wreck of its companions, but that Queen Elizabeth, at length hearing of the circumstance, dispatched a person to procure its destruction. One Smollett, an ancestor of the novelist, is said to have been the person pitched upon by the Queen's agents, to execute the scheme. He went to Mull as a cattle-dealer, and easily found his way on board the Florida, where he formed an intimacy, and, along with other strangers, had frequent opportunities of seeing every part of the ship. He at length found a convenient time for his diabolical object, and placed some combustible substance in a situation where it was likely to produce the desired effect. He had travelled to a distance of six or eight miles, when he heard the explosion, and the spot where he stood is still marked for the execration of mankind. The ship was blown up, and nearly all on board perished. Together with the crew and troops, many of the first men of the country

were destroyed by this perfidious act. Tradition states that the poop of the ship was blown to a great distance, with six men, whose lives were saved. Maclean of Duart had procured some cannon from the Florida, for the purpose of battering the castle of a neighbouring chieftain; and a few Spanish gunners, who assisted in that service, were preserved by their absence from the ship. Various attempts have been made to retrieve this valuable vessel from the bosom of the deep. At the beginning of the last century, the English ambassador at Madrid having procured some authentic information regarding the treasure which had been on board the Florida, an English ship of war was sent to Tobermorey, for the purpose of recovering the specie. The wreck was soon found, and many articles were raised; but no money was acknowledged. The ship, however, never returned to England, and it was suspected she had taken refuge in France for obvious reasons. In 1787, the celebrated diver, Spalding, made an attempt to recover this treasure; but he entirely failed, the remains of the vessel having sunk into the clay and mud, and totally disappeared.

"We proceeded," says Dr Clarke, "into the interior part of the island. Its surface presented a wild and melancholy view of extensive heaths, covered with small black cattle, but almost uncultivated. Not a town or a village was to be seen, excepting Tobermorey; and, besides the houses of a few Highland lairds, situated on the coast, there is nothing but huts to be seen over the whole island. I entered several of these huts, which are even inferior to the generality of poor cottages in Wales. Their interior represents the most abject state to which human nature, by poverty and barbarism, can possibly be reduced. The pig-sties of England are palaces to the huts of Mull. But if any one imagines happiness and entertainment are strangers in these receptacles of abomination, he is much deceived; so relative is all human felicity. Surely, if any thing can teach mankind the golden lesson of being contented with a small and peaceful competence, it is the spectacle of unfeigned

The Western Islands.

satisfaction amidst poverty and want such as this. It has been matter of surprise to me, that a man of so powerful a mind as Dr Johnson could have derived a source of spleen from the contemplation of such scenes. We do not visit the Hebrides to see stately palaces or groves of citron, but to behold uncultivated nature, in the shed of the Highlander, or the solitude of the mountains. Hitherto disappointment has been a stranger in my path. I found the untutored natives such as I expected them to be, and in their miserable mansions received a lesson of contentment which future impressions will never be able to obliterate."

The celebrated island of Staffa lies to the west of Mull. It is a small isle, but important on account of its highly peculiar geological structure. More than one half of its circumference is occupied by very handsome colonades of regular basaltic pillars, which are completely laid bare by the sea. The rest of the island exhibits the same basaltic appearances; but the pillars are bent and twisted in various directions. They generally rest on an irregular pavement, formed of the upper sides of those pillars which have been broken off. The pillars are variously of three, four, five, and six sides; and are generally composed of pieces, like the stones of a piece of mason-work, having concavities and corresponding convexities, as if for the purpose of adding strength to the structure. The most remarkable part of Staffa is the Cave of Fingal, a natural recess of a hundred yards depth in the highest side of the island, lined on each side with tall columns, and overhung by a roof composed of fragments of the same material. This is considered, by all travellers, as one of the greatest natural curiosities in the world. The sea flows into the farthest extremity, so that boats may sail into it in calm weather.

The renowned island of Icolmkill lies off the south-west point of Mull. It is about three miles long and one broad, and now inhabited by an abject race of poor and ignorant Highlanders. It is needless to inform the reader that this is, as Johnson expresses it, "the illus-

trious island, which was once the luminary of the Caledonian regions, whence savage clans and roving barbarians derived the benefits of knowledge and the blessings of religion;" that it was, in the sixth century, the place where Columba, an Irish saint, first propagated the Christian faith amongst a people formerly devoted to the superstitions of Druidical paganism; that it was for centuries the ordinary burial-place of the Scottish kings; and that it afterwards became at once an abbacy, and the seat of the bishopric of the Isles. The relics which still exist to attest its former greatness, are very numerous. The cathedral is a building still pretty entire, 164 feet long without, and 34 broad. Within the choir, which is itself 60 feet in length, are several fine pillars, carved in the Gothic way, with great variety of fanciful and ludicrous figures, representing parts of scripture. Amongst the rest is an angel with a pair of scales, weighing souls, and the devil keeping down that in which the weight lies with his paw. On his face is portrayed a malicious grin. The east window is a beautiful specimen of Gothic figure workmanship. In the middle of the cathedral rises a square tower of about 80 feet in height, supported by four arches, and ornamented with bas-reliefs. In the chancel there is a tomb-stone of black marble, with a fine recumbent figure of Abbot Macfingone, who died in 1500. On the other side of the chancel is a similar monument to Abbot Kenneth. On the floor is the figure of an armed knight, with an animal sprawling at his feet. On the right of the cathedral, and contiguous to it, are the remains of the college, some of the cloisters of which are still visible. The common hall is entire, with stone seats for the disputants. A little to the north of the cathedral are the remains of the bishop's house, and on the south is a chapel dedicated to St Oran, pretty entire, 60 feet long, and 22 broad, but nearly filled up with rubbish and monumental stones. In the enclosure adjoining to this building, forty-eight Scottish kings, four kings of Ireland, eight Norwegian monarchs, and one king of France, are said to be interr-

ed,—perhaps the most extensive holy alliance or congress of European sovereigns on the other side of the grave! Icolmkill, which is popularly termed I, and classically Iona, was the depository of a vast collection of valuable papers and books, all of which were dispersed or destroyed at the Reformation. Other ruins of monastic buildings, besides those above enumerated, can be traced throughout the island; and many places are pointed out, noted for particular acts of St Columba, the legends of which are firmly believed by the common people, who still adhere to many superstitious customs.

The large islands of Islay and Jura lie considerably to the south of Mull. The chief curiosity in the former is the castle of the Macdonalds, Lords of the Isles, which is situated in the centre of a lake. That insular monarch is said to have lived in all the pomp of acknowledged sovereignty, and to have been regularly crowned like other kings. Instead of being crowned on a throne, he stood upon a large stone, which had hollows to receive his feet, and the bishop of Argyle usually performed the ceremony. The stone is still to be seen, as well as the ruins of his palace and its offices. Jura is chiefly remarkable for the three beautiful conical hills, which, rising in a line with a soft swelling outline, are descriptively termed "the Paps of Jura." Both isles are distinguished from the rest of the Hebrides by the comparative equality of the weather. The inhabitants are addicted to a prodigious number of superstitious practices.

The shire of Bute is composed of the island of that name, and the neighbouring isles of Arran, Big and Little Cumbray, and Inchmarnock. All of them lie in the Firth of Clyde. Bute itself is distinguished by picturesque beauty, fertility of soil, and salubrity of climate. It has of late years become a fashionable summer resort for the mercantile gentry of the west, and for other persons afflicted with the cacoëthes of ruralizing. Rothsay, the county-town, and a royal burgh, is the chief point of resort; and certainly it would be diffi-

cult to match this place in soft and sunny loveliness. Besides all the attractions of nature, it possesses others of an artificial character. In the neighbourhood of the town may be seen the venerable ruins of Rothsay Castle, which was the favourite residence of Robert III, and which, after being the seat of the family of Bute, who are descended from that monarch, was burnt down in 1685, by the insurgent Earl of Argyle. Mount Stuart, the present residence of the Marquis of Bute, is a splendid mansion, surrounded by one of the finest woods of which this country can boast. Bute now consists of only two parishes, but formerly contained ten or twelve churches, and about thirty hermitages.

Arran, or Arr-inn, that is, the island of mountains, is a much larger island than Bute, but not distinguished by the same valuable qualities. It is almost everywhere mountainous and rugged, broken by rocks, or covered with heath. Lamlash is the principal harbour. The whisky produced in Arran is said to be of a peculiarly fascinating description. People principally visit it on this account, and in order to get their minds excited by the contemplation of awfully wild and romantic scenery. The King's Cave, a natural recess in the bold coast which looks towards Campbelton, is worthy of a visit. Robert Bruce, during a period of distress, was concealed here for several days, along with a few faithful companions. They seem to have amused themselves, during their tedious confinement, by carving figures of wild animals, and of weapons, on the soft face of the rock; all of which are still to be seen, along with three Roman characters, M, D, and R.

Of the remainder of the Western Islands, the following brief notices may be considered sufficiently copious.

Skye, the most considerable of the Hebrides, extends along the west coast of Ross-shire. It contains about 18,000 inhabitants, who subsist by fishing and agriculture. The coast is very bold, and the interior mountainous; but there is a good deal of level and arable land throughout, and the indentations of the coast furnish

an infinite variety of natural harbours. There are many curious grottoes, Druidical monuments, and ancient forts on the island. The principal town is Portree, where there are two annual fairs; the principal mansion, that of Dunvegan, the seat of the Macleods, who own the greater part of the isle. The southern district of Skye, called Sleat, is remarkable for the beauty of its female natives.

Uist, North and South, are two of the more remote range of islands, having one called Benbecula between them. Their aspect is gloomy and desolate; they are thinly inhabited; and the contemplation of them can excite as little of pleasurable emotion in the traveller as these notices can supply him with agreeable reading.

Lewis, the most northerly of the Hebrides, is about thirty-five miles long, and from ten to twenty-three in breadth. Another isle, that of Harris, adjoins to it on the south, being divided by a narrow gullet which is dry at low water. The chief town is Stornoway, which contains nearly five thousand inhabitants, and is rapidly acquiring the luxuries and elegancies of life. There are innumerable Druidical and other monuments throughout Lewis, as in all the rest of the Hebrides.

St Kilda, the most remote, and perhaps the most renowned of all these islands, lies about forty-seven leagues distant from the mainland. The people who live in this far-segregated part of the world, and whose numbers fluctuate between a hundred and a hundred and fifty, are, as might be expected, the most simple and primitive of all his majesty's British subjects. They live on fish and wild fowl, chiefly the latter, in catching which they display a great deal of boldness and dexterity. St Kilda is remarkable for having been, about the beginning of the last century, the prison of Lady Grange, a Scottish lady of quality, who, on account of her having become acquainted with some state secrets, was violently carried away from her house at Edinburgh, and transported to this island, where she died.

The Western Islands.

P. S. It would be improper to dismiss this article without noticing Glencroe, one of the finest specimens of Highland landscape which is anywhere to be seen. Glencroe is a rude vale, extending westward from the head of Loch Long, and traversed by the road which leads from Dunbarton, by Tarbet, to Inverary. One of the most common tours of a moderate length in the west of Scotland, is to make a circuit in this direction, by Loch Lomond, and to return by Loch Fyne to the mouth of the Clyde; a tour which, among many other recommendations, possesses the two very material ones, that it can be performed in little time, and at little expense, on account of the singular accuracy and facility to which every conventional system of conveyance, in the neighbourhood of Glasgow, has now arrived. It is customary to proceed from the western capital to a place near Dunbarton, by one of the numerous steamboats which are ever plying upon the Clyde; from thence, to travel in a stage-coach over the few miles of ground which intervene between the Clyde and Loch Lomond; to sail up that loch in a steam-boat to an inn about fourteen miles from the bottom, called Tarbet, where a curricular mode of conveyance is again assumed. From Tarbet, the road leads for two miles, along a beautiful low vale, to the head of Loch Long, an arm of the sea parallel with Loch Lomond, and along whose smooth waters the traveller here obtains a delightful peep. The head of Loch Long is distinguished by two objects, both of considerable, though unequal interest—a good inn, which was originally the mansion-house of the chief of Macfarlane, (the former feudal superior of this district,) and a grotesquely grand peak, called Ben Artur, or the Cobbler, because it resembles a shoemaker at work. Having turned the head of the lake, the road proceeds through an opening towards the west, and enters the Vale of Glencroe. In lonely magnificence, and all the attributes of Highland valley scenery, Glencroe can only be considered inferior to the vale which it so nearly resembles in name. Its sides are covered with rude fragments of rock; and a little

stream runs wildly along the bottom, as if anxious to escape from its terrible solitudes. The traveller ascends to the head of the vale, by a steep and painful path, at the top of which there is a stone seat, with an inscription indicating that this road was constructed by the soldiers of the twenty-second regiment, and also inscribed with the appropriate words, "Rest and be thankful." From this point, the distance to Cairndow on the bank of Loch Fyne is seven miles; the whole distance from Tarbet being thirteen. At Cairndow, a boat is to be procured, to convey the traveller down the loch to Inverary, a distance of five miles.

The Northern Islands.

Ultima Thule!

These remote but interesting islands, forming altogether a stewartry, and sending a member to parliament, lie in two divisions, a considerable way to the north and north-east of the mainland. The nearer division comprises about thirty islands, which are denominated the Orkneys; the farther, about eighty-six, which bear the general designation of Shetland. In former times, they were attached to the Danish kingdom; and, after many vacillations, it was only by the marriage of James VI with Anne of Denmark, that they fell at last irrecoverably under the dominion of a British monarch. The inhabitants have still manners and customs different from those of the mainland, and the contemplation of which renders a tour through these distant regions a matter of peculiar interest.

The inhabitants of Orkney, who altogether amount to nearly 30,000, having more intercourse with the rest of the world than those of Shetland, make a nearer approach to the continental Scots, in manners, and also in language. Orkney is in some measure the commercial mart of all the islands; its inhabitants oftener go abroad to see the world; and it is more subject to the

influx of strangers. Thus, though it be observable that they have to suit their manners in some measure to local circumstances, they are but little different, in most respects, from the inhabitants of a Lowland country. The people of Orkney contemplate their remote neighbours the Shetlanders, with nearly the same feeling of strangeness which we ourselves entertain; and thus indicate a degree of assimilation of which we are not perhaps sufficiently aware.*

Perhaps the most remarkable thing about Orkney and Shetland is the total absence of trees. The country is a wide-spread waste of uninterrupted light green; and the people are as ignorant of the appearance and qualities of these beautiful natural objects as we are of the vines of Hungary. The license of the painter to plant a tree by the sides of his landscapes, would be of

* Strabo, in his map of the World, characterises the people of all the remote and unexplored countries, by the term Ichthyophagi, *Eaters of Fish*. If living upon the productions of the sea be the characteristic of a primitive state of society, then must the Shetlanders be considered a very rude people; for fish is their principal, and, in many cases, their only support. Even four-footed animals live upon fish in Shetland. A friend of ours was never more amused in his life, than by observing the proceedings of a Shetland family-cow, in regard to a cod-head which had been assigned to it as part of its evening repast. With an adroitness, the result of experience alone, it stripped off the external edible part, then coolly proceeded to lay open the internal stores of the skull, and finally made as complete a piece of work of it, as the most expert picker could have made of a fowl with all appliances and means to boot. The male peasants of Shetland have an ancient and it would appear an ineradicable habit of sleeping as much as nature will admit of during the winter; leaving their wives to attend to household matters, and to supply them with the food which their summer industry had stored up for the short days. This, however, owing to the severity and darkness of the hyperborean winter, is a period of general inactivity throughout Shetland. The gentry do nothing during the months of November, December, and January, but feast and play at cards. They have attempted to reform the indolent habits of their inferiors by the introduction of some manufactures; but it seems impossible to change a habit which has perhaps arisen only in obedience to the immutable decrees of nature.

The Northern Islands.

no avail in the case of the Northern Islands. A gentleman has planted some trees in his garden at a place called Busta, on the Mainland of Shetland; they have grown only to the height of the wall, being blasted above that point by the sea-breeze; yet such is the admiration which the people entertain for this great natural wonder, that, wherever a stranger goes throughout the country, one of the first questions is, "But have you seen the trees at Busta?" If he have not seen them, they beseech him to do so before quitting the country; anxious, it would appear, that he should carry away as favourable an impression from their shores as possible.

Desolate and remote as Shetland is, the people are by no means to be regarded with that sentiment of pity which southrons and metropolitans are too apt to feel in regard to those who live at a distance from the sun, and from the fountain of civilization. Shetland has the precious advantage of never having been overpeopled or overfed by a precarious system of manufacturing; but has subsisted all along in a state of wonderful comfort upon its own natural wealth. There are just two classes of people in the country—the gentry and the peasantry. The former have all that considerate and condescending affection for their inferiors which distinguished the feudal state of society; and the people, on the other hand, have a corresponding degree of fond respect for their landlords. Existence requires no struggle, no competition, no rivalry, as in the mainland. Life is not here a state of perpetual toil. In the long intervals of labour, the people enjoy themselves over the fruits of their industry, the simple productions of nature, and cultivate the domestic affections. The gentry spend almost the whole of their time in exercising the duties of hospitality, and in a round of innocent amusements. None of them ever know the influence of straitened circumstances; for unless the earth cease to produce grain, and the sea to yield its living treasures, how should they ever know want?

There is scarcely any thing like a mercantile community in Shetland. The shopkeepers of Lerwick,

though styled merchants, are just like the omne-gatherum dealers of little Lowland towns. They are also very little concerned about the means of subsistence. Our informant, during his residence there, never found the least difficulty in getting a *merchant* to shut up his shop at mid-day, and go away upon a pleasure-excursion.*

What must horrify a southron, and might make Mr Macadam's hair absolutely stand on end, there is only one mile of road in all Shetland! This extends from the town of Lerwick towards the west. Travelling is usually performed on the little wild horses so well known everywhere by the name of *shelties,* which are still caught at the commencement of a journey and let loose at its conclusion, precisely as described in the novel of "the Pirate." A person proposing to sojourn in Shetland, cannot take with him any articles that will be of greater service than a saddle and bridle; without these things, indeed, he will find it almost impossible to travel through the country at all, unless he be able and willing to ride on the bare back, or at most, with the occasional succedaneum of a bed-pillow. The want of roads will be found as matter of little in-

* Such was also the blessed case in Edinburgh, before it became necessary to employ every hour in earnest toil in order to acquire daily bread; when rents were scarcely worth the name, and every man shut in at eight o'clock in order to attend his club, &c. About seventy years ago, it was quite a common thing for a shopkeeper, occupying part of what is called a double shop in the High Street or Luckenbooths, to go down for an hour or two to Leith Races, without locking up his shop, but simply saying to his neighbour, as he passed out, "Keep my shop a wee; I'm gaun doun to the races." There was a shopkeeper in College Street within the last thirty years, who had a regular white ticket for insertion in his window, bearing this inscription, "Gone to take a walk in the Meadows,—will be back in half an hour." People applying during his absence had to wait till he returned. Those who kept "laigh" shops, moreover, in the Lawnmarket, might then have been often found playing at the draughts with a neighbour across the counter; in case of a customer entering, they never rose till they had played out the game.

The Northern Islands.

convenience; because the kindness of the people will prevent him from ever going without a guide.

Lerwick, the principal town in Shetland, contains about two thousand inhabitants. But the chief artificial object of any interest on the country is the castle of Scalloway, situated on a promontory at the west side of the mainland, a few miles from Lerwick, and contiguous to a little old town. Scalloway was built by Patrick Earl of Orkney, an oppressive autocrat who, for his numerous crimes, was eventually hanged at Edinburgh, in 1614. It bears the date 1601, and over the door there used to be the following inscription: "Patricius Orcadiae et Zetlandiae Comes: cujus fundamen sanum, domus illa manebit; labilis e contra si sit arena, perit."

It was to this remote region that the infamous Bothwell resorted, after his expulsion from Scotland. For some time, as is well known, he subsisted himself and his followers by piratical practices. There is a tradition respecting his final escape from his pursuers, peculiar to Zetland. "After the dispersion of his small squadron by Kirkaldy of Grange and Murray of Tulliebardine, the former, in a ship called the Unicorn, pursued him so closely that when the vessel that carried Bothwell escaped by the north passage of Bressa Sound, Kirkaldy came in by the south, and continued to chase to the northward. When his enemies were gaining fast upon him, and his capture appeared inevitable, Bothwell's pilot, who was well acquainted with the course, contrived to sail close by a sunken rock, which he passed in safety; and Kirkaldy, sailing nearly in the same direction, but unconscious of the hidden danger, struck his vessel against it, and was wrecked. The rock, which can be seen at low water, is called the Unicorn to this day."—*Edmonston's Zetland*, i. 89.

The admiral's ship of the Spanish Armada was cast ashore and wrecked on the Fair Isle, one of the smaller of the Shetland islands. After eating up all the provisions of the island, the crew had to get themselves transported to the mainland, and from thence to

The Northern Islands.

France in a pinnace belonging to one of the islanders. The Duke of Medina Sidonia, admiral of this unfortunate fleet, previously to finally setting sail, lodged at Quendale, in the house of Malcolm Sinclair, an old gentleman who had seen the world. Under the idea that the natives beheld him with profound admiration, the vain Spaniard one day desired his interpreter to ask his host if he ever had seen such a man. "Farcie on that face!" exclaimed Sinclair; "I have seen many a prettier man hanging in the Burrow-moor."

In Orkney, as already observed, there is less peculiarity of manners than in Shetland, and of course less to interest the stranger. The people speak a dialect more nearly approaching to English than the Lowland Scotch, using the phrases *thou* and *thee*, like the English of the seventeenth century. As in England, moreover, the women attend funerals.*

* The following remarks on Orkney have been supplied by a native of the country.

Few countries exhibit such variety of scenery in a narrow compass as the Orkneys. Hills and vallies, lakes, streams, and bays, sprinkled with small green islets, are grouped together within the space of a few miles. But their distinguishing features are to be found in their rock and sea scenery. These indeed are magnificent. The ocean, diversified by the numerous islands, is divested of its usual monotony, while it exhibits aspects of more terrific grandeur than elsewhere.

Pressed by a world of waters through the narrow channels which separate the islands, the currents, setting in from opposite directions, rush through these straits, frequently at the rate of nine knots an hour; and meeting in full force, boil up into vast billows which burst into sheets of foam even in the calmest day.

Much of the feudal system still remains in this country, and produces its usual bad effects upon lord and vassal. The better sort were formerly remarkable for their hospitality to strangers; but the deceptions incident to the indiscriminate practice of this virtue, together with the effects of a more general intercourse with the world, have had their usual influence here as in many other districts.

The better classes are perhaps more polished than could be expected in such a remote situation. An idea prevails among themselves, that they are more so than their neighbours in the

Kirkwall, the county-town, and a royal burgh of date 1486, is situated on a narrow neck of land, in the main island, with a fine bay or road-stead on one side. It is a town of considerable size, containing above two thousand inhabitants. It consists chiefly in one long irregular street, with the houses projecting endways, and a number of lanes diverging from both sides. The chief object of curiosity in the town is the Cathedral Church of St Magnus, the seat of the Bishop of Orkney, and remarkable as the only cathedral, besides that of Glasgow, which survived the Reformation. It is built of a softish red sandstone, and is altogether a magnificent and imposing pile. It is said to have been built by Reginald, Count of Orkney, in 1138. It is dedicated to St Magnus, the supposed founder of Kirkwall. A portion is occupied as the parish church. The dimensions are,—length 256 feet, breadth 56, height of roof 71; from the level of the floor to the top of the steeple is 133 feet. The remains of the Bishop's Palace, which, even in desertion and decay, has an impressive appear-

south; and they tell you that from whatever part of the kingdom a stranger comes to reside in Orkney, his manners are sure to be improved.

There is little romance about the Orcadians. The characteristic anecdotes that one hears related of them, are principally of their shrewdness, cunning, and stoicism. Of the latter I give the following specimen. A country man in the parish of Firth, in the mainland, had the misfortune to become a widower for the second time, and attended the remains of his second wife to the place of interment, viz. the grave of his first. Immediately before the solemnity took place, he fixed his staff into a skull which was lying among the loose earth by the side of the grave; and holding it up among the crowd with a complacent smile, called out, "This is Maggie's head." "What Maggie?" asked one of the by-standers. "Oh, Maggie, my first wife," replied he —"see what good teeth she has yet, and indeed so she may, for she never had the toothache."

The lower orders of the Orcadians are perhaps, after all, the best part of the population. They have many amiable traits of character, are almost all hospitable to strangers, and kind to the poor. Their virtues flow from the heart, while their faults are generally those that spring from circumstance.

The Northern Islands.

ance, are to be seen in the immediate neighbourhood of the Cathedral. Immediately adjoining is the Earl's Palace, the deserted abode of the infamous Patrick already mentioned, having been built by him in 1607. Opposite to the Cathedral, on the west side of the street, there is another ruined building of great size and apparent antiquity, denominated the King's Castle. One of the greatest fairs, if not the very greatest, in the kingdom, is annually held at Kirkwall, in September; it continues for twenty days, and is resorted to by people from all parts of his majesty's dominions, and even by foreigners; being, in fact, a brief period into which all the twelvemonth's commerce of these northern islands is, at it were, concentrated.

INDEX.

Abbey St Bathan's, i. 59
Abbotsford, i. 127
Aberdeen, ii. 264—272
Aberdour, ii. 222
Aberfoyle, ii. 352
Aberlady, ii. 157
Abernethy, ii. 337
Agnew, Sir Andrew, anecdote of, i. 45
Ailsa Craig, i. 287
Aird's Moss, battle of, i. 323
Aldie, ii. 338
Allan Water, ii. 339
Alloa, ii. 331,—Alloa Ale, *ibid.* —Alloa House, *ibid.*
Alloway Kirk, i. 304
Alva, ii. 334
Amisfield castle, i. 231
Ancrum, battle of, i. 97
Anderson, Andrew, a native of Elgin, his singular history, ii. 289
Anderson's Institution at Glasgow, ii. 382
Annan, i. 205
Annandale, i. 205
Anster Fair, ii. 207
Anstruther, ii. 203
Anwoth, i. 273.
Arbigland, i. 248
Arbroath, ii. 232
Ardoch, Roman Camp at, ii. 343
Ardrossan, i. 318
Argyleshire, ii. 398
Argyle's Lodging, in Stirling, ii. 30
Armada, Spanish, anecdote of the commander of, ii. 417
Armstrong, Johnnie, i. 196
———— of Sorbie, anecdote of, i. 116
———— the poet, his native place, i. 117
Arran, ii. 409
Athelstaneford, ii. 136
Athole, ii. 386
Auchnacary, ii. 325
Auchenblae, ii. 259
Auld Forty-five, anecdote of a person so called, ii. 345, note
Avon, river, i. 352
Ayr, i. 298—302
Ayrshire, i. 283

Bacchanalian powers, strange instance of, ii. 338
Baillie, Lady Grizel, personal appearance of, i. 33
Balcomie House, ii. 202

Baliol, John, his rendition of the kingdom to Edward I, ii. 255, 256
Ballangeich, i. 23
Ballantrae, i. 288
Ballochmyle, i. 308
Banff, ii. 281, 282
Bannockburn, village of, ii. 38, —battle-ground of, ii. 40
Barlocco Shore, i. 253
Bass, the, ii. 151—154
Bathgate, ii. 74
Beacons in time of the late war, i. 31
Beaton, Cardinal, ii. 201, 250
——'s Mill, ii. 43
Beaufort castle, ii. 306
Beauly, ii. 305
Beggar's Bennison, ii. 207
Bell, a fine one at Forfar, ii. 238
Bellecraig, i. 219
Ben Ledi, ii. 347
Benlomond, ii. 396
Ben Nevis, ii. 325
Ben Wyvis, ii. 308
Beregonium, ii. 400
Berridale, ii. 316
BERWICKSHIRE, i. 22
Berwick upon Tweed, i. 24
Bessy Bell and Mary Gray, Legend of, ii. 377.
Biggar, i. 332
Binning takes Linlithgow castle from the English, ii. 52
Birnam Hill, ii. 376
Black Agnes, ii. 140
Black Rock abune the Dee, i. 270
Blaikie, James, an eccentric person, i. 71
Blair, author of "the Grave," ii. 136
Blair castle, ii. 386
Blairquhan, Legend of, i. 320
Blantyre Priory, i. 366
Blednoch, river, i. 277
Bodsbeck, brownie of, i. 222
Boethius, Hector, his birth-place, ii. 230
Boghall, i. 333
Boldside ferry, dreadful accident at, i. 128
Bonhill, ii. 393
Bonniton House, i. 344
Bonniton Linn, i. 342
Border, the, i. 20
Borrowstownness, ii. 76
Boston, the Rev. Thomas, his birth-place, i. 43; his parish church, i. 171
Bothwell, i. 363
Bothwell Bank, i. 365
Bothwell Bridge, i. 358—Battle of, 359—361
Bothwell castle, i. 363
Bothwell, Earl of, ii. 415
Bothwellhaugh, i. 361
Bower, the, (Lanarkshire,) i. 330
Bowhill, i. 156
Boyd, Zachary, his translation of the Bible, i. 381
Bracklin, ii. 347
Branks, the, (a curious instrument,) i. 197
Branksome, i. 102
Branksome, Bonny Lass of, i. 102
Breadalbane, Earl of, anecdotes of his ancestors, ii. 389
Brechin, Battle of, ii. 249—town of, 252—castle of, 253
Bridgelands, i. 144
Bridge of Allan, ii. 332
Brisbane, i. 319
Broadmeadows, i. 163
Brora, ii. 314
Broughton, (Peebleshire,) i. 184; antiquities in parish of, i. 193
Brow, i. 207
Brownhill Inn, i. 236
Bruar, falls of the, ii. 387
Bruce, Michael, his birth-place, ii. 153

Bruce of Clackmannan, ii. 330
Bruce, Robert, his castle at Lochmaben, i. 212—the Red Cummin stabbed by, 225—his tomb at Dunfermline, ii. 178—anecdote of, 334—hidden in Arran, 409
Buchan, district of, ii. 275
——— Earl of, his seat at Dryburgh, i. 119
Buchanan, his birth-place, ii. 45
Buckhaven, ii. 216
Buller of Buchan, ii. 273
Burgh of barony, picture of an old, i. 133—138
Burghs, note regarding their privileges, ii. 166
Burnet, Bishop, ii. 125
Burns, anecdote of, i. 96—his burial-place, 226—his favourite haunt on Cluden Water, 234—his farm of Ellisland, with anecdote, 235——impromptu by, 236—his "Scots wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled," 264—his native district, 297—his birth-place, 303—his monument, 305.—his residence at Irvine, 315—his visit to Carron, ii. 37
Burnswark, hill of, i. 210
Burntisland, ii. 222
Burnweil, i. 314
Bush abune Traquair, i. 192
Butcher's wife in Stirling, curious legend of a, ii. 33
Buteshire, ii. 408
Byron, Lord, his residence at Aberdeen, ii. 268

Cadyow castle, i. 352
Caerlaverock castle, i. 229
Caithness, ii. 315
Caithness herrings, ii. 315
Caldron Linn, ii. 337
Caledonian Canal, ii. 322
Callender, ii. 346
Cally House, i. 272
Camelon, ii. 38
Cameron, (Dunbartonshire,) ii. 393
———, anecdote of the celebrated Jeanie, ii. 403
——— Richard, his burial-place, i. 323
Camlongan castle, i. 230
Campbelton, ii. 399
Cannibals, family of, in Angus, ii. 233
Cannobie, i. 199
Cannobie Lee, i. 199
Cant, Andrew, anecdote of, ii. 262
Cape Wrath, ii. 310
Cardonness castle, i. 272
Carnwath, i. 336
Carron Iron-works, ii. 37
Carron water, Stirlingshire, ii. 45
Carsphairn, i. 271
Cartlane Crags, i. 340, 347
Cassilis, Countess of, her story, i. 294
Cassilis castle, i. 294
Castle Campbell, ii. 336
Castle Huntly, ii. 354
Cathcart castle, ii. 15
Cathedral, of Galloway, i. 278—Glasgow, 373—Edinburgh, ii. 89—St Andrews, 196—Aberdeen, 270—Moray, 286—Caithness, 311—Ross, 319—Dumblane, 339—Dunkeld, 380—the Isles, 407—Orkney, 419
Catterthun, ii. 248
Cawdor castle, ii. 293
Charles I, anecdote of, ii. 180
Cherrytrees, i. 85
Cherry and the Slae, a poem, notice regarding, i. 263
Chevalier, the Old, ii. 243, 254, 276
Choicelee cheese, i, 41
Clach-na-cudin of Inverness the, ii. 303

Clackmannan, ii. 329
Clackmannanshire, ii. 327
Claverhouse, his great boldness, i. 221
Clenched Fist, Legend of the, ii. 334—336
Closeburn castle, i. 237
Closeburn school, i. 238
Cluden, river, i. 234
Clyde, river, i. 326—328—rise of, 329—its slowness, 336—its falls, 342.
Coach, first seen in the Highlands, ii. 300
Coal-bearer, singular anecdote of a female, ii. 124
Coalstoun, ii. 135
Coalstoun Pear, the, ii. 135
Cockburn Law, i. 58
Colbrandspath castle, i. 55
Coldingham, i. 49
Coldstream, i. 28
Colinsburgh, ii. 210
College of Glasgow, i. 380—of Edinburgh, ii. 90—of St Andrews, 197—of New Aberdeen, 268—of Old Aberdeen, 271
Colvend, i. 249
Colzean, i. 292
Compston castle, i. 262
Comrie, ii. 364
Corra Linn, i. 342
Corsregal Abbey, i. 292
Costume, notices of Scottish, i. 242
Cout of Keeldar, story of a warrior so called, i. 108
Covenanters, their haunts in Moffatdale, i. 220
Covington Mill, i. 335
Cowdaily castle, i. 338
Cowdenknowes, i. 62
Cowdenknowes House, i. 63
Craigleith, ii. 333
Craigmillar castle, ii. 119
Craignethan castle, i. 351
Craig Phadrig, ii. 301
Craigsford, i. 71
Crail, ii. 202
Cranshaws castle, i. 57
Craufurdland castle, i. 310
Crawford Priory, ii. 193
Creekhope Linn, i. 237
Creetown, i. 275
Crieff, ii. 361
Crinan Canal, ii. 401
Cromarty, ii. 320
Cromarty, Bay of, ii. 308
Cromwell, Oliver, anecdotes of, i. 375; ii. 373
Crook Inn, i. 194
Crook of Devon, ii. 333
Crookstone castle, ii. 14
Cruicks, the, place so called, near Inverkeithing, ii. 166
Culbin, an estate overwhelmed by sand, ii. 292
Cullen, ii. 283
Culloden Moor, ii. 301
Culross, ii. 329
Cumnock, New, i. 322
Cumnock, Old, i. 322
Cupar-Angus, ii. 378
Cupar-Fife, ii. 193
Curious mercantile custom at Stirling, ii. 32

Dalbeattie, i. 249
Dalhousie castle, ii. 117
Dalkeith, ii. 96
Dalkeith House, ii. 97
Dalmellington, i. 319
Dalree, ii. 391
Dalscairth, i. 248
Dalveen, pass of, i. 243
Danskein Inn, i. 56
Dean castle, i. 310
Debateable Land, i. 199
Dee, river (Aberdeenshire) ii. 265
Dee, river, (Galloway) bridge over, i. 264
Demyat Hill, ii. 333
Den-Fenella, ii. 257

Denholm, i. 99
Denoon castle, ii. 248
Devil Almighty, the, anecdote of a person so called, i. 303
Devil's Mill, ii. 337
Devon, river, ii. 332
Dingwall, ii. 306
Dirleton castle, ii. 155
Dobbie's Grave, i. 139
Dollar, ii. 336
Don, bridge of, ii. 272
Dornoch, firth of, ii. 309
Dornoch, town and cathedral of, ii. 311
Douglas castle, i. 45
Douglas, family of, i. 345
Douglas, Heron, and Co's Bank, i. 286
Douglas, the Knight of Liddisdale, i. 100, 107
Douglas, town of, i. 345
Douglas Water, i. 344
Doune, ii. 346
Drochils castle, i. 194
Drumclog, battle of, i. 355, 356
Drumelzier castle, i. 189
Drumlanrig castle, i. 238
Drummond castle, ii. 362
Drummond of Hawthornden, anecdotes of, ii. 116, 240
Drummond, Queen Annabella, her palace at Inverkeithing, ii. 168
Dryburgh Abbey, i. 118
Dryfe Sands, battle of, i. 216
Dryfesdale, i. 216
Duel near Selkirk, i. 144
Duff House, ii. 281
Dumfries, i. 223
DUMFRIESSHIRE, i. 195
Dunbar, ii. 138-149—battle of, 147
Dunbar castle, ii. 139
Dunbarton, town and castle of, ii. 392, 393
Dunbartonshire, ii. 392
Dumblane, ii. 339
Dundee, ii. 227
Dundonald castle, i. 314
Dundrennan Abbey, i. 250
Dundrennan House, i. 252
Duneira, ii. 365
Dunfermline, ii. 171—181
Dunfermline Abbey, ii. 173
Dunfermline Palace, ii. 179
Dunglass castle, i. 55
Dunkeld, ii. 379
Dunlop cheese, i. 312
Dunnibrissal House, ii. 222
Dunnottar castle, ii. 261
Dunrobin castle, ii. 314
Dunse, i. 42
Dunse castle, i. 43
Dunse Law, i. 44
Dunsinnan, ii. 374
Duns Scotus, the philosopher, where born, i. 43
Dunstaffnage, ii. 400
Dunvegan, ii. 410
Dupplin House, ii. 360—battle of, *ibid.*
Durrisdeer, i. 240
Duwhat, i. 291
Dysart, ii. 218

Earl Beardie, ii. 247, 249
Earlstoun, (Galloway,) i. 271
Earlstoun, (Lauderdale) i. 65
EAST COAST, ii. 226
EAST LOTHIAN, ii. 123
East Neuk o' Fife, ii. 202
Ecclefechan, i. 210
Eddlestane, i. 183
Edinburgh, ii. 79, 95
Edinburgh castle, ii. 82
Edington, i. 47
Edin's Hold, i. 58
Edward III kills his brother at Perth, ii. 370
Eglintoune castle, i. 317
———, Earl of, shot, i. 285
Eildon Hills, i. 125

Elderslie, ii. 13
Elgin, ii. 286—290
Ellisland, Burns's farm, i. 235
Ely, ii. 210
Endrick Water, ii. 45
Erickstane Brae, i. 328
Erne, river, ii. 353, 358—Bridge of, 359—Loch, 367
Errol, ii. 354
Erskine, Ralph, anecdotes of, ii. 176
Esk, vale of, (Dumfriesshire,) i. 195, 196
Ettleton burial-ground, i. 113
Ettrick and Yarrow, rivers, i. 142
Ettrick Hall, i. 171
Ettrick House, i. 171
Ettrick Kirk, i. 170
Ettrick Shepherd, his birth-place, i. 171; his residence, 164
Ettrick, vale of, i. 168
Eyemouth, i. 47
Eye, river, i. 48

Fair Annie of Lochryan, i. 281
Fair Helen of Kirkconnel, i. 204
Fairy Stones of the Nameless Dean, i. 138
Falcon Stone, the, ii. 354
Falkirk, ii, 33
Falkland, ii. 185—193
Falkland Palace, ii. 186
Faskalie, ii. 385
Fast castle, i. 53
Fat-lips castle, i. 331
Fenella assassinates Kenneth III, ii. 256
Fenwick, i. 311
Ferintosh, ii. 320
Ferniehirst castle, i. 94
Fergus, Lord of Galloway, i. 246
Fettercairn, ii. 256
FIFE, ii. 163
Findhorn, river, ii. 291
Fingal's Cave, ii. 406
Fingask castle, ii. 354
Finbaven castle, ii. 249
Finlayson, gasconade of a Mr, ii. 352
Finnan Haddocks, or *Speldings*, ii. 263
Fisher Willie, Legend of, ii. 204
Fisherrow, ii. 107
Fishing in Tweed, i. 174
Fishing with geese, a curious old custom, ii. 351
Fish-wives, ii. 107—110
Fleet, river, i. 272
Fleurs castle, i. 84
Flodden Field, i. 29
Floods, great, anecdotes of, ii. 126
Florida, loss of the, at Mull, ii. 404
Fochabers, ii. 283
Fordoun, ii. 259
Forest, Ettrick, i. 142
Forfar, ii. 234
Forres, ii. 290—remarkable obelisk at, *ibid.*
Fort at Ayr, i. 301
Fort Augustus, ii. 324
Forteviot, ii. 361
Fort George, ii. 302
Forth, river, ii. 43
Fortrose, ii. 319
Forts, singular chain of, along the Tweed, i. 186
Fort William, ii. 326
Foss, ii. 387
Fossoway, ii. 337
Fraserburgh, ii. 276
Fraser, General, of Lovat, anecdotes of, ii. 306
Free masonry, where first established in this country, i. 317
Fremit Scot of Galloway, the, i. 246

Friarton Hole, ii. 355
Fruchie, ii. 191
Fyers, fall of, ii. 323

Galashiels, i. 130
Galawater, vale of, i. 130
GALLOWAY, i. 245
Galloways, (horses so called,) i. 247
Galston, i. 325
Gamelshiel castle, i. 46
Gamesloup castle, i. 288
Gardenstone, Lord, ii. 258
Garry, river, ii. 384
Garth, ii. 387
Gatehouse, i. 272
Gattonside, i. 125
Gavinton, i. 41
Gay the poet, i. 243
General's Hut, N. 323
Gladsmuir, ii. 125
Glammis castle, ii. 242
Gifford, ii. 137
Girvan, i. 289
Glasgow, i. 367—its society, 369—its cathedral, 373—its town hall, 383—its jail and court-houses, 384—the green, *ibid.*—bridges, *ibid*—the Broomielaw, 386—rise of trade at Glasgow, *ibid.*—the theatre, 388—Hutchinson's Hospital, 389—Lunatic Asylum, *ibid.*—rapid increase of population, 390—literature, 391
Glenapp, i. 280
Glencoe, ii. 401
Glendevon, ii. 333—338
Glenesk, ii. 254
Glenfinlas, ii. 348, note
Glenfruin, ii. 394
Glengary, ii. 324
Glengonar, i. 328
Glenluce, i. 279
Glenmore-na-h'-Albyn, ii. 322
Goldielea, i. 218
Golspie, ii. 313
Gordon castle, ii. 283
Gordon, parish of, i. 33
Gosford House, ii. 158
Gourock, ii. 16
Gowrie House at Perth, ii. 370
Gowrie, Carse of, ii. 353—traditions of, 355
Grandgore cured in Linlithgow at the public expense, ii. 65
Grange, Lady, confined at St Kilda, ii. 410
Grangemouth, ii. 38
Graham, Sir John de, his grave at Falkirk, ii. 35
Greenlaw, i. 34
Greenock, ii. 15
Gretna Green, i. 200
Gray Mare's Tail, i. 219
Gulane Links, ii. 157

Haddington, ii. 125—131
Hailes castle, ii. 138
Half-hanged Maggie Dickson, ii. 106
Halidon Hill, i. 27
Hamilton, i. 352
Hamilton, Anne, Duchess of, i. 353
Hamilton, Archbishop of St Andrews, his death, ii. 27
Hamilton, Count, his birthplace, i. 301
Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh, i. 361; ii. 68
Hamilton Palace, i. 352
Hand-fasting, a curious matrimonial custom, i. 198
Hangingshaw castle, i. 163
Harden castle, i. 102
Harit's Dyke, i. 35
Harry Wynde, his behaviour in a conflict at Perth, ii. 372
Hawthornden, ii. 114
Hawick, i. 99
Hawick gill, i. 101
Hay, family of, ii. 377
Heathdale, i. 275

Hedges, where and when first planted in Scotland, ii. 150, n.
Helmsdale, ii. 314
Henderland, Cockburn of, i. 165
Henderson of Fordel, ancient family of, ii. 167
Henry VI of England, resident at Kirkcudbright, i. 257
Heriot's hospital, ii. 92
Hermitage castle, i. 105
Hoddam tower, i. 209
Holyrood abbey and palace, ii. 91
Home, author of Douglas, ii. 136
Hopetoun House, ii. 77
Horsburgh castle, i. 191
Houna, ii. 317
Howe o' the Mearns, ii. 255
Howgate Mouth, i. 335
Howie, author of the Scots Worthies, i. 312
Hume castle, i. 30
Hume, David, birth-place of, i. 44
Hume, Sir Patrick, of Polwarth, anecdote of, i. 36
Hunterian Museum, i. 381
Huntly and Huntly-wood, (Berwickshire,) i. 33

Icolmkill, ii. 401
Inchcolm, ii. 223
Inches, beautiful plains so called at Perth, ii. 371
Inch Garvy, ii. 165
Inchmahome, ii. 350
Infanticide, singular story of, at Dunbar, ii. 144
Innkeeper, dreadful story of an, i. 56
Inverary, ii. 399
Inveresk church, ii. 105
Inverkeithing, ii. 166—battle of, 169
Inverleithen, i. 184
Inverlochy castle, ii. 325, 326—battle of, 325
Invermay, Birks of, ii. 360
Inverness, ii. 296—305
Iona, ii. 406
Irvine, i. 314
Isla, river, ii. 378
Islay, ii. 408

James III, anecdotes of, i. 320, ii. 54; death of, 42
James IV sees a supposed apparition at Linlithgow, ii. 62
James V, anecdotes of, ii. 23, 60, 224, 244
James VI, anecdotes of, i. 227, 232; ii. 22, 72—his birthplace, 88—his antipathy to tobacco, 157—anecdotes of, 190, 236—curious letter of, 244
Jardine Hall, i. 215
Jedburgh, i. 87
Jedburgh, town head of, i. 92
Jews, the, project a station in Scotland, ii. 165
John o' Groat's House, ii. 317
John's Haven, ii. 255
Jolly Beggars, scene of Burns, i. 306
Julius II, Pope, statue of, how destroyed, ii. 57
Jura, ii. 408

Kaitress Loch, ii. 355
Katrine, Loch, ii. 348
Kelso, i. 82
Kelso Convoy, i. 83
Keltie's Mends, ii. 338
Keltnie, fine scenery on the, ii. 387
Ken, river, i. 268
Kenmore, ii. 388
Kenmure castle, i. 269
Kenneth III assassinated, ii. 256
Kilbarchan, ii. 13
Kilbride castle, ii. 345
Kildonan, ii. 314
Killicrankie, ii. 385

Killin, ii. 390
Kilmahog, ii. 347
Kilmarnock, i. 308
Kilmorack waterfalls, ii. 306
Kilwinning, i. 317
Kincardine, county of, ii. 255—castle of, 256
Kincardine, town of, ii. 329
Kinfauns, ii. 354
Kinghorn, ii. 221
King's road in Selkirkshire, i. 167
Kinloss Abbey, ii. 290
Kinnaird's Head, ii. 276
Kinniel House, ii. 76
Kinnoul Rock, ii. 355; hill of, 373
Kinross, ii. 181
Kinross-shire, ii. 163
Kippenross, ii. 342
Kirkcaldy, ii. 219
Kirkconnel, Fair Helen of, i. 204
Kirkcudbright Bay, i. 253
KIRKCUDBRIGHT, Stewartry of, i. 245
Kirkcudbright, town of, i. 254-262
Kirkmaiden, i. 280
Kirkpatrick, family of, i. 237
Kirkwall, ii. 419
Kirriemuir, ii. 240
Kirsty's Mount, (Dumfries,) i. 224
Kirtle, river, i. 204
Knockfarrel, vitrified fort at, ii. 307
Knox, John, statue of him at Glasgow, i. 377—his birth-place, ii. 129

Lady Alva's Web, ii. 334
Ladykirk, i. 27
Lamerton Kirk, i. 47
Lamington, i. 330
Lammermuir, a district of Berwickshire, i. 45
Lammermuir Lion, i. 45
Lanark, i. 340
LANARKSHIRE, i. 326
Langholm, i. 197
Langside, Battle-ground of, ii. 14
Lang Whang, the, i. 338
Largie Craigs, i. 33
Largo, ii. 210
Largs, i. 318—battle of the, *ibid.*
Lasswade, ii. 117
Lauder, i. 74
Lauderdale, a district of Berwickshire, i. 61
Lauderdale, Duke of, i. 75
Law-case, strange, at Forfar, ii. 236
Lawrencekirk, ii. 257
Lee, the, i. 348
Lee Penny, the, i. 349
Legend of the baron of Mangerton, i. 118
Leighton, Bishop, anecdote of, ii. 340
Leith, ii. 95
Lennel House, i. 30
Lennox, portrait of the Duchess of, ii. 134
Leny, pass of, ii. 347
Lerwick, ii. 417
Lesmahago, i. 346
Lethington House, ii. 131
Leven, ii. 214
Leven, river, ii. 393
Lewis, ii. 410
Leyden, Dr John, his birth-place, i. 99
Liddisdale, i. 105; old roads in, 115
Lincluden, i. 233
Lindean burying-ground, i. 129
Linlithgow, ii. 48—74
Linlithgow Palace, ii. 50—60
LINLITHGOWSHIRE, ii. 47
Linton Church, Roxburghshire, i. 86
Linton, East, ii. 138
Linton, West, i. 183

Lithgow, William, the traveller, i. 246; his burial-place, 341
Loch Ard, ii. 353
Locharmoss, i. 230
Loch Con, ii. 353
Loch Doon, i. 272
Loch Dungeon, i. 271
Loch Eil, ii. 325
Loch Erne, ii. 367—Loch Erne Head, 368
Lochiel, the young, his house, ii. 325
Lochenbrack, i. 264
Loch Leven, ii. 181
Loch Lochy, ii. 325
Loch Lomond, ii. 394
Loch Lubnaig, ii. 347
Lochmaben, i. 211.
Loch Ness, ii. 322
Loch of the Lowes, i. 165
Loch Oich, ii. 324
Lochryan, i. 280
Loch Tay, ii. 389
Lockerby, i. 217
Lockerby Lick, a, i. 216
Lockhart Family, the, i. 348
Logierait, ii. 384
Lollards of Kyle, i. 284
Lomond Hills in Fife, i. 184
Longformacus, i. 59
Long Niddry, ii. 159
Loretto, Chapel of, ii. 102
Loudoun Hill, i. 354
Lowe, author of Mary's Dream, i. 269
Luce Abbey, i. 279
Luncarty, ii. 377
Lundie, standing stones of, ii. 213
Luss, ii. 394

Mabie, i. 248
Macbeth, place where he met the witches, ii. 291
Macduff, ii. 281
Macduff's Cross, ii. 357
Macfarquhar's Bed, ii, 321
Mackenzie, Sir George, his birth-place, ii. 230
Mackie, Peter, a religious enthusiast, ludicrous anecdote of, ii. 372
Maclean of Lochbui, ii. 402
Macpherson the robber, ii. 282
Macwhirter, Sir Ulrick, Legend of, i. 320
Maggie Lauder, ii. 206
Magistrate, instance of the sagacity of a Scottish, ii. 235
Maiden-bower Crag, i. 231
Malcolm II assassinated, ii. 243
Malcolm III, his mother, ii. 361
Mangerton Tower, i. 110
Manners, traits of former, at Inverness, ii. 302
Mansfield, Earl of, his birth-place, i. 230
Manslaughter Law, i. 58
Manor, parish of, i. 194
Marchmont House, i. 35
Margaret, Queen, (consort of Malcolm Canmore,) anecdotes of, ii. 83, 166, 171, 235
Markinch, ii. 224
Mar's Wark, ii. 29
Mary, Queen, anecdotes of, i. 250—15, 23—her birth-place, 53, 120—her confinement in Lochleven castle, 182
Mary Scott, the Flower of Yarrow, i. 165
Mary's Dream, locality of the song entitled, i. 269
Margaret, Queen, (consort of James IV,) anecdote of, ii. 56
Mauchline, ii. 305
Mauchline kirk, i. 308
Mauldslie castle, i. 352
Maxwelltown, i. 226
Maybole, i. 293
May Collean, story of, i. 288

May, Isle of, ii. 206
Medwine Water, i. 336
Meggatdale, i. 166, 193
Meigle, ii. 378
Meikle, author of Solitude Sweetened, i. 337
Melgund castle, ii. 250
Mellerstain House, i. 33
Melrose, i. 123
Melrose Abbey, i. 119
Melville castle, ii. 117
Men of the Merse, chivalrous character of the, i. 24
Menteith, district of, ii. 346-53
——— Lake of, ii. 350
Merchiston castle, ii. 121
Merlin's grave, i. 193
Merse, the, a part of Berwickshire, i. 22
Michael Scott, the wizard, his residence, i. 168—his magical library, 286—his supernatural public works, 333-335
MID-LOTHIAN, ii. 78
Mill of Steps, ii. 344
Milltown, ii. 43
Minchmoor, road over, i. 164
Moffat, i. 218
Monro of Foulis, Sir Hector, ii. 308
Montbenger, i. 164
Montgomery the poet, (Alexander,) i. 263
Montgomery the poet, (James,) where born, i. 315
Montrose, ii. 253
Montrose, the great Marquis of, his residence at Selkirk, i. 150—his defeat at Philiphaugh, i. 152
Monzie, ii. 363
Moray, murder of the *Bonny Earl* of, ii. 223
MORAY, province of, ii. 278
Morocco, an empress of, her birth-place, ii. 344
Mossgiel, i. 306
Muirkirk, i. 324
Mull, ii. 402
Murder at Newbigging, strange story of a, i. 338—another at Linlithgow, ii. 64—another at Spott, 146
M'Ure, the old historian of Glasgow, ii. 367
Musselburgh, ii. 100
Musselburgh Links, ii. 105
Muthil, ii. 362

Nairn, ii. 293
Napier, Lord, his improvements in Ettrick, i. 170
Napier of Merchiston, ii. 121
Neale, John, blacksmith at Longformacus, singular story of, i. 59
Neidpath castle, i. 187
Ness, river, ii. 296—Loch, ii. 322
Nethan, vale of the, i. 346
Newabbey, i. 248
Newark castle, (Selkirkshire,) i. 161—(Fife,) ii. 210
Newbattle Abbey, ii. 117
Newbigging, (Lanarkshire,) i. 338
Newcastleton, i. 110
New Galloway, i. 270
Newhaven, ii. 110
New Lanark, i. 343
Newmills, i. 325
Newton-of-Ayr, i. 298
Newton-Stewart, i. 279
Ninewells, i. 44
Nith, river, i. 236
North Berwick, ii. 155
North Esk, river, ii. 254
NORTHERN ISLANDS, the, ii. 413
NORTH HIGHLANDS, the, ii. 294
North Queensferry, ii. 165
Norway Nabby, ii. 355

Oakwood castle, i. 168

Oban, ii. 400
Ochil Hills, ii. 332
Ochtertyre, ii. 363
Orbiston, i. 362
Orchardtown, i. 250
Orchil, Muir of, ii. 344
Ord, the, ii. 315
Orkney, ii. 412, 414, 418, 420
Ossian's Hall, ii. 382 — his birth-place, 401
Our Lady's Kirk, (at Dundonald castle,) i. 314

Paisley, ii. 6
Palladius, Saint, ii. 259
Park, Mungo, his birth-place, i. 162
Parricide, remarkable instance of, ii. 129
Paterson, projector of the Bank of England, i. 232
Patie's Mill, Lass of, i. 325
Paul Jones, i. 255, 258—262
Paxton House, i. 27
Paxton village, i. 27
Pease Tree, the, i. 350
Peaths Bridge, i. 55
Peden, Alexander, where buried, i. 322
Peebles, i. 176
Peebles to the Play, i. 178
PEEBLESSHIRE, i. 173
Pennycuick, ii. 119
Perth, ii, 368
PERTHSHIRE, ii. 327
Peterhead, ii. 274
Pinkie House, ii. 103
Piper, anecdote of a, ii. 36—*note*
Pitcaithly, ii. 359
Pitskanly, ii. 241
Pittenweem, ii. 207
Philiphaugh, battle of, i. 150-3
Plough, old Scottish, its numerous attendants, i. 114
Pluscardine Priory, ii. 290
Poetical association, strange story of the power of, i. 160
Polwarth, i. 37
Polwarth Thorn, Legend of, i. 37
Port Glasgow, ii. 15
Portincross, i. 318
Portmoak, ii. 183
Portobello, ii. 110
Portpatrick, i. 281
Portsoy, ii. 282
Post-runners, ancient, i. 32
Preliminary outline of Scotland, i. 13
Presmennan Lake, ii. 135
Preston, battle of, ii. 124
Prestonpans, ii. 161
Prophecies of Thomas the Rhymer, i. 66—70
Puddingburn House, i. 114
Pulteney-Town, ii. 316

Queen Blearie's tomb at Paisley, ii. 10
Queensberry, anecdote of the first Duke of, i. 239
Queensberry family, sepulchral vault of the, i. 241
Queensberry, last Duke of, where born, i. 179
Queensferry, ii. 75—passage of the Forth at, ii. 165

Raehill, i. 218
Ramsay, Allan, his birth-place, i. 329
Randal's Field, ii. 41
Randolph, Earl of Moray, ii. 41, 84, 102
Rankleburn, i. 169
Ravenscraig castle, ii, 221
Regent Murray, assassination of the, ii. 68
Register House of Scotland, ii. 90
Reidswire, Battle of the, i. 96

Renfrew, ii. 15
RENFREWSHIRE, ii. 5
Renton, ii. 393
Repentance, tower of, i. 209
Resemblance of Scotland to an old woman, i. 14
Restennet Priory, ii. 241
Restoration, the, celebrated at Linlithgow, ii. 73
Riccarton, i. 312
Riding the Marches, an old burgal custom, ii. 67
Road-making, ancient mode of, ii. 276
Road from Dumblane to Crieff, ii. 342
Robertson the historian, ii. 125
Rob Roy garrisons the palace of Falkland, ii. 188
Roman bridge near Bothwellhaugh, i. 362
Rosemarkie, ii. 319
Roslin castle and chapel, ii. 110
Ross, East, a beautiful and fertile region, ii. 308
Rossie Priory, ii. 354
Rossyth castle, ii. 170
Rothsay castle, ii. 409
Roxburgh castle, i. 83
ROXBURGHSHIRE, i. 82
Ruberslaw, i. 99
Ruddiman the Grammarian, ii. 258
Rule Water, i. 98
Rumbling Brig, the, ii. 337
Rutherford, the Rev. Samuel, i. 273
Ruthwell, i. 206

Salmon-hunting, i. 208
Salmon; strange stipulation regarding, ii. 44
Salt, mode of making, ii. 161
Saltcoats, i. 317
Salton, ii. 125
Sandyhill-nick, i. 335
Sanquhar, i. 244
Sark, river, i. 199
Sauchieburn, battle of, ii. 41
Scalloway, ii. 417
Scone, palace of, ii. 374
Scoonie, ii. 214
Scotland's Well, ii. 183
Scott, Sir Walter, anecdote of, i. 104
Scougal, author of the Life of God in the soffl of Man, ii. 271
Seggyden, drinking-horn of, ii. 356
Selkirk, i. 145
Selkirk, Alexander, birthplace and early history of, ii. 211
SELKIRKSHIRE, i. 142
Sempill of Beltrees, ii. 13
Seton church, ii. 160
Seton House, ii. 159
Seton's Inn, ii. 359
Shanter, i. 291
Sharpe, Archbishop, his tomb, ii. 198—place of assassination, 199—his birth-place, 282
Shaw, Christian, dreadful story of, ii. 7
Sheriffmuir, battle of, ii. 341
Shetland, ii. 412
Shorter Catechism, anecdote of the, ii. 34, note
Siller Gun, shot for at Dumfries, i. 229
Sinclair of Quendale, anecdote of, ii. 415
Skirling, i. 184
Skreel, hill of, i. 250
Skye, ii. 409
Skyreburn, i. 275
Slaines castle, ii. 274
Slitterick Water, i. 101
Smailholm Tower, i. 117, 129

Smith, Dr Adam, his birth-place, ii. 220
Smollett, birth-place of, ii. 393
Smuggling, former, at Eye-mouth, i. 48
Solway Moss, i. 199
Sorrowlessfield, i. 64
Soulis, Lord, his tragical fate, i. 106; another Lord Soulis shot at Kilmarnock, 309
Southwick, i. 249
Soutra Hill, i. 80
Spedlins, tower of, i. 214
Spey, river, ii. 286
Spinning, old mode of, ii. 55, note
Spott Law, ii. 146
Spynie castle, ii. 290
St Abb, Legend of, i. 52
St Abb's Head, i. 51
St Adrian's stone coffin, ii. 206
Staffa, ii. 406
Stafford, improvements by the Marchioness of, ii. 312
St Andrews, ii. 194—202
Starvation to death, story of, i. 212
Staxigo, ii. 317
St Baldred's Cradle, ii. 150
——— Legend of, ii. 150
St Boswell's, i. 119
Stewarton, i. 312
St Fillan, ii. 208
St Fillans, ii. 366
St Giles's Church, ii. 89
Stinchar Water, i. 288
Stirling, ii. 18
Stirling castle, ii. 19—28
STIRLINGSHIRE, ii. 17
St John's Kirk, i. 331
St Kilda, ii. 410
St Mary's Isle, i. 258
St Mary's Kirk, i. 166
St Mary's Loch, i. 165
St Monan, story of, ii. 209
St Monans, ii. 209
St Ninians, ii. 39
Stonebyres Fall, i. 345
Stone of Scone, ii. 375
Stranraer, i. 280
Strathallan, ii. 339. Viscount Strathallan's house at Dumblane, 341
Strathaven, i. 353
Stratherne, ii. 358—368
Strathmore, ii. 241
Strathpeffer, ii. 307
Strickathro, ii. 254
Stuart, Helen, heroism of, ii. 350
Subterraneous passages, ii. 357
Suicide, singular, at Dunfermline, ii. 178
Sutherland, ii. 310
Sutors of Cromarty, ii. 321
Sutors of Selkirk, i. 147
Swinton, and Swinton House, i. 28
Syde, the, i. 113

Tain, ii. 309
Talla, ii. 351
Tam o' Shanter, original of, i. 291—scenery of, 304
Tantallan castle, ii. 154
Tarff, river, i. 263
Tarnaway castle, ii. 292
Tay, river, ii. 231—Strath of, 353
Taymouth castle, ii. 388
Tenures, singular, at Lochmaben, i. 211
Terreaglos House, i. 225
Thirlstain castle, (Ettrick,) i. 170
Thirlstane castle, (Lauderdale,) i. 75
Thomas the Rhymer, account of, i. 66

Thomson's Cave at Auchrum, i. 98
Thornhill, i. 238
Thrave castle, i. 266
Threshing-machine, where first introduced, ii. 125
Thurso, ii. 318
Tillicoutry, ii. 334
Tinto, hill of, i. 330
Tinwald, i. 232
Tobermory, ii. 404
Tom-na-heurich, a singular mound near Inverness, ii. 300
Tongland abbey, i. 265
Tongland-hill, i. 264
Torphichen, ii. 74—adventure of the author at, ii. 215, note
Torphichen, Lord, supposed warlockry of, i. 128
Torwoodlee, i. 139
Tranent, ii. 123
Traprain Law, ii. 138
Traquair House, i. 191
Trosachs, the, ii. 348
Tulliebole, ii. 337
Tullimet, braes of, ii. 384
Tummel, river, ii. 384; Loch, 387
Turnbury castle, i. 290
Turnersholm, i. 117
Tushielaw, i. 168
Tweed, river, i. 19, 173
Tweed, Vale of, i. 18
Tweedsmuir, Church of, i. 192
Twin Law, i. 58
Tyne Sands, ii. 149
Tyninghame, ii. 149

Uist, North and South, ii. 410
Urquhart castle, ii. 324
Urr, moat of, i. 249
Urr, river, i. 249
Urr, seats on the river, i. 249
Usher, Archbishop, anecdote of, i. 273

Vanduaria, a Roman Station, ii. 10
Vanora, Queen, her burial-place at Meiglo, ii. 378
Vicar of Bray, a Scottish, i. 207
Villages, old, decay of, i. 39

Wallace, enthusiasm regarding, i. 299—his adventure on Irvine water, 313—Legend of, 334—commencement of his career at Lanark, 340—Relics of, preserved at Bonington House, 344—his cave in Cartlane Crags, 348—defeats the English at Glasgow, 378—his sword, ii. 393, note
Wedderburn House, i. 44
Wells, remarkable, at Linlithgow, ii. 66
Wemyss, Easter and Wester, ii. 217
West Highlands, ii. 392
Whitekirk in East Lothian, ii. 155
Whithorn, i. 278
Whittadder, the, a river in Berwickshire, i. 46
Wick, ii. 316
Wigton, i. 276—278
WIGTONSHIRE, i. 276
William III. King, storm-stayed in Kirkcudbright Bay, i. 253
Winton, Andrew, ii. 182
Wire bridge, first, in the old world, i. 132
Wishart the martyr, ii. 130, 201, 228, note
Witch at Stirling, anecdote of a, ii. 26
Witches, anecdotes of, i. 154; ii. 26, 118, 146, 231

Witches' Bridle, strange instrument of torture, ii. 237
Wolf of Badenoch, ii. 287, 381
Wood, Sir Andrew, of Largo, ii. 213
Wordsworth's beautiful lines on Yarrow, i. 157
Wormiston Hill, i. 85
Yair, the, i 144
Yarrow, i. 143, 156
Yarrow Kirk, i. 164
Yester House, ii. 137
Yetholm, i. 84

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